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HISTORY OF ARABIAN PHILOSOPHY.*

THE history of philosophy is an inquiry into its historical causes: it has two branches—one *general*, embracing the connection of the whole series of philosophical systems from the birth of thought until now—the other *particular*, restricting itself to some one period or country. And thus the history of philosophy may be represented as a series of cycles linked with one another more or less slenderly; as a grand historical catena, which binds into unity the whole line of thinkers from Pythagoras to Hegel, and gives us not only the facts which philosophy has evolved, but also the laws of philosophical development. Each cycle has thus two

aspects: considered absolutely, it is a circle returning upon itself; considered relatively, it is a step in the ladder which reaches to heaven: for although the philosophy of every country has had its birth, and growth, and decay, the universal philosophy of the world has been a mighty and glorious progression—a continual brightening of the light which lighteth humanity towards the golden age.

It is under these two aspects that we propose to consider the schools of Arabia: in themselves, as the philosophical development of a particular people: in relation, as a result and a cause, whose influence reaches even to ourselves. For the sake of clearness in a subject where confusion is easy, we shall treat the latter of these aspects as fully as our limits will

* *Essai sur les Ecoles Philosophiques chez les Arabes, et notamment sur la Doctrine d'Alqazzali.* Par AUGUSTE SCHMÖLDERS. Paris. 1842.

permit, giving the whole chain of historical facts which connect Alexandria with the schoolmen.

The midnight of Arabia, as the Arabs call it—the century before the Hegira, in plainer language—saw the inhabitants of the great deserts in a strange conflict between the old faith and the new, the heathenism of their ancestors and the Christianity which was spreading its growth in the midst of them. Both Christianity and Judaism had some hold upon the popular mind, but only in their laxest form. The dominant religion was Sabæism, once a Monotheism which looked upon the planets as the seven Spirits of the one great God, and upon the whole starry world as the congregation of his angels. To them the Pleiades and Orion were in reality, and not only in fancy, the white-robed ministers of the Most High: the Galaxy was the crowding of the heavenly ones on their great highway, and Ursa Minor was the beacon over the gate of Paradise. It is with the stars only, they said, that God, who is the crown of the universe, can communicate: and it is through the stars, therefore, that his influence comes to us, reaching us through an almost infinite series of “spiritual substances”—idols, and amulets, and talismans, and, above all, the sacred stone of the Kaaba. They believed in prophetic inspiration and in dreams; they had the faith of children in specters, in angels, in the wandering of spirits among the tombs. Ethically, their three cardinal virtues were bravery, eloquence, and hospitality: they had no slaves, except prisoners of war; they placed the strictest guards on family purity.* But all this had come to be a mere ideal; the poetry was gone from their creed, the virtue from their practice; they were passing into a Fetichism, whose darkest side was not its religious degradation, but its insatiable bloodthirstiness. Side by side with this was the Magism which had long lived in Persia, and which there assumed a political aspect, as the State-Church which effected heresy into treason. It was chiefly the worship of Ormuzd and the seven ministers round his throne, who had their earthly manifestation in the Shah and his Divan; to

whom, therefore, reverence was to be paid as to the Lords of Light themselves. But against this a strong current of reaction was gradually setting in, which, in the reign of Kobad, a few years before the birth of Mohammed, broke out into an open rebellion—that of the Mazdakites—which was at once religious and political, since it asserted in the same breath religious liberty and political independence.

Upon this medley of creeds, this laxity alike of faith and of practice, the preaching of Mohammed came as the opening of a flood-gate when the waters are gathered for their outpouring; it was at once the effect and the supplement of all that had gone before; it borrowed from Sabæism, and it borrowed from Christianity, blending the salient points of each into a strange religious syncretism. But it was perhaps recommended most of all by its fanciful and poetical form: the Koran was a poem, a work of genius, and this to the Arabian mind was the best proof of its inspiration. For we find that in the dark age immediately preceding, poets had been regarded in the light of God's prophets, gifted with a Divine utterance which rendered them sacred. So far was this belief carried, that their seven great national poems were written in letters of gold, and suspended in the Kaaba for adoration. The pretended miracles of Mohammed are, almost without an exception, the inventions of a later age, when his disciples had an interest in surrounding him with marks of superhuman power, or when the state of the Arabian mind in the seventh century was forgotten. And apart from its false theology, the chief injunctions of the Koran were mostly mischievous only in their exaggeration. Its four great duties towards God, confidence for the future, resignation for the past, continual prayerfulness, and continual thankfulness, would leave but little unperformed, if they were not distorted into apathy and fatalism, formal prostrations and flippant thanksgivings. Its summary of duties towards men, “Be true, just, faithful, humble, patient, charitable; for such God loves,” was at least a marvelous advance on the pitiless cruelty of former times.

But Mohammed himself being utterly unlettered, his system was necessarily unintellectual; and in tracing the rise of Arabian philosophy, we must remember that it was at the mercy of external in-

* We have gathered this account of Sabæism, and some of what follows, from an excellent article by Von Hammer in the *Fundgruben des Orients*, Vol. I. p. 360.

fluences. The Arabs were the conquerors of the Eastern world before they had passed the infancy of thought: it was only when they rested from their labors that they had leisure to begin to learn. At first they were content with theological quibbles, discussing with all the eagerness of Thomists and Scotists the questions on which the Prophet was ambiguous. One sect denied liberty, and another predestination: the Hajelites maintained the Divine incarnation of Jesus, the Kharamites asserted God's corporeality: some condemned to everlasting torment those of the faithful who died in mortal sin, and others placed the ground of justification in faith, and not in works. But in a short time their thoughts expanded, and shaped themselves under the influence of the nations whom they had subdued. Herein is one of the benefits of war, that conquerors and conquered are thrown together, each impressing the other with their own peculiar character. It was from the fusion of races that Rome arose and gathered strength to subdue the isolated nationalities around her: it was from a similar fusion that the Arabian dynasties were able to spread the tide of their conquests from the rising to the setting sun. And as the Roman mind was fashioned by Etruria and Greece, so was the Arab mind by the relics of Hellenism, and the new growth of Christian philosophy.

It will be well to trace the precise shape in which these influences reached them, and the mode in which they affected them.

Greek philosophy died with Proclus at the close of the fifth century: in his own words, he was the last of "the Hermetic chain." The school of Athens lasted a few years longer, but only as a dead day-masque. Nominally, Proclus was succeeded by his biographer Marinus, Marinus by Isidorus, and Isidorus by Damascius the Syrian. The latter is one of the few important names of the period: his works consist chiefly of commentaries on Aristotle, a life of his predecessor Isidorus, and a speculative treatise, *De Principiis*. Contemporary with him were his master Ammonius, the pupil of Proclus and the instructor of Simplicius and Joannes Philoponus, whose commentaries on Aristotle's *Organon* are still of considerable use; David the Armenian, whose works

were translated into Arabic and Hebrew, and who himself translated part of Aristotle into his native tongue; Olympiodorus, an Alexandrian, the commentator on Plato; (who must be distinguished from three others of the same name, the same country, and almost the same date—one the favorite teacher of Proclus, another the minister of Honorius, and a third an Aristotelian commentator half a century later;) Simplicius, to us the most valuable of all the commentators of the later Alexandrian school for his copious quotations from lost works of Greek philosophers; and lastly, somewhat later, Joannes, surnamed the Laborious, (*Φιλόπονος*), from his great capacities for book-making, who plays a conspicuous part in the apocryphal story of the burning of the Alexandrian library. These were the last champions of the old faith, the last philosophical adherents to the shreds of the old mythology. But Christianity had now become the state religion, and it gradually assumed to itself the state's power. Persecution changed sides: the philosophers found their property confiscated, their disciples imprisoned, and finally, by the edict of Justinian in A.D. 528, their schools closed. According to some, they had to choose between baptism and banishment, or according to others, silence only was enjoined on them: but at any rate it was in this way that Aristotelian philosophy was disseminated over the East. The president Damascius, with the six leaders of his school, including Simplicius, Eulamius, and Priscianus, went to the court of Khosru (Chosroes) Nushirwan, by whom they were received most favorably, and under whose auspices the flower of Grecian literature was translated into Persian. And although the seven sages, who had looked upon the kingdom of their patron as a kind of Platonic paradise, were so disgusted with Persian habits as to make a speedy exit, yet the seed which they had scattered was not without ultimate fruit. The star of the Sassanidæ was rapidly setting; the successors of the Prophet with *la religion et la terreur*, like those who practiced *la liberté et la terreur* in later times, allowed no thought but that of war, until the whole Eastern world presented a smooth surface of Islamism. Then came the consolidation of the Khalifate, the fusion of the conquerors with the conquered, and the consequent birth of Arabian philoso-

phy.* At first, under the Ommaiades, it appears that the only sciences which broke the monotony of theological dispute were the rudiments of mathematics and medicine. The introduction of the speculative sciences was the fruit of political change. The Khalifate being essentially a religious institution, the moral obliquities of some of the Ommaiades "stank in the eyes" of all true believers. Meanwhile the exiled sons of Abbas had sought and found a refuge among the Nestorians of Syria, whose opposition to the orthodox Platonism made them severe students of Aristotle. When events paved their way to political power, the Abbassides did not forget their benefactors. The Nestorians, rose to a prominent place at the court of Bagdad; and thus a focus was established for the scattered rays of Aristotelianism, which had been mingled with the general darkness of the Eastern world. Almansur, and his minister Kaled, commissioned the translation into Arabic of nearly all the great scientific works of Greece. It is uncertain whether these translations were made immediately from the Greek or through the Syriac; but the reputation of the chief translators, Honain and his son Isaac, has descended to later times. The seventh of the Abbassides, the Khalif Almamoun, founded the schools of Bagdad, of which we see the speedy results in the first Arabian philosopher Alkendi.

It was thus that the Aristotelian philosophy reached the Arabians: inherited from the later Alexandrians and the heterodox Christians of Syria, shaped by Oriental theories of creation, fused with a predestinarian theology, it was the only system which could speak to them with any authority; it was all they knew and all they could conceive of philosophy. But there was an internal as well as an external cause for this: they were but infant thinkers, they had not passed through the first stage of growth towards intellectual manhood, and in the stunted dwarfishness of deferred birth they had a natural sympathy with the thoughts of the later Greeks, who were staggering in the

imbecility of a second childhood. When Mohammed first preached to them, they had but little religion and less science; they were a putrid whirlpool on the ocean of humanity, forever turning round in the same intricacies of semi-barbarous life, and never rising to the consciousness of individuality. The one book which Mohammed had given them was the embodiment of all their religion and all their thought; and thus far the path was clear. For they found in Aristotle the exact complement of the Koran: so complete a compendium of knowledge that these two volumes—the writings of Aristotle and the writings of Mohammed—were to them an encyclopædia of all conceivable science, human and divine. And the character of the Aristotelian philosophy, no less than its completeness, must have borne its part as a cause of its reception. For no one has ever yet equaled the Grand Vizier of Alexander, as the Arabians called him, in laying down the fundamental facts on which a nascent school of thought must be built, or in working up floating popular impressions into something like scientific consistency. On the one hand he can hardly be accused of depth, but on the other he can hardly be reproached with obscurity; and scarcely any one could read a page of his writings without seeing some fact recorded which had fallen beneath his own observation, or some truth enunciated which was within his own apprehension. All these causes—internal and external—coming then into forcible conjunction, we can hardly wonder that the system of Aristotle, at least as it shone through the Neo-Platonic prism, became the law and substance of Arabian thought, the *Quicunque vult* of the philosophy of Islamism.

And when once it had obtained this prestige, the maintenance of it was a natural and necessary result of the constitution of the Arabian mind. The sons of Ishmael resemble the sons of Isaac in the tenacity with which they cling to an old faith. As Hegel observes: "The particular determinate object which the individual embraces is grasped by him entirely with the whole soul." There is an utter want of the skeptical element of human nature. In fact, they are the national representation of that type of character which occurs so frequently even among the Teutonic races, which is the servant of a few dominant ideas, accepted as axio-

* It must be remembered that Arabian philosophy is so called not from its geographical limitations, but from the language which, both in the East and in the West, the disciples of Mohammed commonly employed.

matic truths, and elevated into necessary limits of human thought.

But to return to historical facts. The schools of Almamoun continued to flourish, and about a century after the death of Alkendi, the first really important name occurs, that of the philosopher Alfarabi, whose works show a logical power similar in kind and equal in degree to that of any of the Latin schoolmen. He was first a professor at Bagdad; then, after becoming a Sufi, at Aleppo; and subsequently at Damascus, where he died in A.D. 950. Thirty years afterwards his great successor, Ibn Sina, more commonly known by his Latin name, Avicenna, was born at Assenna, near Bokhara. In every sense he was the Aristotle of the Arabs, and with him Arabian philosophy divides itself into two distinct periods, as clearly as the schoolmen divide at Albertus Magnus. His erudition was almost as vast as that of his Grecian prototype: he was equally familiar with the physical as with the mental science of his day; and, indeed, his fame may be said to rest as much on his medical as on his metaphysical treatises. Those who wish to gather some idea of his philosophical position will do so most satisfactorily by consulting his *Commentary on the Metaphysics of Aristotle*, published in the Venetian Edition of his Works, or the short *De Logica Poema* in M. Schmölders's *Documenta Philosophiæ Arabum*. A few years subsequent to him is Algazzali, "the Imaum of the World," as he is called, the only other of the Oriental schoolmen who has become celebrated in the West. Born at Toos in A.D. 1058, he was soon called to one of the theological chairs at Bagdad, which he filled with an almost unparalleled éclat. But the Sufism towards which he tended would not allow him to continue long in a state of activity. He gave the best years of his life to contemplation and pilgrimage; but at last accepted an appointment at Nishapore, which he filled until his death in A.D. 1111.

But the sun which was shining in the East had long been dawning upon the West, preparing for the ground which was ready for it a vigorous growth of thought and knowledge. At the beginning of the eighth century the Saracenic races had found a footing in European soil; and at the expiration of the first century of the Hegira the kingdom of the Khalifs embraced the whole of Spain.

After the elevation of the Abbassides to the throne of the East, the last of the Ommaïades, Abderahman, dissolved the unity of the kingdom of the Prophet, and established the independent throne of Cordova. When the storm of political contention had subsided into calm, the science which was gathering strength at Bagdad became wafted gradually westward. Arabia was still their mother country: the disruption of political ties had not changed their unity of language and character: we must expect, therefore, a similar unity of philosophic apprehension. Historically we trace this in the gradual establishment of schools along the southern coast of the Mediterranean: every large town has its gymnasium or university, each with its subordinate *scholæ*, or professorial "halls," of which at Alexandria, for example, there are said to have been twenty. (We may observe, in passing, that this appears to be the earliest approach to the modern university system; offering, however, more analogy to that of Scotland than to that of England.)* At length this regular teaching of science by organized staffs of professors reached the shores of Spain. Its influence must for some time have been a silent one; for when the first and most famous of the Spanish universities—that of Cordova—was founded by Hakem II. about 960, we find an immediate cluster of distinguished names, and a fame at least sufficient to draw men like Gerbert to its lectures. No branch of either the "trivium" or the "quadrivium" appears to have been neglected in it; and its reputation was equal to that of Paris or Oxford in the later days of scholasticism. But in the long list of names with which that reputation was connected we can only find two whose celebrity had reached modern times,—Ibn Thofail, and his great pupil Ibn Roshd, (Averroes.) The latter is the most important if not the greatest, of the Arabian Aristotelians. He made the last and best known of the Arabian translations of his master, which derives a singular interest from the fact that, although it was made in almost utter ignorance of Greek from an older version by Alsheigi, it formed the basis of the know-

* Those who are interested in the subject will find fuller details and further references in Middel-dorph's *Commentatio de Institutis Literariis in Hispaniâ, quæ Arabes Auctores habuerunt*: published at Göttingen in 1810.

ledge of Aristotle which was possessed by the contemporaries of St. Thomas Aquinas. His system, compared with orthodox Islamism, may be called one of dogmatic Rationalism; and this brought him into collision with the ecclesiastical authorities, by whom he was condemned to death, which he only escaped by an inglorious exile in Morocco, where he died A.D. 1198 or 1206. The other great Arabic universities of Spain were those of Granada, which rose into notice about the end of the eleventh century, Seville, Toledo, Murcia, Valencia, and Malaga; but the names of their great professors are so utterly unknown to fame, that it is as difficult to discover as it would be pedantic to produce them.

Side by side with this philosophy of Islamism there was growing up, under the shadow of the Latin Church, a system strangely similar both in its origin and in its results. The causes which we have assigned for the spread of Aristotelianism among the Arabians were at work elsewhere; and the chief difference in the effects is, that the Arabians had grown with more rapid progress and into deeper truth. The disputes between Nominalists and Realists had lived and died in Saracenic schools, while as yet they were only mooted in France: the severance of Arabian Protestants from the Catholic Church of Islamism had taken place long before even Wycliffe's birth; the controversies of Abelard and Bernard seem almost transcribed from the pages of Eastern thinkers: the Monachism, the Mysticism, and the Dogmatism of the West were only the Christian phases of the effects of a cramped philosophy, which had shown themselves with equal intensity among the disciples of the Prophet. And this may help to remind us that the history of thought, like the history of kingdoms, has its periods of growth and decadence, which fall under ascertainable psychological laws. In the one case, as in the other, we can form historical analogies and make historical inductions. In the present instance for example, we find the same moral and political causes—immensely various in circumstance and shape, but still psychologically the same—working in the East and in the West to abolish independence of thought, as they had abolished liberty of action: Orientalism and dogmatic Islamism in the one case, Feudalism and dogmatic Catholicism in the other,

operated upon by the same crushing power of an apparently unassailable dialectic, resulted in the concurrent growth of Arabian and Latin Scholasticism, which gradually came into fusion, until the gigantic chain was fully forged which with greater or less intensity has bound the minds of the majority of men until the present day.

If we look deeper, we shall find that there was more than an analogy between them: the material causes of Latin Aristotelianism lay deep in the Latin character, but its occasional causes were undoubtedly the Arabs and Jews of Spain. The evidence for this is twofold: it has the support of probabilities as well as facts. The former depend on the intercourse which is known to have existed between the universities of Spain and those of Christian Europe. We have already mentioned the visit of Gerbert to Cordova at the end of the tenth century: like that of Abelard of Bath, and others a few years later, his visit was not a fruitless one. Alvaro of Cordova complains in the bitterest terms of the neglect of "Christian theology" for Moorish literature; and Hugh of St. Victor, in a letter to the Bishop of Seville, makes a similar reproach. And besides this, the Jews, who passed from one country to another for literary as well as commercial purposes, must have disseminated throughout Christendom the fame of the schools of the South. So that we can hardly imagine that at least the greater names of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—Avenzoar the physician, Avempace, and Averroes, with their Jewish disciples, Maimonides and Solomon Jarchi—were utterly unknown to the contemporaries of Abelard.

But if we look to the actual traces of Arabic influence in scholastic literature, and the historical facts which accompany them, the weight of evidence will place the question beyond doubt. The inquiry will thus resolve itself into that of the growth of Aristotelian knowledge from the eleventh to the thirteenth century. This period comprehends the two great eras of Scholasticism: in the first, there was merely a knowledge of Aristotle's *method*; in the second, there was also a knowledge of his *matter*. In the former, his method was applied almost exclusively to theology; in the latter, theology and philosophy began to take up distinct positions. After the decline of

letters at the death of Charlemagne, nearly all that was known of Aristotle consisted of Boëthius's Commentaries on the *Organon*, and a few meager abridgments made by the Latins of the declining empire, Isidorus Hispalensis and Martianus Capella; or, according to some, by the English Bede. And from that time to the close of the eleventh century, no progress whatever is apparent in Aristotelian knowledge. The *Organon* alone appears to have been in the hands of the contemporaries of St. Anselm; and in what remains to us of Abelard's works, we can find no certain evidence of any thing more. John of Salisbury analyzes, and that very fairly, nearly all the treatises of the *Organon*, but apparently without having more than some Latin translation of them; and the inference that it was on these that Aristotle's fame up to that period rested, is favored by the mention of him in a poem by Alain de Lille, where he is merely introduced between Porphyry and Zeno as one of the masters of dialectic. The minor physical works seem to have been introduced next in order; and at the very time when Aristotle's method was permeating all theology, these treatises were confounded with the whole of his writings, and caused his prohibition for heterodoxy, not only by the Council of Paris, in 1210, but also by a papal bull in 1230. Herewith this partial knowledge of him ceases; and it is precisely at this point that we find a series of translations from the Arabic, which must certainly be regarded as the efficient causes of the change. The first of these translations had been made at the close of the preceding century, under the auspices of Raymond, Archbishop of Toledo: the *De Animâ*, *Metaphysics*, and *De Cælo*, with the Commentaries of Avicenna, and some original works of Algazzali, appear to have been first translated from Arabic into Spanish by a distinguished Jew, John Avendeth, (Johannes Hispalensis,) and from Spanish into Latin by Domingo Gondisalvi. The next great translation was made in the first decade of the thirteenth century by Michael Scot, who spent many years at Toledo, and took to the court of Frederick II. the versions which he had superintended or made: the best known are those of the physical works and the *De Animâ*. Another translation was brought out under the immediate sanction of Frederick II. him-

self: a famous letter is still preserved which accompanied his presentation of a copy to the students of Bonn, about A.D. 1230. But the translation which finally clenched the impetus thus given to Aristotelian learning, was that of Albertus Magnus, published before A.D. 1250, the Arabic origin of which is shown not merely by the continual adherence to Arabic paraphrases, but by the Arabic words introduced, the Arabic orthography of proper names, and the frequent reference to the Arabic translations. It is remarkable, that at the same time some Greek MSS. appear to have reached Western Europe, which furnished the schoolmen with the means for another and still more correct version, made, if not under the superintendence, at least at the suggestion of Thomas Aquinas. The point, however, which most deserves attention is not whether Greek copies of Aristotle existed; there can be little doubt, that when Aristotle was once known as any thing more than a dialectician, Greek copies were sought, and the Greek commentators, Psellus and Eustratius, consulted—but whether the mode of studying and interpreting him was not precisely that of Avicenna and Averroes. The numerous commentaries published soon after the version of Albertus Magnus—such as those of Robert of Lincoln, and Alexander of Hales, and above all that of Bonaventura on Peter Lombard—show very clearly that whether the textual knowledge of Aristotle was possessed by them or no, the understanding of him was that which had become traditional among the Alexandrians, and which had grown into a kind of dogmatic theology among the Arabians. Henceforth Scholasticism changes its character; it is no longer a mere quibbling dialecticism; it is in all its phases and in all its schools the mediæval resurrection of Aristotelianism. Before the close of that very century, the Stagirite had become without a rival *il maestro di color che sanno*; and not in philosophy alone, but in art and politics, this was the beginning of a new life. For the time the results of the movement were such as the world had never seen surpassed: Dante and Giotto are among its first fruits; the overthrow of feudalism was its ultimate consequence in politics, the overthrow of Catholicism in religion. But in nearly all points, and above all in philosophy, there was a long temporary reaction; the pro-

gress was not immediate; there intervened three centuries of labyrinthine wanderings in the dark vaults which should have been only a passage to daylight; three centuries of mental degradation which men can not and will not even now throw off, and which is the terrible exaggeration of the inherent narrow-sightedness of human nature.

Such is the great historical catena which connects the schools of Christendom with those of Greece. The torch was taken from the hands of the Alexandrians by a few surviving Greeks and a few scattered Nestorians; the fierce whirlwinds of political commotion made it flicker to and fro, until it could scarcely be distinguished. The consolidation of the power of the Khalifate enabled it again to burn up with a clear and steady light; it was carried gradually westward, until in the twelfth century, it shone more brightly than ever in the universities of Spain. Little by little Christian theologians kindled their lamps from it, and trimmed them well; until, in the days of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Arabians tacitly gave up their charge, and committed the conservation of philosophy to the nations of Western Europe.

We now pass from the historical to the critical point of view. Hitherto we have referred only to that great school which is important as a link in the history of philosophy, and for its immediate influence on the schoolmen. The more numerous sections of Arabian philosophers remain yet to be considered; and an examination of the leading points of their systems will be equally valuable with the previous inquiry, not so much for the actual results at which they arrived, as for the analogies which they offer. That is to say, the use of such an examination is not historical, but psychological. It shows us that the theories which most commonly pass for individual aberrations of thought are necessary developments of the human mind. The inherent defects of our modes of thinking, the tendency to stop short of the end, the want of width of view, have in every country an outward existence in philosophical sects, as well as a subjective existence in thinkers. For instance, one of the most common faults of incipient thinkers is an indulgence in partial views and superficial conceptions, which deceive the mind by their apparent comprehensiveness. This narrowness of

thought, claiming for itself all the rights of the deepest philosophy, in some cases becomes stereotyped and fixed; it finds an outward expression, and attracts to itself other minds of similar tendencies. The unthinking portion of mankind, who can not judge between real and apparent depth of thought, are deceived by the show; the cohesion of kindred minds forms a sect, or dogmatic school, and a hard battle has to be fought in the presence of the world for the very groundwork of philosophy. In Plato's time, these superficial thinkers were called "Sophists;" and the name has since continued to designate the class. When philosophy arose in Arabia, the same tendency of human nature manifested itself there. In the Middle Ages there were Sophists again. In modern times they are in greater numbers than ever. Similarly, there is in human nature a tendency to skepticism. In its place in the mind, in its due relation to all our other faculties, this tendency to doubt is not unhealthy; for, by its continual aid, we are led to question and cast off every wrong or imperfect thought; but, in its exaggeration, skepticism is one of the worst of mental diseases, upturning subjective faith in all things, and leading men's souls into the dark void of utter unbelief, where there is nothing to cling to, and nothing to hope for. But this distortion of the skeptical element of human nature, when it takes a man wholly and makes all his thinkings run in this single channel, prompts those who feel it to cluster together and give their system an outward expression. Thus the Skeptics existed not only in Greece and Rome; not only under another name are they existing still; but they are to be found, necessarily, among the philosophers of Arabia. In fact there is not one of the many schools of Greece which has not reproduced itself continually since, and of which every thinker has not the elements and every country the evidence.

But we must pass now to the schools, deriving our account chiefly from the excellent work of M. Schmölders. The *Motakhallims* are, for many reasons, the most important of these schools; but chiefly for the exact analogy which they offer to the earlier schoolmen and the dogmatic theologians of the Romish Church. Their name itself stamps their creed.

The Motakhallims, dividing the real as they had divided the non-real, distinguished the *necessary*, that is, that which *must* be, from the *possible* or *dependent*, that is, that which *may* be. The former is, in modern phraseology, the *absolute*; and consists only of one Being, who is regarded, in the first class of the sciences, (metaphysic proper,) as the Unconditioned; in the second class, (natural theology,) as the God of nature; in the third class, (theology proper,) as the God of revelation. Possible beings, on the other hand, being relative, imply a cause; which notion of causality is an *à priori* intuition. They are divisible into *substances* and *attributes*, according as they are, or are not, the subjects of inherence. *Substances* consist either of bodies, or of simple substances, according as they are, or are not, divisible; and bodies are either simple or compounded. Simple bodies are those which are formed of similar particles; (as, in modern chemistry, those which are formed by the attraction of cohesion;) compounded bodies are those of which the several parts are dissimilar. With regard to the former, it is a disputed question whether the particles are infinite or infinite in divisibility, the greater part of the Motakhallims maintaining their finity. In most minor metaphysical questions they were at decided variance with the "philosophers," rejecting, for instance, the distinction between the matter and form of a body, and substituting that of essence and accidents; and, above all, contending for the non-eternity of matter. The arguments on this latter point show the Arabic use of the dilemma. If matter existed in eternity, before time, it existed either in motion or at rest. Suppose it to have been in motion; but motion implies relativity of either place or time, both of which are incompatible with eternity. Suppose it to have been at rest; then motion must either have been communicated to matter, or not. If it was not, the hypothesis falls at once, because it is evident that matter has received motion. If the other alternative is taken, then before motion could be communicated to matter, it must have existed; but the first part of the argument has shown that motion could not have existed. Q. E. D.

Simple bodies are either elementary bodies or spiritual bodies: the former being atoms, or globules, of fire, (the most

spiritual, because the most volatile of the elements,) air, water, and earth. The latter are subdivided into three classes, according as they influence, govern, or in no way affect bodies. The first class consists of the ten intelligences—the beings nearest God, successive emanations from him, governing the spheres in their order, and producing (like the First Intellect of the "philosophers") the vivifying "souls of the spheres." The second class consists of these "souls of the spheres," or celestial angels, and of the "spheres of the earth," or terrestrial angels. The third class consists of the cherubim, whose nature is essentially good; of the devils, whose nature is essentially evil; and of the genii, whose nature is capable of both good and evil. The souls of men belong to the second class, and are necessarily immaterial: the proof which they adduce for this is important, namely, that consciousness is indivisible, and therefore incorporeal. It is not anterior in existence to the body, but yet it is independent of the body: it is merely in union with it through the medium of the vital powers, to which it transmits its faculties for the purpose of exercising them by the body's aid. These faculties are either sensitive or active: the sensitive faculties are either internal or external: the latter consist of the five senses; the former consist of, 1. Common-sense or perception, (exactly corresponding to that of the modern Scottish school;) 2. The representative faculty; 3. Imagination; 4. Memory; 5. The reproductive faculty, which is called "reflection," when guided by reason; "fancy," when guided by imagination. The active faculties are either simply physical or partly dependent on our will; the latter being those of appetite, anger, and motion of the limbs. But beyond all these the soul has powers of its own which never come down into contact with the body, and by these it is that it has the power of contemplation and the knowledge of the infinite.

We now come to *attributes*, or accidents, which are of two kinds, one belonging exclusively to animate substances, the other also to those which are inanimate. The latter consist of such things as heat, cold, color, and especially *apparition*, that is, motion, rest, union, and disjunction: the former comprehend life and death, which are properties of the body; science and ignorance, which are

properties of the soul. Science has three grades; if it depends on external authority, it is called *immediate*; if it depends on the internal or external senses, it is called *evident*; if it depends on reasoning, it is called *speculative*. The two imperfect forms of science are doubt and opinion: the former arising when, after an examination of a question, neither the thesis nor the antithesis preponderates; the latter being the subjective preference of one or the other. The attribute of the soul, by which the materials of science are received, is intelligence, constituting the "understanding" of the Kantian philosophy, but having a more practical tendency. The active properties of the soul are power and weakness, desire and aversion: but desire is the Aristotelian *βούλησις*, not the modern faculty of will, and includes under it all the phases of love.

It may be useful to state the doctrines which this school maintained on the subject of the categories, since they show very clearly that the boasted discoveries of modern nominalists are only the revival of a long-neglected hypothesis. They divided the domain of sensible knowledge, as we have just seen, into substances and accidents: the latter being, 1. Relative; 2. Non-relative. Relative accidents are divisible into seven categories: 1. *Where*; 2. *When*; 3. *Relation*; 4. *Possession*; 5. *Action*; 6. *Passion*; 7. *Situation*. Non-relative accidents are divisible into the categories of *quantity* and *quality*; the category of quantity being subdivided into *continuous* quantity, (space and time,) and *discrete* quantity, (number;) and the category of quality being subdivided into, 1. Qualities of bodies; 2. Qualities of the soul; 3. Qualities of physical capacity; 4. Qualities of quantities, (for example, unity.) All these the Motakhallims maintained to be merely mental abstractions, a logical and not a real classification: and as the category of quantity includes both space and time, it is obvious that space and time are as unreal as the rest; time, for instance, being defined as "the connection of a fact of our imagination with a known fact, which is necessary to giving definiteness to that fact when we wish to represent it to ourselves or to others:" a definition vague enough, but having an important germ of truth.—This is the sum of the metaphysic of the Motakhallims.

The *Motazelites* constitute the school

which is next in importance to the dogmatic theologians, because they are, as their name itself signifies, the "*Dissenters*" of Islamism. They arose in the first century of the Hegira, as a strictly theological party, defending the doctrine of divine predestination. This doctrine was held with various modifications, some maintaining that both good and evil were predestinated; others, that not only was this the case, but that man has no kind of choice in his actions; others added, that therefore actions were useless, faith alone being necessary for salvation. But all these phases of fatalism were rejected by the real founder of the Motazelites, Wacil of Bassora, who insisted upon human responsibility, and, though holding justification by faith, held also the necessity of works. Nearly all his doctrines on this point are coincident with those of Luther, to whom he bears in all respects a most singular analogy; and his followers, alike in their history and their creeds, are, *mutatis mutandis*, the complete parallel of the Protestant Churches of Christianity. It is somewhat remarkable, too, that the principle of which Protestantism is often said to be the vindication—the assertion of the rights of conscience, and the consequent priority of reason to revelation—was as clearly enunciated in this Arabian school as by the stoutest of its modern defenders. In a strictly philosophical point of view, they deserve considerable attention for the way in which they started and conducted the great Arabian controversies on Idealism. We have sufficiently stated the controversy already, and we shall not recur to it; but it must be added, that the two great Motazelite universities—that of Bagdad and that of Bassora—were quite at variance with each other in the parts which they respectively took. The Motazelites of Bagdad were conceptualists, maintaining that the "possible non-real" is that which does not now exist actually, but only potentially, that is, that which God may cause to exist by investing with essentiality. Those of Bassora, on the other hand, were for the most part ultra-realists, maintaining that the "possible non-real" is in fact the world of sensible phenomena; that is, they assumed that the "real" is coincident with the physical, and therefore necessarily denied the attribute of reality to that which can not have a subjective as well as an objective existence.

These three schools, the philosophers, the Motakhallims, and the Motazelites, comprehend all that is really important in Arabian theology; but, to complete our plan, we must now pass to some of the minor schools, all of which, even more than the two preceding ones, were, properly speaking, rather theological than philosophical. First of all are the *Sophists*, of whom we need not say more than that their most prominent doctrines are the misconceptions of Heraclitus, which we find in the mouth of Protagoras in Plato's *Theætetus*—the non-certainty of knowledge and the consequent universality of "opinion." Next to these, we may rank the *Somanites* or *Skeptics*, with whom, as in Greece, the Sophists had much common ground. Their fundamental maxim asserted the absolute impossibility of any speculative science whatever, and the reasons which they alleged for this have often since been revived. Firstly, they said, if science were possible there would be no more controversy between metaphysicians than there is between mathematicians; secondly, the method of science being syllogistic, and the syllogism proceeding from known premises, we are thus limited at the outset of speculation to that which we know already; lastly, the mind can not fully embrace two propositions at once, and therefore the syllogism is really impossible as a method of inference. The theological results of Skepticism appear to have been the denial of the existence of a revelation and thence of a future state: another proof of the close relation between true philosophy and true theology, and of the natural termination of sensationalism in "positivism," the denial of mystery in the denial of God. Other schools, for instance, the *Ismailites*, were skeptical to a much more limited extent, and on much more reasonable grounds. They rested the impossibility of metaphysic on the limitation of human conceptions. We can never, they said, (like a school which has gathered some strength in modern times,) go beyond our conceptions: but all our conceptions are finite: therefore also our knowledge.

The systems into which philosophy shaped itself at its first arising in Greece, especially the Ionic schools, seem to have reproduced themselves exactly in the similar state of thought which existed in Arabia. The *Dahrites*, or Fatalists, built

chiefly on the notion of necessity, which is so prominent in Heraclitus and Empedocles; making the world and all its accidents the fruits of an universal and inexorable law. The *Naturalists* made philosophy to consist in the knowledge of the material world, either denying or ignoring supersensuous existence, and therefore supersensuous science; while a crowd of similar sects brought Materialism to bear upon theology, especially upon the nature of the existence of God, as to whether he exists in the world or out of the world, and whether his nature is not in some sense material.

But a school of more interest was that of the *Hernanites*, which revived the spirit and many of the distinguishing doctrines of Sabæism. They reappeared again in some of the mediæval alchemists, at least in the form under which the alchemists conveyed their doctrines to the uninitiated. They had a theory of strange and fanciful beauty, which made man physically the offspring of the pure elements and the heavenly bodies who rule the world; the latter being the fathers, or givers of form, impressing themselves upon matter, and so reproducing in man the image of God. They adopted the Eastern theory of cycles, the birth of the world from nothing, and its return to the same, after traversing the perimeter of thirty thousand years. They made evil to be simply the result of unpropitious stars and impure elements, the falling short of God's plan of creation, as good is the fulfillment and accomplishment of it. They carried the Gnostic arguments on eternity to their legitimate result by making *five* eternal things: God, the soul, matter, space, and time. The soul is eternal and primitive, they said, because all things born in time participate of matter; time and space, because the supposition of their non-existence is a contradiction in terms. The fundamental difficulty of cosmology was evaded by the supposition that creation was a mistake, a momentary act of forgetfulness on the part of the eternal soul, caused by its becoming suddenly conscious of matter and desirous of tasting material pleasures, so that it left its original abode, and being fused with matter in a kind of chemical union was unable to return. Knowledge, they said, is the only path by which it can be restored to its fatherland; and, above all, the knowledge which

aspires after the spiritual world, and tends to separate it from all communion with the flesh.

The two sects which remain for notice are, even more than the preceding, religious, not philosophical communities. The first of them is known by several names, especially by that of *Batinites* or *Allegorizers*, and probably derived the outward shape of most of its metaphysics from the Jewish schools of Alexandria. Their God was the highest *ὑπόστασις* of the Neo-Platonists; one of whom not even existence was to be predicted, that he might be conceived to be wholly free from human limitations. Their cosmology was mainly that which runs through the rest of the Arabian schools, and which finds its most complete expression in Plotinus; the distinguishing characteristic of that of the Batinites being the micro-cosmic nature of man. This latter led to their most prominent doctrine: "As the higher world (that of *intellectual* existence) has its universal intelligence and universal soul, so in the sensible world it is necessary that there should be an intelligence and a soul, each at once universal and individualized. This individualization of the world's universal intelligence is the Prophet; of the universal soul, the Imaum. Individual souls are directed in this lower world by the Prophet and the Imaum, as the spheres are directed in the higher world by the movement of the universal intelligence and universal soul themselves. The direction of the Prophet and the Imaum is as indispensable to the perfection of the individual soul, as the direction of the universal intelligence and soul to the heavenly spheres. The soul will be perfect when it is united to this intelligence, which will take place at the resurrection; and then also the things which are formed from the union of the spheres and the elements will be decomposed, the earth will vanish away, all these partial good things will be reunited to the universal soul, all partial bad things to Satan, and thenceforth there will be infinite and eternal perfection."* But the correspondence between the two worlds was not confined to these great points alone; all the world was an allegory; there was no fact or thing in the world of sense which had not its correspondence in the world of spirits. But this world of

spirits was realized and expressed in the Koran; so that every sentence and idea of the Koran had its correspondence in outward facts, and every word and letter its correspondence in sensible bodies. Thence followed a synthesis of Jewish Cabbalism with traditional Pythagorism; the laws of the numbers of the letters of the Koran were the laws of the mysteries of the world. And from the other part of their creed flowed the implicit faith in a spiritual director, who was the sole depositary of the truth, even of the Koran, and in whose infallible words they were content to merge their individual intelligence as well as their individual freedom.

Last of all we come to *Sufism*, the phase of Oriental mysticism which has attracted most attention in the West. It is probably, as M. Schmölders remarks, rather a rule of life than a system of doctrine, a monastic order rather than a philosophy. It is the way towards "the blessed life," the attempt at the earthly realization of the *βίος θεωρητικός*. Of course, like all other schools, its real origin is to be found in the exaggeration of the mystical tendencies which exist in most men's minds; but the particular outward form of the development of these tendencies in Arabia can be clearly traced to the influence of the Neo-Platonists and the Brahmins. The school of Plotinus, which probably occasioned Christian monachism, and certainly fashioned the thoughts of St. Dionysius Areopagita and St. Bernard, was aided in Persia by the inherent bent of Islamism and the preëxisting relics of Magism. And thus the dream alike of the Aristotelian and the Platonist was transmuted from a shadowy cloud-land into an organized actuality. The end of all things was its realization, and this realization consisted in the losing of self in God, which again was accomplished by ecstasy, or the utter abnegation of consciousness in the fullness of perfect knowledge. The cosmology of the Sufis differed only in minor detail from the orthodox Neo-Platonism which no Arabian philosopher seems to have entirely disavowed: but the metaphysic of their cosmology was peculiar to themselves. The world was to them the reflex of God's thoughts upon himself; the sight which he has of himself in the non-existent. But the very comprehension of most of their theories requires the very ecstasy of which they speak; and we can only point them out to

* Schmölders, p. 203.

those who can view them in the broad ground of universal mysticism.

Cui bono? it will perhaps be said, as this list of Arabian schools is closed: and we are ready with an answer. Apart from their merely scientific value, there are two chief sources of interest. In the first place, as we have pointed out before, the history of philosophy is cyclical: in every country it begins and ends with analogous laws of birth and growth: so that the philosophy of every country may be supposed to have an analogy with our own. But in the case of Arabian thought there is more than analogy of law: there is almost an exact parallel in subject-matter. Especially in philosophical theology: scarcely any system has arisen in Christendom which had not a similar existence long ago in the Eastern or Western Khalifate. "There is nothing new under the sun." Even schemes of metaphysic have, for the most part, only the freshness of flowers: they are born out of a decay to which they will return, and from which they will be born again. The knowledge of this will be of the greatest service in dealing with the shallow theological theories which at present prevail. They must be treated as mere reproductions—borrowed, although perhaps not with any conscious plagiarism, from forgotten thinkers. This does not go to prove their absolute falsity: it merely destroys their pretensions to universality and originality. They are all partial; they are all exaggerations of different truths: their basis is right in itself, but not right out of due relation. And the most successful way of meeting them is to strip them of their Christian phraseology, reducing them as far as possible to an algebraical form, and then to show their analogies in other cycles of thought—for instance, in that of Arabia. In this way a far clearer idea is gained of their causes and nature: we are not mis-

led by seeming orthodoxy of expression or ambiguity of language: and, moreover, their ancient opponents give the truest grounds for their argumentative refutation. This is the method of analogy; which to the philosophical student becomes ultimately the method of induction, and passes from the evolution of the phases of error in communities to those of the human mind.

In the next place, however far this analogy be carried, there can be no doubt of the historical influence which these schools of Arabia have had upon succeeding thought, even to our own times. They acted upon the schoolmen, and the schoolmen linger amongst us still. They made the schoolmen Aristotelians, and Aristotelianism is now almost part of our creed. It is mingled with our language and literature, until the denial of it seems like the denial of an axiom. Even theological controversies are often only the remnants of those quibbles of philosophy which the school of Thomas Aquinas borrowed from Averroes. The sacramental controversy, for example, has often been nothing more than a discussion of the question of "substance and accidents," which divided the Catholics and Protestants of Arabia: and one of the most difficult of theological tasks is to disentangle the true point at issue from the mass of Aristotelian phraseology which encrusts it. The history of theological terminology remains yet to be written; but few works could do more to further the progress of apostolical Christianity than one which would clear away the tangled thicket of words and phrases which besets us on every side; which would show the origin and real meaning of the terms about which we contend; and which would leave controversialists no room for doubting that many of the great points of their controversy spring not from the Scriptures, but from Aristotelian and Arabian forms of thought.

From the North British Review.

DECAY OF MODERN SATIRE.*

THE poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*, now more than half a century old, contains the latest specimens which have been produced in England of true satire—of satire which is likely to stand the test of time. The satires of Moore and Byron are already obsolete, and would rarely meet our eyes but for the place they necessarily occupy in the “complete works” of these poets. The conditions under which satire is likely to be well written, are even more rare than those which produce good poetry. The writer must be a man of very great vigor of intellect—even greater than that which would make a good poet upon grave subjects—for he must subdue and bring into the realm of poetry the most refractory kind of matter; and he must have a *good grievance*, one which has the rare recommendation of having at once a special and temporal, and an abiding, public interest. Personal satires, without the latter element, are in reality no more than vulgar libels—allowing the maxim, “the greater the truth, the greater the libel;” and satires, without the personal, or party, element, are not satires, but “didactic poems”—things which the world has very properly agreed to nauseate. That which is to blame in the social body, before it can be assim-

lated by the poetical digestion, must be cooked up with the salt of wit and the pepper of personality. Even then there is something very unsatisfactory, to the cultivated imagination, in most forms of satire. With the lapse of time, the salt always loses some of its sharpness, and the pepper becomes less pricking to the palate; and the harsh and essentially unpoetical and properly unversifiable *negative* character of censure, acquires a more or less repulsive predominance. We are strongly of opinion that parody—although sadly susceptible of foolish application—is the form of satire which best justifies the employment of verse. Verse, even of the lowest kind, is an assertion, at the outset, of thoughts and feelings which “move harmonious numbers.” Now, mere censure, or mere ridicule, does not do any such thing; witness the satires of Pope, which are, for the most part, the smoothest, and, at the same time, the least “harmonious” numbers in the world. Pope’s numbers never approach to being musical, properly speaking, except when he rises above the merely negative character of most of his satires, and becomes really indignant, or when he assumes a sympathy with what he satirizes, as in that delightful poem, *The Rape of the Lock*. In the first case, the negative character of blame or ridicule becomes subordinated to the positive and poetical love of good, implied in indignation; and, in the second, he adopts the truest form of satire—its most thoroughly poetical and genuine form—that of a humorous adoption of, and assumption of, sympathy with the absurd.

Most of the satires of the *Anti-Jacobin* were written in the happiest form, and under the happiest conditions. Their authors were men of great intellectual vigor and worldly knowledge—that essential constituent of the truly poetical no less than the political character; and they had a most excellent grievance.

* Poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*: Comprising the Celebrated Political and Satirical Poems, Parodies, and *Jeu d’Esprit* of the Right Hon. George Canning, the Earl of Carlisle, Marquis Wellesley, the Right Hon. J. H. Frere, W. Gifford, Esq., the Right Hon. W. Pitt, G. Ellis, Esq., and Others. With Explanatory Notes. By CHARLES EDMONDS. Second Edition. London: 1854. 8vo.

Melibeus-Hipponax. The Biglow Papers. Edited, with an Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Copious Index, by HOMER WILBUR, A.M. Fourth Edition. Boston: 1856. 8vo.

The Age: a Colloquial Satire. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. London: 1858. 8vo.

Humbug Attacked, in Church, Law, Physic, Army, and Navy. A Poem. By Mr. JOHN BULL, JUN. London: 1858. 8vo.

Two Millions. By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER, Author of *Nothing to Wear*. London: 1858.

The doctrines of the French Revolution had been more or less accepted in England, to an extent which must have seemed indescribably alarming to men who did not need to wait for the subsequent practical results, to be convinced of and horrified at their nature. Men of the purest lives and highest imaginations, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, among others, were deceived and seduced by the boast of the near approach of that "good time coming," which has at all times possessed such charms for the poetical fancy, but which has always been laughed at by men whose judgment has been cultivated by a knowledge of the world and a thorough training in moral and historical science. Here was an evil which united the personal and temporary with the abiding interest, in the highest degree. As long as human nature is human nature, there will always be a considerable class of persons at whom the finger of scorn, pointed by the authors of the *Anti-Jacobin*, towards persons now no more, will stand equally directed; but it was only under the temporary predominance of, and threatened danger from, the principles of that class in England, at the time of the French Revolution, that those persons and principles could produce the amount of interest required as a basis for satire. The recollection of the interest and importance which once attached to the verses of the *Anti-Jacobin*, gives them value to readers of the present time, who probably would not have paid much attention to the same satires, had they appeared in our own day. The same thing is true of *Hudibras*, *Tartuffe*, and every other satire of permanent worth.

We have said that parody is the most perfect form of satire; but, by parody we do not mean exclusively the ironical imitation or paraphrase of other writers. The parody may be that of a habit of thought or action. The essential of satirical, as distinguished from mere farcical, parody, is, that it shall represent, with a humorous assumption of sympathy, the satirized habits or principles, in a condition of development so advanced as to be their own refutation. The *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* contains several irresistibly humorous and forcible examples of this kind of satire. *The Friend of Humanity* and the *Knife-Grinder*, is as fresh in its fun as if it had been written yesterday. It is a parody of Southey's *Sapphics*—

The Widow, of which one stanza will suffice to enable our readers to enter fully into the parody:

"I had a home once; I had once a husband;
I am a widow, poor, and broken-hearted!
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining:
On drove the chariot."

Thus runs the imitation of Southey's somewhat illogical "invective against the pride of property:"

Friend of Humanity.

"Needy knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,

So have your breeches!

"Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who, in their coaches, roll along the turn-pike—
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day,
'Knives and

Scissors to grind, O!"

The *Knife-Grinder*, and the parody on an "Inscription for the apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin, the regicide, was imprisoned thirty years," probably did as good political service as was ever done by an equal amount of literature, since literature existed. The following is Southey's inscription:

"For thirty years, secluded from mankind,
Here Martin lingered. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison: not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when, though yon high bars he poured
a sad
And broken splendor. Dost thou ask his
crime?
He had rebelled against the king, and sat
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! but
such
As Plato loved; such as, with holy zeal,
Our Milton worshiped. Blessed hopes!
awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days,
When Christ shall come, and all things be
fulfilled."

Whatever may be one's opinion of Henry Martin, it is impossible not to laugh heartily at the humor and force of the following development of the principle im-

plied in Southey's approval of bloodshed, for the sake of the realization of what he himself represents as the "wild dreams" of an individual:

"Inscription for the door of the cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg, the Prenticide, was confined previous to her execution.

"For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these
cells

Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blythe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
She whipped two female 'Prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her
mind

Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage
schemes!

Such as Lyeurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyian goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! *But
time shall come*

*When France shall reign, and laws be all
repealed."*

The picture in the last five words of the revolutionary millennium is inimitable; and is more fatally convincing in its fun than any amount of grave disquisition, even of a Burke.

In the long piece called "New Morality," we have an admirable example of the *direct* satire of indignation against a class of evil which had reached its climax at the period of the first French Revolution, but which has a perennial vitality, and is indeed at present almost as rampant in the ordinary morality of France—as expressed by its literature—as ever; namely, the substitution of morbid feelings for moral truth, and the merging of individual duties in generalities too vague for action.

"Behold Philanthropy, whose boundless mind
Glow with the general love of all mankind;
Philanthropy, beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion smiles and dies away.
No narrow bigot *he*; his reasoned view
Thy interests, England, ranks with thine,
Peru!

France at our doors, *he* sees no danger nigh,
But heaves for Turkey's woes the impartial
sigh:

A steady patriot of the world alone;
The friend of every country—but his own.

Next comes a gentler virtue. Ah! beware
Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness
scare.

Sweet Sensibility, who dwells enshrined
In the fine foldings of the feeling mind!

Her feelings strong,
False by degrees, and exquisitely wrung;
For the crushed beetle *first*—the widowed
dove,

And all the warbling sorrows of the grove;
Next, for poor suffering *guilt*; and, *last* of
all,

For parents, friends, a king and country's
fall."

This delightful volume ranges over a great variety of subjects; and upon all it is brilliant, fresh, and full of strong good sense. There is scarcely a page which does not deal a fatal blow to some moral, political, or literary abuse or absurdity. A whole class of "Didactic Poems," till then respectable, became forever ridiculous from the day of the appearance of "The Progress of Man, a didactic poem, with notes critical and explanatory, dedicated to R. P. Knight, Esq.," whose *Progress of Civil Society* was the immediate provocation. The mere "argument" of the first "canto" is a satire complete in itself: "The subject proposed. Doubts and waverings. Queries not to be answered. Formation of the stupendous whole. Cosmogony; or the creation of the world. The Devil, Man. Various classes of being. The influence of the sexual appetite—on tigers—on whales—on crimp cod—on perch—on shrimps—on oysters. Various stations assigned to different animals. Bears remarkable for their fur. Birds do not graze—nor fishes fly—nor beasts live in the water. Plants equally contented with their lot:—Potatoes—Cabbage—Lettuce—Leeks—Cucumbers. Man only discontented—Born a savage—Resigns his liberty. Priestcraft. Kingcraft. Tyranny of Laws and Institutions. The savage free—Feeds on hips and haws—Animal food—He wonders if it is good—Resolves to try—Makes a bow and arrow—Kills a pig—lights a fire. Apostrophe to fire," etc. The satire called *The Rovers*; or the *Double Arrangement*, was the death of the English *furor* for the German drama of the day; the tendency of which was "to substitute in lieu of a sober contentment and regular discharge of the duties incident to each man's particular situation, a wild desire of undefinable latitude

and extravagance—an aspiration after shapeless somethings that can neither be described nor understood, a contemptuous disgust at all that *is*." The purpose of this parody, according to the preface of its supposed author, Mr. Higgins, is to represent "the reciprocal duties of one or more husbands to one or more wives, and to the children who may happen to arise out of this complicated and endearing connection." The song of Rogero, described in the list of "Dramatis Personæ," as "in love with Matilda Pottinger," who is herself described as "in love with Rogero, and mother to Casimere's children," is as universally and as deservedly known as any thing of its length in modern verse. Indeed, it is to us inexplicable how so many of the separate poems of the *Anti-Jacobin* should have attained so vast a reputation as that which attaches to this song, the *Knife-grinder*, the *Loves of the Triangles*, the *Elegy* beginning "All in the Town of Tunis," and others, and yet the complete collection—one of the most charming little volumes ever published—should only have been made three years ago; and, after three years, should only have reached a second edition. There is no book of modern verse which is more certain of a place among the English classics, or which more refreshingly contrasts, in its genial power, with much of the witless word-painting that passes for poetry in the present day. Apart from the satirical ability of these verses, many of them display a combined force and delicacy of expression, which have rarely been surpassed. Several passages in the *Loves of the Triangles* may be taken as models of descriptive power.

Whatever satiric power has arisen in England during the sixty years which have elapsed since the appearance of the *Anti-Jacobin*, has been devoted to subjects of too transient an interest to be the foundation of abiding verse. This has been rather the misfortune than the fault of the satirists; for, during that time, we can not call to mind that any abuse has been developed to a sufficiently conspicuous and dangerous extent, to become deserving of the lash of a first-rate poet. For many years past, satire seems to have died out altogether; and it is only within the last season or two that it has shown any tendency to revive. All at once we have a batch of small satirists—Mr. Bailey at their head—in England, and one really

powerful satirist in America, namely, Mr. J. R. Lowell, whose *Bigelow Papers* we most gladly welcome, as being not only the best volume of satires since the *Anti-Jacobin*, but as also the first work of real and efficient poetical genius which has reached us from the United States. We have been under the necessity of telling some unpleasant truths about American literature, from time to time; and it is with hearty pleasure that we are now able to own that the Britishers have been, for the present, utterly and apparently hopelessly, beaten, by a Yankee, in one important department of poetry. In the United States social and political evils have a breadth and tangibility which are not at present to be found in the condition of any other civilized country. The "peculiar domestic institution," the filibustering tendencies of the nation, the tyranny of a vulgar "public opinion," and the charlatanism, which is the price of political power, are butts for the shafts of the satirist, which European poets may well envy Mr. Lowell. We do not pretend to affirm, that the evils of European society may not be as great, in their own way, as those which afflict the credit of the United States—with the exception of course, of slavery, which makes "American freedom" deservedly the laughing-stock of the world—but what we do say is, that the evils in point, have a boldness and simplicity about them, which our more sophisticated follies have not; and, that a hundred years hence, Mr. Lowell's Yankee satires will be perfectly intelligible to every one, whereas, most of the subjects offered by European politics, are such as would require an explanatory commentary twenty years hence, just as is the case at present with the satires of Byron and Moore. The only subject in the social state of England at all rivaling in satiric capabilities any one of half-a-dozen subjects seized by the author of the *Bigelow Papers*, is the strange and portentous despotism which threatens, as usual, to arise from the very heart of freedom—a despotism, against which songs and assassins would be equally powerless, namely, that of the newspaper-press, which combines the two most fatal elements of tyranny, popularity and an enmity to all individual excellence. A newspaper is a trading speculation, which must rely for its success, in a very large measure, upon the skill with which it follows the preju-

dices of the many, while it appears to teach them. The danger which would arise to the life of freedom—though not perhaps to its external forms—should any one paper ever acquire such a preponderance, as to leave any person or party whom it might choose to injure, without appeal—for the most fatal injuries are not “actionable”—is one which has made the hearts of the best and bravest tremble; and we regret that a subject, in every way so worthy of the indignant eloquence of the greatest poets, should as yet have found no better treatment than that of Mr. Bailey’s, whose verses on this subject we append as a fair specimen of his last poem:

“But even now in England may be found
A tyranny that’s greatly gaining ground;
Though less upon the ladder’s lowest round
Than on the upper; the mid-classes most.
From filling, first, a very humble post,
The Typocrat now rules from coast to coast;
Who, rattling off a leader while you are
winking,
Has almost stifled independent thinking.
As people pray in Tartary by machines,
So here by dailies, weeklies, magazines,
Each turns his wordy mill, which nothing
means;
So deftly now the Press, of scribbling power,
Inflates the favorite folly of the hour;
Some grand delusion happily long covert,
But ripe at last for sale in market overt;
That when its influence seems most comprehensive,
Its worthlessness but shows the more extensive.
And this because its prosperousness depends,
Not on its speaking truths, but making
friends,
Sway o’er weak minds, and gain its only ends.
Has ever one, when war-tide was at flood,
Called to the people—Hold, friends! it were
good,
Ere we commit our hands to blows or blood,
To scan those maxims which, in cooler hours,
We have maintained as Christians, must be
ours,
And conscience may admit as motive powers?
Soon as the scent of blood first taints the air,
The sleuth-hounds of the Press at once are
there.
All philanthropic cant is cast away;
To rouse ill passions is to make them pay.
With polished pens and learning at command,
Although their reasoning rarely could with-
stand
A Sunday-scholar’s logic in the land.
Yet types—the Press—the body of the na-
tion.”
We can not give a better example of
the difference between true and false

satire, than by appending to the diffuse and flabby verse of *The Age*, the following four lines, which are the conclusion of Mr. Lowell’s *Pious Editor’s Creed*.

“In short, I firmly do believe
In Humbug generally;
For it’s a thing that I perceive
To have a solid vally.”

Satire at once so genial and good-humored, and yet so fatal as that of “Ezekiel Biglow,” is, indeed, a relief after the weary platitudes which have recently appeared, under the name of satire in England. Out of a volume, as full as it can hold, of good stuff, we shall take, almost at random, a few specimens, for the edification of that large proportion of our readers to whom this very remarkable work is probably unknown.

There is no portion of *Hudibras* itself which is, space for space, so abundant in fun and hard hits as the “Remarks of Increase D. O’Phace, Esquire, at an extrumpery caucus in State Street,” from which these are stray sentences:

“I’m willin’ a man should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, for thet kind o’
wrong
Is ollers unpop’lar an’ never gits pitied,
Because it’s a crime no one ever committed;
But he musn’t be hard on partickler sins,
Coz then he’ll be kickin’ the people’s own
shins.”

“Constitoots air hendy to help a man in,
But arterwards don’t weigh the heft of a pin.
Wy, the people can’t all live on Uncle Sam’s
pus,
So they’ve nothin’ to do with’t for better or
wus;
It’s the folks that air kind o’ brought up to
depend on’t,
Thet hev any consarn in’t, an’ thet is the
end on’t.”

The reckless fun of the following lines is more like Rabelais than any other satirist:

“We’d assumed with gret skill a commandin’
position,
On this side or thet, no one couldn’t tell wich
one,
So, wutever side wipped, we’d a chance at the
plunder,
And could sue fer infringin’ our paytented
thunder;
We were ready to vote for whoever wuz
eligible,
Ef on all pints at issoc he’d stay unintelligi-
ble.”

Wal, sposin' we hed to gulp down our per-
fessions,

We were ready to come out next mornin'
with fresh ones;

Besides, ef we did, t'was our business alone,
Fer couldn't we du wut we would with our
own?

An' ef a man can, wen pervisions hev riz so,
Eat up his own words, it's a marcy it is so."

We wish that we had space to quote
the whole description of the incident
which led to Mr. Sawin's conversion to
slavery doctrines, but we can only give a
few lines here and there:

"Ez fer the niggers, I've ben South, an' thet
hez changed my mind;

A lazier, more ungrateful set you couldn't
nowers find.

I shou'dered queen's-arm and stumped out,
ah! when I come t' th' swamp,

Tworn't very long afore I gut upon the nest
o' Pomp.

Wal, I jest gut 'em into a line, an' druv 'em
on afore me,

The pis'nous brutes, I'd no idee o' the ill-will
they bore me.

We walked till som'ers about noon, an' then
it grew so hot

I thought it best to camp awhile, so I chose
out a spot,

Then I unstrapped my wooden leg, coz it
begun to chafe,

An' laid it down jest by my side, supposin'
all wuz safe."

Pomp, however, "snaked up behind,"
and stole the leg, robbed him of his pis-
tols, and took him prisoner to the swamp.

"An kep' me pris'n'er 'bout six months, an'
worked me, tu, like sin,

Till I hed gut his corn and his Carlino taters
in;

He made me larn him readin', tu, (although
the critter saw

How much it hurt my morril sense to act
agin the law,)

So st' he could read a Bible he'd gut; an' axed
if I could pint

The North Star out; but there I put his nose
some out o' jint,

For I weeled roun' about sou'-west, an' look-
in' up a bit,

Picked out a middlin' shiny one an' tole him
that was it.

Fin'ly, he took me to the door, an', givin'
me a kick,

Sez—"Ef you know wut's best for ye, be off
now, double-quick."

The best American writers are very
fond of preaching against, and laughing

at, war, chiefly because they have as yet
had no experience whatever of its real
necessity; and, not being very profound
in European history and politics, they are
apt to judge our wars by the standard of
their own fillibustering enterprises. This
explains, if not excuses, the somewhat
shallow arguments they use when speak-
ing of war generally, and accounts for
certain stanzas of Mr. Lowell's, which,
though admirably witty, are of doubtful
wisdom, if meant to apply beyond his
own country. But Mr. Bailey has no
such excuse; and, in what he says on this
and many other questions, he displays
that strange ignorance of ordinary social
and moral truth which so disastrously
distinguishes the whole of the spasmodic
school of poets. We trust that when
we assure our readers that the following
lines are above the average merit of Mr.
Bailey's poem, they will hold us excused
from entering into any detailed criticism
of it:

"Of all conceits mis-grafted on God's Word,
A Christian soldier seems the most absurd.
That Word commands us so to act in all
things,

As not to hurt another e'en in small things;
To flee from anger, hatred, bloodshed, strife;
To pray for, and to care for, others' life.

A Christian soldier's duty is to slay,
Wound, harass, slaughter, hack in every way,
Those men whose souls he prays for night
and day;

With what consistency let Prelates say,
He's told to love his enemies; don't scoff;
He does so; and with rifles picks them off.
He's told to do to all as he'd be done
By, and he therefore blows them from a gun;
To bless his foes 'he hangs them up like fun,
Such inconsistencies will men pretend;
Such blasphemous apostasies defend,
To slake a passion or to serve an end."

The point which, in the matter of war,
is vulnerable to satire, is quite missed in
the above verses, and, indeed, in all that
we have ever read upon the subject. War
itself, under certain circumstances,
especially the war for the sake of peace—
which St. Augustine says, is the only justi-
fiable kind of war—has, to say the least
of it, such strong reasons in its favor, as
entirely to exempt it from that obvious-
ness of evil and moral absurdity, which is
proper to the themes of the satirist. It is
the exaggerated and false idea of glory
and heroism in war—the error rather of
civilians than of true soldiers—which
offers the appropriate object to the wit

and indignation of the poet. War, at best, is a grievous necessity; and, in its least fearful shapes, involves so much misery, that no thoughtful man, in waging it, could be thinking much of the glory of successes at such cost; but, were it otherwise, could he allow the thought of glory to occupy his mind in such connection, it would only be to discern, that there are few kinds of action into which real heroism enters so little as into that of fighting. To lead a forlorn hope, to fire the engine which is to blow open a town-gate, is a kind of enterprise which, from the nature of the case, can rarely be undertaken in a state of mind that admits of the exercise of true courage, which is a deliberate virtue, and one which is not to be tested by an act resolved on in a moment probably of frantic exaltation, and very possibly executed with nerves braced by the consideration, that the alternative of retiring from such resolve, is the more formidable danger of the two.

"The courage corporate that drags
The coward to heroic death,"

and makes him equal, in his external action, to the truly brave, who are his companions, is surely not a virtue which we ought to honor, as it has hitherto been honored. It has been the subject of much lamentation, that our recent wars have given rise to no good war-poetry. We are rejoiced to hail, in this circumstance, a proof that good poets—who are always ahead of their generation in their moral philosophy—begin to perceive the shallow and unpoetical character of the glory which their predecessors sang so loudly and effectually, because believingly.

Mr. Lowell, in satirizing war, pursues the same erroneous track as Mr. Bailey; but with what inimitable humor!

"We were gittin' on nicely up here to our
village,
With good old idee's o' wot's right an' wot
ain't,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an'
pillage,
An' that epylett's worn't the best mark of
a saint;

But John P.
Robinson, he

Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee."

We conclude our extracts from the *Biglow Papers*, with a passage, the writing and publishing of which shows more

moral courage in Mr. Lowell than would go to the winning of a Victoria Cross in an ordinary battle-field. A century hence, Old America will feel grateful and proud of a poet who dared to tell Young America such truths, *à propos* of the Mexican War, as these:

"An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' thir
dominions,

Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's
pinions,

Wich means to take a feller up jest by the
slack o' 's trowis,

An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all
his homes an' houses;

Wal, it does seem a curus way, but then
hooraw fer Jackson!

*It must be right, for Caleb sez it's reglar
Anglosaxon.*

"Thet our nation's bigger 'n theirn, an' so its
rights air bigger,

An' thet it's all to make 'em free thet we air
pullin' trigger,

Thet Anglo-Saxondom's idee's abreakin' 'em
to pieces,

An' thet idee's thet every man does jest the
thing he pleases.

Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in
some respec I can,

*I know thet 'every man' don't mean a nigger
or a Mexican."*

We will not wash the racy flavor of these lines out of the reader's mind with any more of the watery "satire" of Mr. Bailey. It is certain that Mr. Bailey is a poet, though by no means one of a high order of power; but his pretensions to be a *satirist*, are scarcely to be considered with patience. The *Age* is void alike of malice and geniality—those two apparent contraries which good satire always reconciles. Mr. Bailey flogs the vices and follies of the time, with a rod of rushes pickled in milk-and-water.

Mr. Bailey's volume, however, contains many passages of *poetry*, which at once remind us of the author of *Festus*, and redeem it from the utter insignificance of such pieces as that called *Humbug Attacked*—the *satire* of which is quite as good as Mr. Bailey's and remarkably like it in style. Here is a specimen of what Mr. Bailey can do, when he does not mistake his vocation.

"As the poor shell-fish of the Indian sea,
Sick—seven years sick—of its fine malady,
The pearl (which after shall enrich the breast
Of some fair princess regal, in the West)

Its gem elaborates 'neath the unrestful main,
The worth proportioned to its parent pain,
Until, in roseate lustre perfect grown,
Fate brings it forth, as worthy of a throne;
So must the poet, martyr of his art,
Feed on neglect, and thrive on many a smart."

Occasionally, and among a wilderness of common-places, we find a truth put in a pointed and impressive way, as thus:

"If to Judaea we our worship trace,
If our best learning to Achaia's race,
If Europe owes to Rome her noblest laws,
The freedom of mankind is England's cause.
To law, to learning, to religion, she
Adds Heaven's own element of liberty."

This poem of Mr. Bailey's is curiously unlike his other works in its general character. *Festus* is a very labored production; this is a very slovenly one. *Festus* is the most ambitious poem ever undertaken; this is comparatively very humble in its pretensions. We have a real admiration for the abilities which Mr. Bailey has indicated—rather than displayed in each case. If he could but be persuaded to know the nature and limits of his powers, he would almost certainly be able to extend his reputation as a poet, far beyond the circle of that unhappy coterie in which at present he is exclusively approved, and would win the applause of persons whose applause is fame. There are *hundreds* of passages in *Festus*, and many in *The Age*, each of which contains matter for a short, separate poem. Indeed, these passages are essentially independent pieces; but their effect is lost by their position, in a long work. Mr. Bailey has not the power of writing a long work which shall have a vital totality and

completeness; and, in this, he is only like many a poet, who has won enduring fame by small pieces of perfect truth, tenderness, and finish. Why can not Mr. Bailey and the other poets of his school, adopt this plan. They are most of them men of too much perception not to have been considerably annoyed at the way in which their works have been received by those whose approval they must know to be alone worth having.

There are two little pieces lately published by an American, Mr. W. A. Butler, which deserve a few words from us. They are called *Nothing to Wear*, and *Two Millions*; and are very hastily executed satires upon the abuses of wealth by the ignorant and vulgar. They have had a considerable circulation among a certain not very select class of readers; and display a freedom in the management of verse, and an occasional sense of humor, which, if properly cultivated and applied, might make Mr. Butler's writings sought out by others than idlers at rail-way stations. Mr. Firkin, with

"His visible coach outside the visible Church,"

is the representative of an increasing class who are as fair marks for satire as ever existed; but we can only regret that in *Two Millions*, as in *The Age*, some good subjects are blown upon and spoiled. We would strongly recommend Mr. Butler and all persons who have faculties, and waste them, to reflect that they are only a worse development of the Firkin type. Firkin abuses the stewardship of a material estate; they waste the far more potent wealth of mind.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

LIFE AND TIMES OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR.*

THE marriage of the Dauphin with the Infanta of Spain (January, 1745) was

celebrated with unusual magnificence, not only to do justice to the happy occasion itself, but also in order to amuse the King, Louis XV., at that time suffering from the loss of his last favorite, Madame de

* *Madame la Marquise de Pompadour*. Par M. CAPEFIGUE.

Châteauroux. At Versailles, there were feasts in the château, festivals in the gardens, and boating on the waters; at Compeigne, there was hunting; and at Fontainebleau, illuminations and fishing by torch-light.

The city of Paris, at that time participating in all the joys and all the griefs of the royal family, wished also to celebrate the wedding in a worthy manner. The provost of the merchants gave a grand entertainment in a kind of temporary conservatory, but the most splendid of all the fetes was that given at the Hôtel de Ville, the palace of the bourgeoisie.

It was on that occasion that the King, ever susceptible to new impressions, and possibly not disinclined to fill the vacuum that tormented him, distinguished from amidst the crowd there assembled, a young woman scarcely twenty-one years of age, fair, with loose hair, and disguised as Diana hunting. The costume which she wore was that of a nymph, quiver on her back, bow in her hand, and she pretended to be aiming an arrow at the king. The prince, with his usual gallantry, stepped up to the beautiful Diana, and said to her, in his most gracious manner: "Fair mistress, the wounds that you inflict are mortal." After having made a suitable and tender reply, the nymph disappeared in the crowd, leaving the King in ecstatic rapture. He was not long before he found out his Diana again, when, entering into conversation with her, he detected in his new acquaintance a young person, who whenever his hunts took him to the forest of Sénart, followed him on horseback, or in an elegant shell of rock crystal (!) drawn by two sorrel horses.

Louis XV. had so far recognized this amiable perseverance as to send the lady occasionally a reminiscence of the hunt in the shape of stags' horns, a boar's ham, or a fox's tail; the Château d'Etioles, where she dwelt, was also well known to him; but at that time, wholly devoted to Madame de Châteauroux, he paid little attention to the fair huntress of the forest of Sénart, who, on her side, was at once exceedingly discreet and very cautious in the approaches which she made to royal favor, having always in view the entire affections of the King, and not the mere gratification of a vulgar and passing caprice.

The Château d'Etioles, a fairy creation, adorned with all that luxury and taste

which distinguished the eighteenth century, was charmingly situated at the extremity of the forest of Sénart, at the point where the Seine approaches Corbeil. Etioles, since created a marquise, was the property of Jean Baptiste Lenormand, nephew of the wealthy Lenormand de Turneheim, one of the leading farmers-general of the epoch. This M. Lenormand Etioles wedded, the seventeenth of January, 1739, Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson, daughter of Antoine Poisson, of the house of the brothers Pâris, also wealthy farmers, contractors, and financiers of the day. This Jeanne-Antoinette was destined to be Madame Pompadour. Voltaire insinuates that Madame Poisson was the mistress of Turneheim, and that she speculated upon the charms of her daughter. Needless to say that the amiable legitimist—the zealous admirer of by-gone times, things, and persons—M. Capefigue—repudiates all the sarcasms of the petulant old philosopher of Verney as ungrateful falsehoods, the bitter misrepresentations of an old, jealous, disappointed man. Voltaire, who had enjoyed the personal friendship of Jeanne-Antoinette when Madame d'Etioles, as also when she was Marquise de Pompadour, had once racked his brain to sing the praises of the favorite.

There does not exist any original portrait of Jeanne-Antoinette when, at fifteen, she became the wife of Lenormand d'Etioles. But all her cotemporaries agree that she was beaming with beauty, and brilliant alike in the gifts of her person and mind. She gathered quite a little court around her—a graceful court of artists and men of letters—whom she astonished and delighted by the charms of her voice, conversation, and talents. She was a capital horsewoman, and she drove, as we have before seen, her own phaeton in the most tortuous alleys of the forest of Sénart wherever the King led the way, and, dressed in a coquettish and often a strange fashion, she attracted the eyes of all. Nothing was spoken of at Choisy but the nymph of the forest of Sénart, who sometimes appeared with a falcon on her wrist, like a châtelaine of the middle ages.

Madame Lenormand had by her husband a daughter, who was baptized by the name of Alexandrina, and at Etioles her life was passed in the attentions paid to this beautiful and promising child, in

the pursuit of the fine arts, in literary conversations, and in fairy exploits in the forest. In winter the family resided in the hotel of M. de Turnheim, Rue Croix des Petits-Champs. Besides the usual literary guests, Voltaire, Helvétius, Montesquieu, Bernis, and Fontenelle, the Duke of Richelieu, Prince de Soubise, and Count de Chauvelin, personal friends of the King's, used to frequent the Château d'Etiolles. The triumph of Madame d'Etiolles was a much more serious negotiation than is generally imagined. The King remained at Choisy during the autumn of 1744, at that time first interested with his pretty Diana of the Hôtel de Ville. Madame d'Etiolles, on her part, always so close in her attendance on the King's hunts in the forest of Sénart, had felt that the effect produced at the Hôtel de Ville had been a decisive move in her ambitious designs. Madame de Châteauroux was no more—her post was vacant at Versailles.

Still it is said that the lady followed in all things the advice of the Duke of Richelieu, who had been faithful to the cause of Madame de Châteauroux up to her death. Richelieu, Soubise, Chauvelin, d'Ayen, and others, ruled the King in opposition to the party of the Queen and of the Dauphin, through the medium of his mistresses. The Duchess of Châteauroux being no more, it was important to find a substitute, and the eyes of the King's advisers fell on Madame d'Etiolles. She belonged, by her literary as well as by her family connections, to the philosophical party. She might also prove of use to the ministers from her relationship with the great financiers of the day. She could enliven the King's latter days by distractions hitherto unsought by him—those of literature and of the fine arts. Madame d'Etiolles, herself an accomplished musician, artist, and engraver, could bring all the life and taste of a "salon" home to the King; endowed with all the infinite resources of brilliant conversational powers, as well as charms of person and manners, she would sway Louis XV. by a word, for she was "à la fois femme d'esprit et d'affaires."

"According to the chronicles of the day, the first interview was arranged (January, 1745) at the hotel of M. Lenormand de Turnheim, Rue Croix des Petits-Champs, which extended with its gardens by the Rue du Bouloi to nigh the hotel of the farmers-general, of whom M. de

Turnheim was Syndic. These little details of the boudoir are of little importance; the King went there several times in the greatest incognito, and found a particular charm in the conversation of Madame d'Etiolles. There does not exist, I repeat it, any portrait that belongs to this first epoch of the youthful graces of Madame d'Etiolles. The pastel of Latour, the portrait, the finished work of Boucher, (Madame de Pompadour also sat to Boucher for his picture of Venus chained by Cupid,) belong to a more advanced epoch of her life; but in all the portraits of her, the Marchioness is made to have fine eyes, open forehead, a rather prominent nose, a large mouth; but that which neither pastel nor painting could represent was the extreme vivacity of her look, the delightful play of her expression, the infinite charms of her conversation, and a power of penetration which saw at once the solution of any question of business. Add to all this the thousand combined talents of an artist, who drew, painted, and engraved ravishingly; and, above all, a deep sensibility, which associated itself with all the glories, and with all the joys, as well as with all the anxieties of the King, which she never ceased doing her utmost to allay and to relieve."

At first every thing was accomplished secretly. Madame d'Etiolles accompanied the King in the campaign of 1745, without either publicity or scandal in the army. Marshal Saxe had in his train the theater of Madame Favart; the ladies of the court also attached themselves to certain gentlemen. As to Madame d'Etiolles, the Duke of Richelieu took her under his wing in what he designated as his "bagage élégant." She traveled thus in the disguise of a young mousquetaire.

"The success of the young and beautiful Madame d'Etiolles, which was to insure the triumph of the coterie of the men of letters and the philosophers, was a task so much more difficult to accomplish, as Louis XV. did not like them; but the want of tact and offensive attitude taken by the friends of the Dauphin during the King's last illness, the persevering advice of the Duke of Richelieu, and the charms of Madame d'Etiolles, finally led the King to a publicity which he had avoided for six long months with the greatest care.

"The first condition of a common life at Versailles or at Choisy was the separation *à mens et thoro* of Madame d'Etiolles from her husband—a separation which was judicially pronounced by Le Châtelet. M. Lenormand left Paris with great dignity as an inspector-general of farms, with the reversion of his uncle's appointment; he asked nothing from the King; the little Alexandrina, his daughter, remained under charge of Madame d'Etiolles, who placed her in a convent.

"It was next arranged that Madame d'Etiolles

should change her name, as also her title, in order to efface all traces of the past; and the title and marquise of Pompadour was in the King's gift, he having purchased it from the Prince of Conti. It was an illustrious name in the province of Limousin, the richest in powerful country gentry; and that is why Louis XIV., who did not like an independant and provincial nobility, had had it ridiculed in the person of M. de Pourceaugnac, of the province of Limousin, by his pamphleteer and witty 'tapestry' Pocquelin de Molière. The King accordingly conferred the title of Marchioness de Pompadour on Madame d'Etioles, with a sufficient revenue to keep up a salon. By this arrangement, Madame d'Etioles no longer compromised the name of her husband, from whom she was legally separated: the name of Etioles was entirely forgotten, and that of the Marchioness de Pompadour alone known. As it was also necessary to insure at the same time a revenue to the Marchioness, the property of Pompadour being a mere title, with less than four thousand francs income, the King further purchased the marquise of Crécy in Brie, worth twenty-five thousand francs a year, for Madame.

"As a titled lady, the new marchioness had to be presented to the King, to the Queen, and to the princes and princesses of the royal family. She got through this ceremony with perfect dignity, being introduced by the Princess of Conti, to whom the King delegated this duty. The reception was most gracious, and the Queen even addressed a few kind words to the Marchioness, making inquiries after certain ladies with whom they were mutually acquainted. The Marchioness, bowing profoundly to the Queen, replied to her, adding: 'Madame, I'm passionately desirous of doing whatever your majesty may wish me to do in your service.'"

But all this was merely on the surface. The new alliance was not favorably viewed by the court, or by many of the nobility.

Hitherto King Louis XV. had followed the traditions of Louis XIV., who had been accustomed to select his mistresses from among families of the high nobility, and, so long as he continued to do so, no one found anything to demur at. The extraordinary passion of the King for the four daughters of the illustrious house of Nesle even excited no murmurs of discontent. The piety and mildness of Madame de Mailly were on the contrary extolled, and the elegance and beauty of Madame de Flavencourt were as much praised as were the courage and "orgueil tout français" of Madame de Châteauroux. But a great change took place when Louis XV. no longer sought the society of titled

ladies: he was then accused of dissolute manners and vulgar passions:

"C'est une petite bourgeoise,
Elevée à la grivoise,"

that now filled the first place in the King's affections, and he was condemned accordingly.

The triumph of Madame de Pompadour, however, brought about with it many other changes. The Marchioness reconciled all the farmers-general, who had felt aggrieved by the controller Orry, with the King, and had the former replaced by M. de Machault. The philosophers also hoped to come into power with the ascendancy of the Marchioness. Voltaire actually received an appointment at the ministry of foreign affairs. At this time his muse was devoted to singing the praises of the King, and the beauty and accomplishments of his favorite, whom he afterwards, when in the pay of the King of Prussia, reviled in such scandalous terms. Gentil Bernard, Secretary to the Colonel of Dragoons, composed his *Art d'Aimer* at Choisy, where sentiments were acted, and passion was often, no doubt, an art. The Abbé Bernis, one of those short, fat, rubicund abbés so characteristic of the time, was at once the Tibullus and the Catullus of the place. Marmontel wrote his tales as secretary to the intendant Marquis de Marigny, at Choisy. The aged Crébillon was librarian. A number of places of little import were found, or made, in order to assure some twenty thousand francs or thirty thousand francs a year to the philosophers, poets, and artists assembled at Choisy. They were, it is said, so many abuses; but M. Capefigue claims abuses as the privileges of talent, and he retorts: "Est-ce que les gens d'élite et d'esprit vivent d'autre chose que d'abus, de privilèges et d'exceptions?"

The Marchioness herself was the soul of this charming society; she danced with the freedom of a child, and penned verses far more redolent of life, Capefigue asserts, than the pedantic conceptions of the philosophers.

One would fancy, says the gallant old legitimist, a crown of jonquils, hyacinths, and lilac on the forehead of a child! The King was especially fond of *la ronde*—a dance which, we are told, is "éminemment française," and in which the song mingled with the dance. It was for this

charming amusement, in which the Marchioness dragged the monarch along like a spoilt child, that she composed the popular song, *Nous n'irons plus au bois*.

But it was especially in this cultivation of the fine arts that Madame de Pompadour distinguished herself. She has left her name to an era and to a style. Among the artists who frequented Choisy were Bouchardon, De Boucher, Da Parrocel, De Latour, the first Vernet, Vien, and the architect Gabriel. Above all, she favored an engraver on stones, Lequay by name, who reproduced on the cornelians and jaspers of the day all the beautiful forms of antiquity.

Louis XIV. had created Versailles; Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour embellished it. Bouchardon, inspired by the Marchioness, filled the fountains with Dragons, Chimeras, Neptunes, and Tritons, and the alleys with Apollos, Muses, Hercules, and Cupids. Boucher was essentially the artist of the day. "His color, fed on jasmines and roses, corresponded to that society of gentlemen covered with spangles, and of beautiful marchionesses embellished with rouge and mouches, and with powder on their hair." It is possible to advocate almost any view of a subject—even that of art when opposed to nature:

"Boucher found his inspirations at the court which received him at Choisy, living and graceful struggle of art against nature: ribboned shepherds, spruce sheep, Annettes and Lubins in satin petticoats. When nature is left to her pantheistic powers alone, she has nothing inviting but her grandeur: forests interweave with one another, man is harsh and savage, the green sward is stifled by parasitic herbs, fruit is undeveloped and tasteless, flowers run away to stalk; it is the genius of man, the portion that emanates from God, that embellishes nature by a second creation that is art. A fantastic nature is the only one that is worthy of giving pleasure; it requires twenty models to arrive at the beautiful, and even then it would be beneath the perfection of art if it did not borrow a particular color from idealism.

"Thus, so far from reproaching Boucher with having rejected all material realities, he must be praised for having so done. The carmine of an elegant woman (of Madame de Pompadour) was much more beautiful than the coarse ruddiness, tinged with blood, (*sanguinolente*), of a country girl; and we can fully understand why the artist should have preferred the Annette, for which Madame Favart sat, to the milkmaids of Juvisy and the washing-girls of Sèvres. It is that which constituted the superiority of the Pompadour style, spruce and

ribboned, (*pimpant et rubant*), a style which pleased all the more, precisely because it was false and fantastical. Every thing is elegant in the compositions of Boucher: the tree in the forest, the cow with flowers on its horns, the sheep decorated with roseate bows, the shepherdess with her ribboned crook, groves full of garlands, porphyry vases, imaginary palaces, Arabian stories translated into French, idealized furniture, screens, sedan-chairs, tapestries, mirrors, and pier-glasses. (Boucher did not even disdain to paint fans.) The veriest trifles became serious objects of art with this brush dipped in essence of roses."

To such arguments it is almost impossible to pen a serious answer. If a cow must have flowers on its horns, and a sheep be clad in ribbons to be admired, why nature made a mistake in clothing them with hair and wool. If groves must be decorated with garlands and little lamps, why artists may confine their studies to the Mabilles and Cremorne; and if the rouge and mouches and powdered hair of a marchioness in the Pompadour style is considered to be more admirable than the native bloom of a rustic maiden, tempered by youth, delicacy, and modesty, why, all we can say is, *Vive la Pompadour*.

A thin folio volume is still preserved in the Cabinet d'Estampes, at the Imperial Library, which is entitled *L'Œuvre de la Marquise de Pompadour*. It is full of works of great merit, engraved by the Marchioness's own hand, marked *Pompadour fecit* when her own designs, and *Pompadour sculpsit* when from the designs of Boucher, Vien, Lequay, or others. But the Marchioness was still more assiduous in engraving on stone. Under the tuition of Lequay, she has left a whole series of beautiful works on onyx, emerald, carnations, jasper, and other gems, as also on ivory.

Such was life at Choisy in the palmy days of Madame de Pompadour. There philosophy, literature, and the fine arts were to be met with, cultivated to a degree that is rare in the history of the courts of any country, and in a manner which will always reflect credit on the fair lady herself; and there they were, wedded in the most graceful and harmonious manner that it is possible to conceive, to the lighter recreations of poetry, music, and dance.

"An habitual residence in such delicious country scenes, the soft murmuring of waters,

the freshness of the shades, the perfume of flowers, the celestial harmony, the warbling of birds, the crowd of nymphs sculptured by great artists—all these various visions readily lent themselves to these idols of the woods, to these dialogues of fine gentlemen, handsome marchionesses, little abbés, 'galants et poudrards,' of knights of Malta, with their black ribbons, grouped on the border of fountains, and to the rendezvous of the hunt, where the wines of Champagne sparkled in finely-cut gilt cups."

Thus was courtly society constituted in the eighteenth century; it fascinated, it intoxicated even the most serious minds, till the terrible spirit of revolution awoke abroad—"juste châtement," the legitimist Capefigue himself admits, "de tant d'oublis de devoir."

Madame de Pompadour had, however, a further object in view in attaching the King to herself by her charms, and her various brilliant talents, and amusing him by all the resources of literature and the fine arts; she sought to accustom him to work with his ministers in her *salon*, to bring him to listen to her advice, as Louis XIV. had formerly done to that of Madame de Maintenon; and thus, in fact, to take a leading part in public and political affairs. The marchioness is admitted to have carried an enlightened and preëminently clear mind into such transactions, only that her feelings were warped by the then dominant spirit of philosophy and skepticism. It still remains to the present day a mystery how King Louis XV., brought up so religiously, and so particular in his external duties, could live in such intimate harmony with a person whose indifference for religious ideas and beliefs was of so marked a character. Madame de Pompadour has been accused of having availed herself of her influence with the King, and with the lieutenant of police, Berryer, who had wedded a distant relative of Madame de Pompadour's, to procure *lettres de cachet*, more particularly in the instance of De Latude, accused of sending a packet of poison to the Marchioness on the fifteenth of May, 1750. M. Capefigue devotes many pages to the exculpation of the Marchioness, who, he avers, had nothing to do with the persecutions of De Latude—a notoriously bad character; and our worthy legitimist goes much further, when he says: "We must leave to romances and theaters their disregard of truth when they speak of the Bastille and of *lettres de cachet*. Such a

sealed letter was always the result of an affair that had been seriously examined."

The charming character of the "esprit gentilhomme" in the eighteenth century, we are told, inevitably led to the mingling of pleasure with duty, and hence in winter, as in summer, in time of war as well as during the *leisures* of peace, amusements were alike sought, laughter indulged in, verses made, and plays enacted. The Château de Choisy became more particularly the ravishing abode of pleasure. "The Marchioness of Pompadour was well aware that it was essential to amuse the King, and she knew, also, that the most appropriate relaxations for a prince were the pleasures of intellect, the pursuit of the fine arts, and the joyous bursts of a brilliant society in the midst of a *salon* sparkling with wax-lights, and the clashing of glasses softly joined to glory and love." This reads more like a page out of De Balzac than of a would-be grave legitimist historian like Capefigue. De Balzac always associated the *ne plus ultra* idea of wealth, pomp, and magnificence with an extraordinary display of wax-lights, just as some people in seedy habits are known to covet gold-headed canes, and others sport gaudy horse-whips in soleless shoes.

Ever since she had been a mere child, Madame de Pompadour had enacted parts in slight comedy and little operas with a talent which had obtained for her a renown far and wide. When she had become the little queen of Choisy, she had a stage arranged and decorated, on which she performed to the King. The form and disposition of the stage were from her own designs, carried out by the architect Gabriel, while Boucher painted the scenes with that richness of decoration in which he took so much pride.

It was more with the view of being of service to Voltaire than to any predilections for his dramas, that Madame de Pompadour selected *L'Enfant Prodigue* to be played before the King, who disliked the poet-philosopher on account of his impieties. The piece met with but a mediocre success; Madame de Pompadour favored more the part of *Collette* in Jean Jacques Rousseau's *Devin du Village*, and in which she sang:

"Si des galants de la ville
J'eusse écouté les discours,
Oh! qu'il m'eût été facile
De former d'autres amours."

Voltaire unfortunately allowed himself to be exasperated by the preference given to his rival. Another circumstance which increased his irritation was that Madame de Pompadour had a parody performed at Fontainebleau of the *Sémiramis*. This, which would only have amused a less susceptible person, so annoyed the author, that he wrote to the Queen about it, and vented his spite in epigrams against the favorite.

After the comedy came the suppers, which have been written of as not unfrequently concluding in orgies; but, if we are to believe Capefigue, they were always characterized by the most unimpeachable good taste and elegance of manners. It is not indeed likely that they would be otherwise.

"The King invited from twelve to sixteen persons to his table; they were received in a delicious *salon*, furnished with a rare elegance, surrounded by charming pictures of Latour, Watteau, and Boucher, representing hunting scenes, and the hungry repasts that followed upon such, when refreshments were taken to the sound of the hunting-horn. Nothing betokened the presence of supper in the apartment unless it were an ornament like a rose, constructed of mahogany, embellished with arabesques of ivory, and which occupied the middle of the floor.

"When the King had shown his guests the way into this *salon*, two pages advanced, and making a deep and respectful obeisance, they asked his Majesty's orders for supper. Scarcely had the King answered that supper might be served, than the rose-like ornament was raised up by means of a tower in ivory, and a table covered with silver plate, china vases, and crystal glasses and decanters, with hundreds of wax-lights, was seen to appear as in the palace of Armida. The pages, so called, of 'la petite écurie,' served up supper with great celerity; much beloved by the King, and almost all the children of good families, these pages obtained commissions in the army when they attained their fifteenth year, and served with distinction in the King's troops. These suppers were not foul orgies as has been written. Toasts were drunk in wine of Al and Tokay, without drunkenness; all these gentlemen brought a brilliant wit and an unimpeachable conduct into the affairs of life. Charming sayings came from their mouths like flowers out of their calyxes; they spoke rarely on business matters; they were amiable and gay without taking liberties; sometimes slightly indecorous, but never rudely so; and much that has been said of the suppers of Louis XV. is founded on error. The sons of valets who have written concerning these times did not understand that there might be clashing of glasses and sparkling

sayings without orgies; and that young and brilliant gentlemen could enjoy their supper in the presence of the King without filling themselves with strong wines *comme des forts de la halle aux Porcherons*."

These evening recreations at the chateau of Choisy were, however, never allowed for a moment to interfere with the transaction of serious business. Madame de Pompadour took up with all a woman's zeal the cause of the Pretender in opposition to the views of the minister d'Argenson, and to what M. Capefigue designates repeatedly as the "English wigs." France was then to England what England now is to Imperial France, and Madame de Pompadour took an honorable and dignified attitude when she declared that "her master should not oblige Prince Edward to quit the country that had granted him hospitality; he would prefer war to such a humiliation, and France would have with her all whose hearts were in the right place." Prince Edward was expelled the country nevertheless.

It was also sought at the same time to amuse the King by the erection of public buildings: the manufactory at Sèvres, now going to ruin, the Military School, the planting of the Champs Elysées, and the place that has so often changed its name, but which, from its origin, was called that of Louis XV., date from the period of peace and leisure that followed upon the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1751-52—a treaty to which Madame de Pompadour was ever opposed, as was also the King himself, who disliked Frederick of Prussia, "a stupid, Atheistic personage," M. Capefigue calls him, who surrounded himself "with philosophers, poets, and pamphleteers, the pest of states." The same persons were charming, brilliant beings when surrounding the person of Madame de Pompadour! The difficulties suggested by the Pope's bull "Unigenitus" disturbed the whole country at this epoch. The Parliament was in open hostility with the Church, and these persecutions were retorted by "lettres de cachet" against the Jansenists. All this upon the question as to the right of taking the holy communion—a question which in the present day, M. Capefigue assures us, would in France be treated as one purely of ecclesiastical interest, and of none whatsoever to the laity.

The year 1756 saw war declared with England. Marshal de Belle-Isle advocated

the creation of an army of Normandy composed of seventy battalions and forty squadrons, with a formidable artillery, of which he should have the command, with a view to carrying out the traditional descent upon the coasts of Albion. The French army reckoned at that time, as it had done at Fontenoy, one third its number as foreigners—Swiss, Irish, Scotch, Germans, etc.—a good custom, says Capefigue, which spared the tax of blood to the families devoted to the cultivation of the soil! The direction of the invasion was, however, changed to Minorca. Madame de Pompadour herself, however, persisted in fostering a descent in Scotland in favor of the Pretender. She always kept up an active correspondence with the chiefs of the army, De Richelieu, Soubise, Broglie, and D'Estrées.

On the fifth of January, 1757, Damiens made his notorious attempt on the King's life, and for a few anxious days the influence of Madame de Pompadour was eclipsed and superseded by that of the Dauphin. The latter detested Madame de Pompadour's person as well as her ideas, and the favorite for a while expected the solution to most political problems of a domestic character in practice at that time—a "lettre de cachet." She was, however, spared this humiliation—even if it was ever contemplated—by the recovery of the King from the wounds of his assailant. It is to be remarked that Madame de Pompadour's position at court was, however, already at this epoch no longer what it had been before. All kinds of illegitimate intimacy had ceased between the King and her the previous year. The King had placed himself under the spiritual guidance of the Jesuit De Sacy, whilst Madame de Pompadour had, on her side, made public penitence in the Church of St. Louis de Versailles. The Queen had, in consequence of this change of relations, consecrated by the Church, admitted Madame de Pompadour among her ladies in attendance.

But Madame de Pompadour still remained to the King what she had ever sought to be—a sincere friend, a clever, charming companion, well versed in the art of holding salons, and carrying out negotiations without fatiguing royalty. Her return to power was, therefore, all the more certain, as she was also at that time the expression of a system which was most in favor with the King and the

public, albeit disliked by the Dauphin. When the King's recovery had, therefore, brought about the state of things as they existed before his illness, Madame de Pompadour threw more energy into public affairs than ever. She dismissed those whose allegiance had wavered during the crisis, she made new appointments, and, above all, gave further development to the warlike attitude of France. England, Holland, and Prussia were in consequence inundated at this epoch by pamphlets written against the Marchioness. Crébillon, however, revenged his protectress in noble rhymes, at the expense of Frederick the Great.

Of all persons at such a crisis, who should the clever Madame de Pompadour think of for a Secretary of Foreign Affairs but the jovial Abbé de Bernis? Capefigue insists that "the pedantry of forms is in reality never necessary to a clear and serious comprehension of the great questions of policy. *Le charme ne nuit jamais!*" But the experiment did not, as might have been expected, succeed; the jovial abbé was not precisely the man to "arracher le continent à la suprématie anglaise;" so he received the red cloak of a cardinal and two rich abbeys in exchange for the portfolio of foreign affairs.

The Duc de Choiseul succeeded to the abbé, and he went heart and hand with Madame de Pompadour in her warlike ideas. Seventeen hundred gun-boats were to convey sixty thousand men to England, and guns of a new invention were experimented with at Choisy, which were to fire seven times in a minute, "afin d'étonner la flotte anglaise et de foudroyer ses côtes." The idea of terrifying the English fleet, and of destroying the coasts of England as if with thunder, reads like a pleasant extract from a proclamation by Mandarin Yeh. Madame de Pompadour sent all her plate to the Mint to assist in defraying the expenses. This projected invasion of England really gave origin to what has ever since been designated as the Pompadour style. The Marchioness argued, in order to induce others to give up their plate to the exigencies of the enterprise, that nothing was more vulgar or tasteless than the possession of objects of gold and silver which had no useful purport. True elegance consisted, she argued, in art, and not in matter, and such works of art as pictures, tapestry, china, etc., were in

reality more valuable than gold and silver. Louis XV. seconded the idea, and a work of Watteau's, of Boucher's, or Mieris's was made to fetch more than the precious metals. It was an artistic revolution that gave birth to the marvels of taste of the eighteenth century.

Unfortunately, at the same time the responsibilities of a long and sanguinary war involved Madame de Pompadour and her minister, M. de Choiseul, in efforts to uphold their popularity, which threw them into the hands of the party of the philosophers, at that epoch rising into ascendancy through Voltaire, Diderot, and D'Alembert. Madame de Pompadour is said to have contributed more than any other person towards obtaining the King's consent to the publication of the *Encyclopédie*. In the beautiful pastel of the Marchioness by Latour, now in the Louvre, the *Encyclopædia* lies in a stand close by, with a copy of Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*.

With the French, glory and success are essential to the carrying on of war. The defeat of Soubise at Rosbach sufficed to arouse both Parliament, always more or less hostile, and the public against Madame de Pompadour and her minister. The former was now written of under her maiden name of Poisson. It was a trying time for the favorite; she had to carry on an unpopular war, assuage a discontent that grew more loud in its murmurs every day, and at the same time find amusement and occupation for the King, which she did mainly by engaging him in the embellishment of the capital. The abolition of the order of Jesuits was conceded by Madame de Pompadour at this crisis to the Jansenists and Encyclopædists. The idea of confiscating the property of monasteries followed as a matter of course. Thus were the first steps in the ladder of revolution taken in the days of Madame de Pompadour. They had been laid, however, long before. Still Madame de Pompadour remained at the apogee of her glory, and according to the legitimist and Romanist Capefigue, "le Duc de Choiseul partageait cette indigne popularité."

But it was at this very epoch that the health of this remarkable lady began to fail her. Although still young in years, she had used up all vitality in her various

selfimposed tasks. To the inveterate enmity of Frederick of Prussia and of Pitt in England, she now could add that of M. de Maurepas at home. Her trials were increased a thousand-fold by the loss of her daughter Alexandrina, who died in her eleventh year at the convent of L'Assomption. In this state of physical and mental despondency, Madame de Pompadour made her will, in which she bequeathed most of her property to the King and to the Comte de Provence. She was not at that time thirty-five years of age. Suffering as she was, she carefully concealed her malady from the King. She is said even to have handed over her will to M. de Soubise, her executor, after one of the King's suppers, at which she had been unusually lively. In the month of March, 1764, her condition became alarming, and on the thirteenth of April barely strength enough remained to her to add a codicil to her will, by which she left sundry gifts and jewels to her intimate friends.

"Here, then, on the death-bed, lies that woman so short a time ago so ravishing—the beautiful huntress of the forest of Sénart, the sovereign of artists—here she is, where we shall all go: at the tomb. Calm and serene in her sufferings, she allows only one feeling to predominate over others, and that is friendship. Yes, that is the sentiment which she entertained for Louis XV., and which she wished to inspire him with. She preserved it in her purified nature, even at her last moments. The evening before her decease, she sent for the priest of the parish in which her hotel was situated, (that parish was already known as La Madeleine,) and Madame de Pompadour had herself sketched that beautiful façade, as she had instructed Soufflot in the plan for the church of Sainte Geneviève. The priest of the Madeleine was about to take leave of her, when she said these words to him: 'Stop a moment, Monsieur le curé, and we will go away together.' And shortly after having uttered these calm words she expired, (April 15th, 1764,) at forty-two years of age, twenty of which she had passed in the company of the King, at Versailles or elsewhere."

There were points and perfections in such a character—talents, undoubted affection to the King, enlightened devotion to France, inflexible courage against its enemies, and encouragement of literature and art—that more than militated against the grand errors of a life.

SITTING IDLE.

'Mid these breadths of English meadows,
Sitting idle, you and I,
What beside the lights and shadows
Is there round to fill the eye?
Dells, where the wood-pigeon's calling,
Like a dreamy old romance;
Streamlets playing, streamlets falling,
In their indolent advance;

Butterflies as fair as sickle,
Hovering round a flowering steep;
Corn-fields ripening for the sickle;
And the broad sea smooth with sleep;
Purple heath-bells, covering over
Every solitary place;
Grass, and rosy-tinted clover,
Through which sun-burnt children race;

Gardens filled with languid flowers,
Waiting, longing for the breeze;
Cottage-homes, and rustic bowers,
Church-yard ground, and church-yard trees.
Hark! a hisping voice is coming:
"Do they know who slumber there?
That the honey-bee is humming,
And the earth and sky are fair?"

Circled with its living splendor,
Fades the landscape from my sight;
Memory brings me scenes more tender,
Though their hues are not so bright;
And my dreaming heart goes sighing,
Through departed smiles and tears,
O'er the budding and the dying
Of those withered leaves—past years!

From the Westminster Review.

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF MOZART.*

HERE RAU is an enthusiast in his admiration of the genius of Mozart, the King of Melody; and to this feeling the long romance before us is due; what Goethe did for Tasso, he seeks to do for the true appreciation of Mozart.

The two most recent lives of the great composer, by Alexander Oulibicheff and by Professor Jahn, are excellent, especially the latter, alike in accuracy of detail, and for the critical appreciation of Mozart's transcendent powers, displayed in them; but they are severely biographical and critical works, and are properly intended

only for such readers as are more or less interested and proficient in the art in which Mozart was preëminent. It is, therefore, the object of the present fiction to bring before a German public, in all the reality of life, one whom the author regards with affectionate veneration—a feeling he seeks to diffuse through the hearts of his countrymen, the majority as yet only acknowledging him supreme in his own harmonious sphere, without any warmer or more personal recognition. Extracts are difficult, and perhaps the author has displayed more enthusiasm than judgment or literary ability in the execution of this labor of love.

The first chapter introduces us to the

* *Mozart: ein Künstlerleben.* Von HERIBERT RAU. Six Parts.

family interior of Vice Chapel-Master Mozart, the father of one who was a prodigy at five; and we have a sketch of the boy's mother, with all her anxiety for his personal appearance, and maternal pride in his precocious talents; but the most characteristic passage in the work is perhaps the concluding chapter, where Mozart's apotheosis is accomplished, and the solitary mourner over his humble grave is consoled and astonished by a transfiguration, hardly befitting one who was but a weak and ordinary man out of his own province of Art.

"THE TRANSFIGURATION."

"In the burial-ground opposite St. Mark's Linie, at Vienna, a fresh grave-mound had been raised; not there where the rich or the illustrious were interred, but at the side of the ground among persons of ordinary consideration; for the widow of the man who here rested from the toils and cares of life was not sufficiently rich to purchase a separate vault, or even to cause the erection of a memorial above his grave.

"Yet he below rested among unregarded graves as still, as softly, as peacefully as the rich man beneath monument and epitaph.

"And the first night that witnessed this new grave, rose earnest and solemn to heaven. The moon shed her beams softly on the humble resting-place, and kissed the freshly-turned earth with an appearance of sacred respect, spreading her beams over it like a silver pall, as willing to protect the mound beneath which so noble a germ of immortality lay concealed.

"Tree and bush, deprived of their foliage, stood rigid, and mournful, and ghost-like, as the keen December blast swept over the graves, shaking the decayed wooden crosses, and whistled mournfully and shrilly through the gilded monuments. But the calm sleeper heard it not; after long, fierce struggles, he rested softly and peacefully in the bosom of his mother earth.

"Suddenly a woman's form approached the newly-made grave. She was clothed in a long dark mantle, and a hood of the same color concealed her head; but one memory, but one grief, wild, passionate, and overwhelming, seemed to occupy her. She sought but one grave among all those thousands there; and she knew where to find it, for already on that day she had seen a coffin deposited within it—and that coffin contained her all, her love.

"And now she reached the grave; and with a heart-rending cry of 'Amadeus! my Amadeus!' she sank down upon it. The sorrow heaved in her bosom like a troubled sea; her eyes were fixed and tearless, seeming eager to pierce into the earth; her arms embraced the grave; her voice calls on her beloved—but the cold bed of death yielded no reply. At last she dried the torrent of her tears; she folded her hands, and prayed.

"Then it seemed to her as if the sense of earthly things had passed away, and a higher existence possessed her; that a veil had fallen before her eyes, and yet she saw; that her ears were closed to all earthly sound, but that a stream of heavenly melody possessed her soul, while louder and louder waxed that harmony, till it seemed to fill all space, and extend to infinity.

"And as the waves of sound grew stronger, the covering of earth above the grave on which she knelt seemed to dissolve, and a form of light rose slowly upwards. It was Mozart's figure; but brighter, nobler than she had ever before seen it. A laurel-crown adorned the forehead of the master; an ample robe clothed him; a golden lyre rested in his arms; his eyes beamed with unspeakable joy; an enchanting smile animated his mild and noble features, and his head was surrounded by eight large bright stars.

"And joy filled the kneeler. She stretched out her arms to him, and with a voice full of sorrow, and longing, and love, exclaimed—'Amadeus!' But wonderful to tell, her cry sounded as if it came from the heart of all mankind, which, full of the same sorrow, the same desire, and the same love, extended its arms to the departing one. For the great master was departing, as by degrees the light, luminous clouds seemed to draw him upwards. He smiled gently on the earth, and on his beloved, and from his lips flowed the words—'I remain with you in my works.' And as he thus spake, a high and noble form stood by his side—even the great, the god-like spirit of song, which, laying one hand on his shoulder, thus spoke, with dazzling glances: 'Welcome, master, into the realm of spirits! the difficulties of thy path have been great; countless, and well-nigh beyond the power of man have been the creations which have testified to thy industry, thy perseverance, and thy greatness. Renown and honor to thee, the fearless minister of conversion. Peace, tired wanderer! Enter into the temple of everlasting fame, thou worthy son of Immortality!'

"And as the form uttered these words, the stars on the master's head flamed higher and higher, while their beams formed themselves into the names of his seven grand operas, and of his requiem," etc., etc.

From the National Review.

THE CITY OF HALICARNASSUS.*

[As some of the readers of the following article may not be familiar with the localities referred to, it may not be amiss to subjoin a few words of explanation. Halicarnassus was the ancient capital of Caria in Asia Minor, and the residence of the Carian kings. It was anciently an important commercial city. It was situated on the northern shore of Sinus Ceramicus, a bay of Caria, and north of the peninsula of Doria. Sinus, curved, winding as the shore was, and hence the origin of the word *sinuosity*. Halicarnassus was the birthplace of Herodotus, of Dionysius the historian, and Dionysius the musician, who wrote music in the time of Adrian. It anciently belonged to the Dorian Confederacy of six (united) states. But Agasicles, a citizen of Halicarnassus, having, contrary to prescribed custom, carried off the tripod assigned to him in the games celebrated in honor of the Triopian Apollo, instead of dedicating it to the god, the other five cities in consequence of this offense determined to exclude Halicarnassus from any participation in these festivities, which was a virtual exclusion from the Confederacy. Not long after this event, Halicarnassus lost its independence, Lygdamis, one of the principal citizens, having usurped the authority. He was succeeded by his daughter Artemisia, of whom Herodotus makes honorable mention in his history. This princess transmitted the sovereign power to her son, named Lygdamis, like his grandfather; and it was during his reign that Herodotus, unwilling to see his native city under the dominion of a despot, abandoned it for Samos, where he completed his studies. Afterwards Caria and Doria were tributary to Athens, and Halicarnassus was occupied by her troops. In later years it was governed by Carian princes. The first of these was Hecatomnus, who had three sons, Mausolus, whose magnificent tomb, erected in honor of him, gave origin to our common word, *mausoleum*. The other two sons were Hidriens and Pixadamus, and two daughters, Artemisia and Ada, who married their elder brothers. Mausolus succeeded his father on the throne of Caria, and dying without offspring, left the crown to his sister and consort, Artemisia—a strange and horrible relationship in view of modern notions. These gathered facts may aid the readers of the *ELECTRIC* to look out through the back-windows of time across the broad vales of intervening centuries into the streets and fallen temples among the ruins of old ancient Halicarnassus, which has been so lately exhumed from its native Mausoleum, and made to take passage in English ships to London, to be exhibited to the gaze of modern eyes, in the British Museum, and to the eyes, we beg to hope, of many of our readers when they go to sojourn for a few days in the metropolis of modern Christendom.—EDITOR OF *ELECTRIC*.]

About the time when the Persians conquered the Greek colonies on the coast of Asia minor, they tried to establish their dominion over them on a monarchical foundation. These great mercantile republics, with the free ocean close at hand, would surely never have borne the yoke of the foreigner, had not a power sprung up in the midst of them whose interests were closely linked with the maintenance of the Persian authority. Under the name of "dynastæ" their rulers disguised what in European Greece was more boldly asserted to be a "tyrannis." Greeks by birth, wealthy families rising out of the mass of the citizens, like the Medici of Florence, they at last obtained an hereditary sway; though, like the Medici, they always remained vassals to a foreign power. They never assumed the regal title, which, according to Asia-

tic etiquette, only belonged to the Great King at Susa. Nor did they in all cases destroy the democratic elements of the constitution; but as long as they existed, this Asiatic coast, though richer and more flourishing than even the European mother-country, was never capable of throwing its full weight into the scale of Greek liberty.

In the southern part of this coast, in Caria, where in the dawn of Grecian history a Dorian colony had mixed with the native barbarians, the dominion had fallen into the hands of Lygdamis. His daughter, the elder Artemisia, inherited his dignity; and, though herself a Grecian, fought at Salamis with distinction against her own people. Xerxes having trusted to her his own children, she succeeded in taking them back to Asia, though her galley was hunted by the Athenians with special eagerness. After having well provided for her own offspring, she at an advanced age (so a late

* Papers respecting the Excavations at Budrum. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1858.

story has it) fell in love with a youth, and drowned her disappointment in the breakers of Leucas. From this family came Mausolus, the first-born of Hecatomnus. During his reign Greece was exhausted by the Peloponnesian and Theban wars; Persia rendered weak by insurrection, dismemberment, and the rebellion in Egypt; whilst Asia Minor, almost exempt from war, began to monopolize the trade between Europe, Asia, and the mouths of the Nile. Cos and Cnidus were rich enough to buy the statues for their temples from Praxiteles; Rhodes, with firm steps, rose to the station of a great naval republic; and at Priene, Miletus, and Ephesus, splendid new temples were in progress of construction. If one man could but succeed in concentrating all this power, all this wealth, in a single hand, he might well dream of a grand intermediate empire.

With a cold and covetous mind, but skillful in diplomacy and gallant in battle, Mausolus lighted upon this purpose: the foundation of an independent naval and commercial power was the aim of his concentrated energies. Reckless as he was, he never cared for the rights of his subjects; the author of the *Economy*, among the writings of Aristotle, relates the tricks by which he and his viceroy Condalus procured money. Thus he induced the citizens of his own native place, Mylasa, to find him a large sum for the fortification of their own city; when he had it safe, he declared the Deity had prohibited him from erecting the walls, but never returned the money. High taxes, laid on all Caria, filled his treasury; even Lycia paid him tribute. When the allies of Athens fell back from her—Byzantium, Chios, Cos, Rhodes—and commenced the so-called Social War, (357–355 B.C.) Mausolus assisted them; and his reward for his help was, no doubt, Rhodes, which after that time acknowledged his supremacy. He even ventured to take part in the great conspiracy of satraps and vassal kings against Artaxerxes II.; and it would seem that the Great King was too weak to chastise him. Lucian, in his *Conversations of the Departed* (dial. xxiv.) introduces him in an argument with Diogenes of Sinope. "Why," says the Philosopher of Poverty, "dost thou think so much of thyself, and despise the other shadows?" "On account of my royalty," (the other answers;) "for I have ruled over all

Caria, yea, and over some of the Lydians too, and have conquered many isles; and as far as Miletus have I reached, after having taken a goodly piece of Ionia. And I was a handsome man, and tall, and valiant in battle."

The completion of his enterprise, however, was the transfer of the seat of government from Mylasa, an inland town, to the splendid haven of Halicarnassus, on that rocky peninsula which constitutes the extreme pharos of the Asiatic continent in these parts, stretching far out amidst the island world of the archipelago. It was by this step only that the empire of Caria could grow into the proportions of a naval power. The city of Herodotus, though famous of old as a most ancient Dorian community, (the people of Halicarnassus reckoned even then a history of no less than a thousand years,) was now in decay. Mausolus girded her with fortifications, built several citadels on the surrounding heights, secured the harbor, which opens to the south-west, by extensive breakwaters, and added to it a small dock or arsenal capable of holding a number of galleys. Between both inlets of the sea, on a rocky eminence, he then erected his own splendid palace, with beautiful views over the whole precincts of the wall, the market-place, and the port. This edifice, even after the lapse of several centuries, attracted the attention both of Vitruvius and Pliny. The latter observes that here, probably for the first time, marble veneers over brick walls had been introduced in architecture; whilst the other takes the fact that so rich a king had used brick as a building-material for a proof that brick may be quite a fair subject for the experiments of a clever architect.

In this palace Mausolus died, probably in the year 353, after a reign of twenty-four years; just twenty years before Alexander's sword cut through the meshes of his astute policy and grasping ambition.

Mausolus was followed by Artemisia the younger, his sister and consort; for such marriages, and the right of females to the throne, were not contested in her country. An antique silver coin, with her head, (and her name on the reverse,) exhibits a firm and energetic countenance; a veil conceals her back hair, but the forehead is encircled by the queenly coronet. The gossips of antiquity collected

anecdotes about her grief at the loss of her husband-brother; we leave it to them whether she really drank the burnt ashes of her consort mixed with water. At all events, she resolved on erecting for him a monument on such a scale, and so beautiful in execution, (so Lucian says,) as no other mortal should ever obtain. She also carried out his policy. The Rhodians, vexed that a woman should rule over all the cities of Caria, equipped a fleet, and appeared before Halicarnassus. Artemisia concealed her own galleys in the small arsenal near the palace, and ordered the citizens to receive the invaders with signs of joy and friendship. Thus they disembarked; whereupon her fleet fell upon their defenseless ships; on the broad market-place of Halicarnassus, close to the harbor, they were cut up between two enemies. Then she crowned her own marines and sailors with laurels, mounted the Rhodian fleet, and at once set sail for Rhodes. There the people rejoiced to see their own expedition, as they thought, returning so quickly; and without difficulty, by this surprise, the mighty republic was brought back under the trident of the Carian queen.

Artemisia died after a reign of but two years; a second brother, Idrieus, married to a second sister, Ada, mounted the throne, which he had already contested with Mausolus. When Idrieus died, Ada was expelled by the youngest of her brothers, Pixodarus, whose daughter married a Persian nobleman. Then Alexander came to Asia; his success awakened many forlorn hopes; and as the one branch of the family had embraced a thoroughly Persian policy, Ada threw herself on the mercy of the invader. The Persian satrap, who now inherited the right to the throne, garrisoned Halicarnassus for the Great King; and after the defeat in the northern provinces of Asia Minor and the fall of Miletus, the brave Memnon, (whom Alexander's good star carried off before his plans for the defense of Persia were completed,) at the head of all the most gallant Persians, retreated to this strong fortress. It was only by a terrible and protracted siege that Alexander gained the city; he then delivered it up to Ada, who, as a proof of her gratitude, is said to have adopted him for a son. But Ada was Caria's last queen: after her, the race of Lygdamis vanishes in the contest that raged between the successors of Alexan-

der. Rhodes made itself free, Halicarnassus submitted to the Ptolemies. In the neighborhood of Macedon, Syria, and Egypt, no room remained on the map of the world for the antiquated Hellenic system of wee dynasties and petty municipal republics.

Halicarnassus was the creation of one mind and one period, and consequently the plan of the city was grand and harmonious. The port still runs into the land in the shape of a horse-shoe. From the very edge of the water the edifices once rose in the form of an amphitheater. The eye of the visitor still traces artificial terraces cut out of the rock, and supported by strong walls where the rock was deficient. Such terraces, one rising above the other, illustrate the fundamental principle of Asiatic town-architecture. They rendered all maritime places highly picturesque, as is still seen at Cnidus; moreover they prevented the washing down of the soil, and supported the growth of trees. At Halicarnassus, the first terrace, rising over the market-place to the north of the harbor, was crowned by the Mausoleum; the second by a temple of Mars, flanked on either side by citadels on the summit of volcanic hills, of which the westernmost had an elevation of five hundred and twenty feet above the sea. The two citadels were connected by the town-wall, which, then descending from the hills, reached the sea on either side of the port. This wall, with its two ancient gates, one leading westwards to the extremity of the peninsula, the other eastwards to Mylasa, is still in good preservation. Close to the shore, the two points of the harbor, which were at the same time the extremities of the city, were again adorned with two splendid structures—the palace of Mausolus, probably, on the precipitous cliff to the left as you entered the port; and on the other side, near the once famous fountain of Salmacis, the temple of Venus and Mercury. The exact position of these two edifices, however, remains doubtful. The entire view, as seen from the sea, was so striking, that Vitruvius, in the celebrated chapter where he speaks on the proper sites for buildings (i. 8) thinks it worth while to give an accurate description of it, as he evidently considers the structure of Halicarnassus a model arrangement for laying out a maritime city.

At the time when the Mausoleum was planned, Greek art and civilization stood very high. In Asia the Ionic school of architects was at its culminating point: the learned architect Pythius built about this time the temple of Minerva at Priene, the ruins of which still exist; and gave a description of it in a scientific work, in which he maintained that an architect ought to understand all arts and sciences even better than the most celebrated authorities who had made them their special study. There was also about the same time a native school of sculptors in Asia Minor distinguished by spirit and animation, though different both in conception and execution from the schools of European Greece, as will be seen from the dancing or flying Naiads now in the British Museum, which were taken from the monument of Harpagus at Xanthus. From one work of this school that has been discovered at Halicarnassus, we can prove that the influence of these native artists extended beyond the limits of Lycia. Yet, at the time we are now speaking of, Athenian artists were in fashion throughout Asia Minor. Cnidus, Cos, Alexandria on Mount Latmos, and Patara in Lycia ordered their temple statues from Praxiteles; and for the sculpture-work of the Mausoleum Athenian masters were likewise preferred. The funeral of Mausolus was celebrated with all honor and ceremonies, in which poetry and oratory were not forgotten; a tragedy, called *Mausolus*, written by Theodectes, obtained the crown; and in the rhetorical competition the great Isocrates was beaten by his pupil Theopompus. It is very likely that the distribution of the sculptural work for the monument was likewise subject to a competition similar to that which we remember to have taken place with respect to the monument of Wellington. As great artists have at all times been frequently venal, it came to pass that an oriental *regulus*, by sheer power of money, without a title for character or national merit, had his tomb built and adorned by the noblest hands. Destiny, however, has here for once shown justice. As monuments of the greatest triumphs of freedom, the temples of Egina, of Theseus, and of Pallas at Athens, still speak to the hearts of the brave; but the Mausoleum has vanished even to the lowest layer of its foundations; and old Diogenes, in that imaginary conversation of the shadows, has been

justified by time in his boast that his own monument in the hearts of men will be finer and more lasting than the marble tomb of the Carian nawaub.

Some doubt attaches to the names of the artists employed at the Mausoleum. We will quote two witnesses of antiquity, whose descriptions are absolutely needful to us if we mean to reconstruct in our imagination this whole marvel of architecture.

One of them is Pliny, (xxxvi. 5;) "Scopas had coeval competitors in Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares, who ought to be named together, as they jointly sculptured for Mausolus, the dynast of Caria, who died in the second year of the one hundred and sixth Olympiad. To these artists it is mainly due that this work was counted among the seven wonders. It stretches on the north and south side sixty-three feet, being shorter on the front side, and its whole circuit being four hundred and eleven feet. It rises to the height of twenty-five cubits, and is surrounded by thirty-six columns. This is called the pteron, (which means the colonnade.) To the east Scopas sculptured, to the north Bryaxis, to the south Timotheus, to the west Leochares. Before they had finished, Queen Artemisia died, who had this work built in memory of her husband. They, however, would not leave off before having finished, as they considered it a monument of their own renown and art; and to this very day their hands vie with each other. They were, moreover, joined by a fifth artist. For above the pteron a pyramid rose to the same height as the lower part, tapering to the point of a *meta* by twenty-four steps. On its top stands a quadriga of marble made by *Pythis*, which, when added, will make the entire height of the work one hundred and forty feet."

Our second witness is Vitruvius. In the introduction to the seventh book of his architecture, where he speaks of the literature of this science, he says: "A book on the Mausoleum was published by Satyrus and Pythius, whom Fortune herself presented with the highest and greatest gift; for their plan has been supported by the excellent work of men whose skill will for all time to come earn the noblest and undying praise. On the single fronts, single artists, rivaling each other, have undertaken single parts to adorn and embellish them—Leochares, Bryaxis, Scopas,

Praxiteles; some also say *Timotheus*; and their excellent artistic perfection has raised the fame of this work to that of one of the seven marvels."

We know nothing of *Satyrus*, the first of the two architects; though perhaps another *Satyrus*, who, under *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, built a new town, may have been a relation of his. The name of the second differs in the manuscripts, so we can not speak of him with absolute certainty. It is, however, more than probable that he is identical with the famous architect of the temple of *Priene*, whom we have already mentioned. That temple, as will be seen from the drawings in the first volume of the *Ionian Antiquities*, published by the *Dilettanti Society*, has points of most striking similarity to the architectural portions of the *Mausoleum*. The time also corresponds, since it is known from an inscription that *Alexander* dedicated the just-finished temple, an event which took place hardly more than ten years after the *Mausoleum* was finished. Then *Vitruvius* states that the architect of *Priene* published a volume on his work, and so did the builder of the *Mausoleum*. Finally, we may suppose that the care of so complicated and difficult a construction would be trusted to the most scientific architect at hand; and this, *Pythius* undoubtedly was. With these considerations in view, the difference in the two names (which we find written as *Phiteus*, *Pithios*, *Pythios*, *Pythius*) is scarcely sufficient to controvert the identity of both men.

Four of the six sculptors mentioned by the above writers came from Athens; of two of them (namely, *Pythis* and *Timotheus*) the native country is unknown. *Leochares*, more than ten years before the commencement of the *Mausoleum*, enjoyed celebrity; since *Plato*, in a letter to the younger *Dionysius*, mentions that he himself bought from him, as from a young and good artist, an image of *Apollo*. His principal work was much admired even during the imperial era; it was "*Ganymede* carried to the heavens by *Jupiter* in the form of an eagle." Besides his reliefs on the *Mausoleum*, he also wrought the colossal statue of *Mars*, in the temple of that divinity on the acropolis of *Halicarnassus*; and even after the time of *Alexander* we find him in full activity. *Bryaxis*, like him, was a young man, as he too was afterwards employed in works

illustrative of the Macedonian period. *Scopas*, on the contrary, when working at the *Mausoleum*, was very old, as *Pliny* fixes the date of his principal successes considerably earlier. To us he is the most interesting of all, as hitherto no work of his has been fully ascertained as an original, although antiquity placed him amongst the very first names. His "*Mænad* holding the hind-quarter of a slaughtered buck or goat in one hand and brandishing the knife in the other," has been repeated in several reliefs, two of which are in the *British Museum*; of his "*Niobe*," it is more than doubtful whether the group still existing is really the original; "*Venus of Milo*," the most beautiful of all the well-preserved female statues of antiquity, is an original unquestionably; but we can only guess, not prove her to be a work of *Scopas*. If, therefore, we could confidently assert that originals from his hand have been preserved amid the rubbish of the *Mausoleum*, this would be an invaluable addition to the history of art.

Pythis, the sculptor of the colossal quadriga surmounting the pyramid, was hitherto a mere name in the catalogue of Grecian artists: now, judging by unexceptionable works from his hand, he is placed at once amongst the stars of the first magnitude.

Finally, as to *Praxiteles*. Did he, or did he not, work for the *Mausoleum*? It is not in his favor that *Pliny* does not even mention him; and it is no less suspicious that *Vitruvius* after him names a fifth artist — namely, *Timotheus* — whom *Pliny*, with great decision, puts in the place of *Praxiteles*. Yet both authors assert, that of the four sides of the building each was undertaken by one artist; which leaves no room for a fifth. *Praxiteles* was a name of such note, that people, knowing the *Mausoleum* had been built in his time, could not fancy his hand to have been unemployed in it, as many connoisseurs in *Rome* ascribed to him the group of *Niobe*, and other works, which different (and better) authorities attributed to *Scopas*. Now the sculptures of the *Mausoleum* do not fall within the limits of the tasks that *Praxiteles* selected; and being an artist at the time of immense and early-acquired fame, he had plenty of orders, and no reason for undertaking works not congenial to his mind. His single figures of *Apollo* and *Venus*, his *Cupids* and *Satyrs*, represent the highest

and most graceful finish of individual human types; any thing colossal he avoided, and kept his creations within the small compass of the human form, or even below it. Neither were battles, wild movement, dramatic agitation, within the sphere of his talent; he never represented an athlete, and but once a Hercules. His task it was to embody the sweet repose of youth and beauty, either smiling in the sense of happiness, or anticipating happiness in waking dreams. Such a mind found no field for its activity in the subjects of the Mausoleum, neither in the portrait-statues ten feet high, nor in the frieze, with its wild and rude Amazonian battles, in angry action and overwhelming motion. The very height at which they were seen by the spectator must have deterred an artist who strove after the most delicate finish, and whose works required a close inspection; and accordingly we find that his "Venus of Cnidus" stood in a small sanctuary, where the visitor first saw her in front, and was then led by the priestess to the back entrance, in order to enjoy the other view. We may add another point, though it is a strictly technical one. The frieze of the Mausoleum inclines strongly to that measurement of the human proportions which became the fashion in Alexander's time: a fashion which makes the heads very thin, the bodies very slender, and the extremities tapering. This is not bad for the purpose of a grander effect; but it is in sharp contrast to the spirit of Praxiteles, who by the study of the most surpassing models had accustomed himself to the strictest observation of the real proportions, and would never have sacrificed his leading principle for the sake of producing any striking effect.

Thus we feel justified in clinging to Pliny: the pteron was adorned by Leochares, Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Scopas; and to the latter fell the eastern side.

The most difficult question connected with the Mausoleum is the construction of the building. An eye accustomed to the proportions of the Grecian temple is bewildered by the strange form of a pyramid, rising in steps, and surmounting a rectangular building with columns. Nor can it be denied that in all attempts to draw the Mausoleum, either from the descriptions of the ancients or from its real remains, this pyramid will be found repugnant to occidental taste. Yet it is

quite conformed to the spirit of the East. Asia Minor, along its coasts, was a Greek country; the interior remained Semitic, Phrygian, Carian, or Lycian; and in the whole East, beyond the pale of Greek influence, the pyramid is a primeval and a sacred feature. From Egypt to Babylon, from the pagodas of Hindostan to the tombs of the Lydian kings, this form rules the architecture of Asia. All Phrygia is full of such tombs; the high barrow erected by King Gyges over the ashes of his mistress, a monument of such elevation that its point could be seen from any part of Lydia, is of the same shape. Quite in the neighborhood of Halicarnassus, at Mylasa, (the first residence of Mausolus,) we meet with a building where twelve Greek columns boldly support a lofty pyramid rising in steps. Even two hundred years afterwards, when Simon Maccabæus erected a monument at Modein in honor of his parents and brothers, he adopted the same plan: a tomb surrounded by monolithic columns and cased in white marble, from which seven pyramids rose adorned with trophies and ships. Nay, the taste of Italy itself at last yielded to this outlandish form. When the Emperor Hadrian, whose buildings, indeed, imitated every foreign model, planned his own monument, he fell back on the most celebrated model, and Castle S. Angelo in Rome still preserves in its outline the basement of this imperial pyramid. Even the name of this building proves its being an imitation; as Pausanias, who wrote soon after the completion of this monument, relates that all splendid tombs were called Mausolea, after their common type at Halicarnassus.

A difficulty felt by all editors of Pliny is his measurements of the single parts in the building. He gives to the pteron twenty-five cubits, or thirty-seven and a half feet, which was also the height of the pyramid, including the marble quadriga. Now these two together would be seventy-five feet; yet the same writer fixes the whole height of the Mausoleum at one hundred and forty feet. Thus it is evident that he omits a third dimension, or a third part of the building; a mistake which can only be corrected by the evidence now obtained from the real remains.

The proportions of length and width are even more startling. Pliny states the pteron to have been sixty-three feet in length; the two sides in front and behind,

however, to the west and east, were somewhat shorter. Thus the whole circuit would, at all events, remain under two hundred and fifty feet; but Pliny winds up by stating that it was four hundred and eleven feet. This difficulty may, indeed, be got rid of if we refer the smaller measures to the interior kernel of solid masonry, (which in a temple would be called the cella;) this being surrounded by thirty-six columns, the large circuit of four hundred and eleven feet seems to belong to the circumference of the colonnade. The distance between columns and cella would in this way come to about twenty-five feet, which is not out of keeping with the usual construction of a Greek temple.

At all events, the construction of this building has proved marvelously solid, as there is satisfactory evidence of its having been in existence for at least fifteen hundred years. In the fourth century after its erection, Vitruvius and Pliny described it. One hundred and fifty years after Christ, Lucian praises the groups of horses and men, as closely imitated from nature, and carved in the finest stone, such as one would hardly find even in a temple. In the fourth century A.D., Gregory, bishop of Nazianzus, in the tenth, Constantine Porphyrogenetus, in the eleventh, Eudocia — mention it; the latter authoress, however, states that it was built in a pond. The last witness among the Byzantines is Eustathius, who in the twelfth century can still use the significant words: "The Mausoleum has been, and still remains, a marvel."

On this coast of Asia Minor the duration of a monument so artificially constructed, and piled up to such a height, is almost in itself a miracle, as there is no spot in the old world more exposed to the most violent earthquakes. In the immediate vicinity of Halicarnassus, the Rhodian Colossus, which was erected one generation after the Mausoleum, was hurled down after fifty-three years' standing. Another most horrible convulsion of the earth shook the same island from March to December, 1481; and at this moment Rhodes, after the last catastrophe of 1856, is a complete ruin. What is more strange, to the north of Halicarnassus another circle of concussion comprises the whole of Bithynia. At Broussa, the mosques erected by the first Ottoman sultans, though only six hundred years of

age, were completely scattered by the earthquake of 1855. On this point, however, we obtain from another ancient writer a piece of information which is interesting in more than one way. Like those spots in Peru which the natives call *bridges*, because they always remain unshaken although situated between two circles of concussion, the peninsula of Halicarnassus, for at least two thousand years, seems to have been completely exempt from this scourge. At the time of Tiberius, (so Tacitus, *Annals*, iv. 55, writes,) eleven cities of Asia Minor competed for the honor of a new temple, one of which, Halicarnassus, boasted of a temple that had stood on the native rock of their place for twelve hundred years without ever having been shaken by an earthquake. The very position of the Mausoleum, which likewise stood on a platform cut out of the natural rock, gave it a greater safety; for it has been noted that houses on a rocky ground are safer from shocks than any edifice constructed on a soft soil. At last, however, a catastrophe came for this, as for all other works of the hand of man. If we may believe, from the words of Eustathius, that at his time (1175) the Mausoleum was still erect, then within the next two centuries some natural accident must have hurled down the quadriga and the statue of Mausolus, in order to preserve them from destruction for our generation. For it was shortly afterwards, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, that the contests of the Knights of St. John with the Turks commenced in these parts, which turned Halicarnassus into a fortress of that order, and the Mausoleum into building-stones.

"At the downfall of the Roman empire," says Claude Guichard in the year 1581, "after so many powerful, rich, and populous towns had been sacked and destroyed by the inroads of the Mohammedans and Persians, the splendid old city of Halicarnassus was also laid in ruins, and changed into a small village or hamlet; depending on the mercy of the corsairs and pirates; which exists up to this time under the name of *Mesy*. When the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem retreated to Rhodes, they found this spot (which you see first on sailing from the island to the main) to be excellent for defense and most commodious for commanding Asia, drawing supplies from all those

countries and preventing the inroads of pirates from Turkey and Egypt. So they built on the right (that is, eastern) side of the harbor, where formerly the Temple of Venus and Mercury had stood, a castle still existing, which they fortified and called the *Tower of St. Peter*. Although the opposite point offered a stronger position, they were, I hold, enticed to construct the fortress on the other side by the convenience of the fine crystal fountain Salmacis, that streamed forth in this place."

From another writer, who saw those parts as an eye-witness, we learn a great deal more about the foundation of this castle. The Knights of St. John occupied Rhodes in 1309; and just at that time their power was greatly increased by their inheriting many of the large estates of the Knight-Templars, which extended over all realms of Christendom. Among the so-called *tongues* or nations in the Order, the German tongue always held a distinguished position. As the so-called Turk-thrasher, (Turcomastix,) which means general of the cavalry, was invariably an Englishman, so the Great Bailli was always a German knight. The bailli had the superintendence of all the fortifications of the Order; and thus the construction of the new castle at Halicarnassus was intrusted to a German.

The celebrated Jacobus Fontanus, in his book on the Rhodian war, written immediately after the last siege of the island by the Turks and its evacuation by the Knights, (this event took place January 1st, 1523, and the book was published at Rome, 1524,) narrates as follows: "During the siege, when soldiers and provisions began to fail in the town, reinforcements and provender were brought by sailors from the surrounding islands, and from the fortresses of Lindus, Mauolitus, Feraculum, and *Petrea*, the last of which a German knight, Henry *Schlegel-holt*, commenced to build from the ruins of Halicarnassus and the pyramids of the tomb of Mausolus, (which was very celebrated among the seven wonders of the world,) about the time when Tamerlane attacked Asia, and laid in irons the Turkish sultan Bajazeth, who beforehand, in the famous battle of Nicopolis, had beaten the Hungarians and Duke John of Burgundy." The battle of Ancyra, in which Tamerlane conquered Bajazeth, was fought in 1402; so the fortress of St. Peter must

have been built in the first years of the fifteenth century. The family of *Schlegel-holt* seems to have been in close connection with the order; as, during the same century, from 1459-1466, the office of great prior for Germany was held by another knight, *Johann von Schlegelholz*. The name of *Petrea* (or, as the original edition of Fontanus has it, *Arx petrea*) is the Latin form for the Italian *Torre di San Pietro*; and it is very likely that the present name of *Budrum*, by which the town as well as the fortress is now called, originated in a spoilt pronunciation of the same name. The mediæval denomination of *Mesy* seems totally to have disappeared.

The site of Halicarnassus was, in the year 1472, visited by an expedition from Venice, under the admiral Pietro Mocenigo; and under the walls of the town they had a skirmish with the surrounding Turkish villages. The Castle of St. Peter was at that time a strong fortress; and as the Christians maintained no other fortress on the continent of Asia, it was to this place that all runaway Christian slaves tried to escape. If we believe the Dalmatian Coriolan Cepio, who accompanied and described the expedition, the inhabitants of Halicarnassus would turn out of the town-gates more than fifty hounds every night, to protect themselves from the encircling enemies; and these animals were stated to be so sagacious that they would tear to pieces any approaching Turk, whilst they received the Christians very blandly, and conducted them to the city gates. Cepio, who in many other instances shows himself a keen observer, visited also the Mausoleum, the remnants of which he found still discernible amidst the ruins of the ancient town.

Now, however, we approach the time when the threatening of the last siege of Rhodes by Sultan Soliman obliged the Knights to strain every nerve. The year 1522 saw the final destruction of the Mausoleum and the downfall of the order.

Claude Guichard, LL.D., from Lyons, published in that place, in 1581, a book of much learning, under the title *Funérailles et diverses manières d'ensevelir des Romains, Grecs et autres Nations, tant anciennes que modernes*, Lyon, 1581; in which he gives the following graphic description of the discovery of the grave of Mausolus, which forms a proper sequel to our above quotation from the same

book: "In 1522, when Sultan Soliman made ready for the attack on Rhodes, the master of the order, knowing the importance of this place, (Halicarnassus,) and that the Turks would not fail, if possible, to occupy it at once, sent some knights thither to repair it and to arrange all things necessary to beat off the enemy; amongst whom was the commander Da la Tourrette, of Lyons, who subsequently was present at the conquest of Rhodes, and came to France, where he related the following story to Monsieur d'Alechamps, a person sufficiently known by his learned writings, whose name I merely give that people may know whence I have got so memorable an event. [D'Alechamps is a well-known editor of Pliny.] On their arrival at Mesy, the knights immediately set about the fortification of the castle; and finding neither in the neighborhood nor in any commodious place any better stones for burning lime than certain steps of white marble, rising in the shape of a flight of stairs from amidst a field close to the harbor, where once the great square of Halicarnassus had been, they had them broken down and used for that purpose. Finding the stone suitable, the small wall above ground having been finished, they went on digging, with a view of finding more. In this they were very successful; for they soon found that the building extended deeper and wider, and it afterwards furnished them with stones not only for the kiln, but even for building. Four or five days after this, having uncovered a large portion, they one afternoon found an opening, as if you were to descend by it into a cave; so they took candles and scrambled down, where they found a beautiful four-cornered hall, decorated all round with marble columns, whose bases, caps, architraves, friezes, and cornices were all carved and moulded in half-relief. The interstices betwixt the columns were cased with stripes, bands, or veneers of many-colored marble, moulded with ornament and sculpture in harmony with the remainder of the work, and beautifully relieved on the white ground of the wall; where you saw nothing but carved histories, and all sorts of battles in half-relief. After having first admired this, and estimated in their imagination the remarkable features of the work, they broke and destroyed it for the same purpose as they had used the remainder. Besides this apartment, they afterwards

found a very low entrance, leading to another in the way of an ante-chamber; here was a sarcophagus *with its vase* and stamp (*tymbre*, which in heraldry means a certain portion of a coat-of-arms) of white marble, very beautiful, and shining marvelously, which, as they had no time, and the sign for the retreat had already been sounded, they did not uncover. On their return the following morning, they found the tomb rifled and the ground all around strewn with a large quantity of small bits of gold cloth and scales of gold, (*paillettes*, small circular plates perforated by one hole, through which the thread goes for using them in embroidery.) Thus they guessed that the corsairs, who were then skimming all that coast, having got a clue to this discovery, got up to it during the night, and lifted the cover; and people believe that they found in this place a vast amount of riches and treasure. Thus this splendid monument, which was considered one of the seven wonders of the world, after having escaped the fury of the barbarians and stood erect, or at least hidden in the ruins of Halicarnassus, for a period of 2247 years [this calculation is wrong, and ought to be 1875,] was discovered and used for the repair of the Castle of St. Peter by the Knights of Rhodes, who were, however, soon afterwards expelled from this place by the Turks, and subsequently from all Asia."

This is the story. Once more, after nineteen centuries, human eyes saw this splendor; they gazed at it during half an hour's leisure, and then sent it to the kiln. Certainly, manifold as is the energy of man, individuals are limited by one-sided purposes. These Knights knew but one object in life—that of chasing the Turk. This object was no doubt worthy of gallant men; and they adhered to it like true heroes. What was Mausolus to them? what to them was all this old beathenish magnificence?

Barbarous as this destruction was, there must have remained in the hearts at least of some of these warriors a feeling of beauty. It was either then, or perhaps at the first construction of the castle, that some slabs of the frieze were saved by immuring them, by way of ornament, in the walls of the fortress. But we must not suppose them to have been identical with the reliefs from the interior of the tomb, which Guichard mentions as having

been destroyed; a single look at the friezes now in our Museum proves them to have been intended *for outside sculptures*. Most of them from that time adorned the inner ward of St. Peter's castle; two were placed on the outside of the principal tower, which rises boldly from the sea. Besides the tablets, several busts of lions were used for the same purpose; and in this state the sculptures passed into the hands of the Turks, when Rhodes and all the territory of the Order was evacuated. Their jealous fears seldom allowed modern travelers to see the slabs in the ward; those on the outside, however, were still seen *in situ* by Professor Ludwig Ross, from Athens, in 1844, when he visited the Greek islands along this coast. To obtain a view of them, he had himself rowed below the great tower; at a considerable height four slabs were fixed, surmounted by two fine lions' heads; and from another side of the tower two other lions looked over the sea. Ross then solicited the Prussian government to take steps for securing these antiquities; but they had already changed hands. Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, obtained them from the Sultan, and presented them to the English nation. In 1846 eleven slabs from the frieze were detached from the walls of Budrum castle, and placed in the British Museum. As one may conceive, they had suffered most fearfully, and the heads of the figures were almost all wanting.

There being at the time of the Order a very spirited intercourse between Italy and those much-contested shores, we must not wonder that at least one single slab of the same frieze should have strayed to Genoa, where it is now in the pavilion of the Villa Negroni. The practiced eye of a German antiquarian lady, Mme. Mertens Schaffhausen, of Bonn, discovered the identity of this tablet with those in our Museum; and a cast of it, now deposited here by the side of the other originals, puts that identity out of doubt. The Genoese fleets, for war and commerce, perpetually visited the Eastern seas; and in Italy, about the year 1500, people valued antiquities very highly.

After the tomb had been rifled in 1522, the site of the Mausoleum remained unexplored; and there were even doubts as to the exact place where the ruins should be sought for. Budrum is a Turkish town;

all the space between the port and the volcanic hills to the north is occupied by modern houses, surrounded by extensive gardens or fields. The walls, both of the houses and gardens, are full of large blocks of marble; the fields are mostly planted with figs. The surface of the soil, moreover, has been signally changed by natural agencies; the rain brought down large masses of detritus from the northern hills, filling up the lower parts of the city. It is only by a few feet that the large terraces, on which the principal structures rested, raise their natural walls of rock or their artificial ashlar constructions above the leveling alluvium. In one place, the excavations reached the antique pavement only after removing a depth of twenty feet of mould. Thus the speculations on the site of the Mausoleum might easily run wild. Captain Spratt, who many years ago devoted himself to the investigation of the place, supposed the Mausoleum to have stood on a platform due north from the castle, a little east of the harbor. Ross, on the contrary, decided for a higher situation on a platform just north of the harbor, between the two volcanic hills on which the ancient citadels had stood; the more so, as on the surface Ionic columns in fragments were still lying. Both scholars were mistaken; Spratt's platform once bore another palatial building, and Ross's platform the temple of Mars. The Mausoleum had a lower position, quite below the southern declivity of the last-mentioned platform. This place hardly any body could have guessed, as no other part had been to the same degree obliterated by alluvial deposits; the whole circumference was so completely filled up that no eye could discern a platform or terrace within it. Yet the ancient topographers indicated no other place; the Mausoleum, so we hear, stood between the harbor and the Temple of Mars. Mr. Charles Newton, therefore, faithfully clinging to the veracity of the "old ones," just because he had not been led astray by ocular inspection, fixed the spot with perfect exactitude *as many as ten years ago*; and as he himself, in his last dispatches to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and the ministers, not once mentions this merit of his own scholarship, we must be allowed to state it here, and to add that his paper on the Mausoleum, published in the *Classical Museum* of 1848, is a true master-piece of complete, careful, and

cautious investigation, to which all subsequent writers on this subject will owe the better half of their argument. Certainly there was no man better qualified than Charles Newton for conducting these excavations, which he at last commenced eighteen months ago, being at present Her Majesty's Vice-Consul at Mitylene. The glorious results of his labors are now before us in the sculptures partly exhibiting in the Museum, and described in two parliamentary papers, communicated to both Houses in the spring of 1858, and containing Mr. Newton's dispatches and accounts of the progress of his discoveries.

The government supported their Vice-Consul in a noble and liberal spirit. Three of Her Majesty's ships, the *Gorgon*, *Desperate*, and *Supply*, were employed for carrying over provisions and bringing the fragments to England; their crews did the main work of the excavation. The expenses were considerable; a number of Turkish houses were to be bought and pulled down, and in some places, where this could not be done, mines were driven below the fields of the proprietors. Not only the covetousness, but also the prejudices of a Moslemic population were to be conquered; but at last the sailors employed in digging, and the Turks at Budrum lived together on very friendly terms.

We shall but briefly touch upon all such discoveries on the site of the ancient city as have nothing to do with the Mausoleum, though they are of high interest, as proofs of the richness of Asia Minor in antiquities. They were obtained on occasion of the many experiments to find the site of the Mausoleum. Amongst them we notice an incredible number of small terra-cotta figures, from five to eight inches in height. Numbers of them were quite uniform; so that they appear formed in a mould. Close to them a heap of unglazed Roman lamps were found lying. The little figures were found in lots, the equal ones together, as would be the case in a factory or a shop. More than two hundred of them are now in the cellars of the British Museum. Although they belong to the Roman period, and are not remarkable for beauty, at all events their large numbers are startling. To the same period, namely, the time after Hadrian, belongs a building of a late and inferior Doric style, which Professor Ross had already attributed to an era posterior to the Mausoleum. It has been completely

excavated by Mr. Newton; and its rich mosaic pavements, extending over an area of more than one hundred and eighteen feet in length and eighty-nine feet in width, prove it to have been a Roman villa or mansion. Many rooms had suffered, so their mosaics were only preserved in colored photographs; but such pavements as were still complete were removed and sent to England. Amongst them is a whole room, forty feet in length and twelve in width. They likewise are deposited in single boxes, as they arrived, in the cellars of the Museum, awaiting a grant of Parliament for the construction of a new building to exhibit them. Most of these mosaics imitate the well-known Roman patterns; but there are a vast number of images inserted between the borders. As far as we could see them in their present state, they are by no means superior in design or workmanship. A few rooms, however, are stated to have been paved with older Greek patterns; so it seems that the Roman villa was partially engrafted on the foundations of an older structure, and that all rooms still in good preservation then remained untouched.

Below this Roman pavement, in a place where it was broken through, a *dancing female figure* was found, broken in two pieces, which, along with a quantity of rubbish, had only been employed by the Roman architect for filling the substratum of the pavement. It is, however, a pretty work, although quite different in its style from the sculptures of the Mausoleum. The statue is only life-size, and represents a young girl dancing. The bosom is left free by the upper garment, which round the neck has a strange and outlandish cut. Both arms were stretched away from the body; the right foot steps forward, the left follows, hovering in the air. The dress flutters round the ankles in a large and heavy mass of folds, badly conceived and badly designed. Yet there is merit in it: the violent movement, the flying dress, the slender and juvenile form, at once recall to our mind the celebrated Naiads, or *danseuses*, from the monument of Harpagus, now in our Lycian room; though the latter are a great deal nobler and finer. At the moment we write this, the figure stands by the side of the colossal female figure from the Mausoleum, with its noble drapery and dignified repose; and compar-

ing the two works, we shall easily understand how this native school of Lycia, to which the dancing-girl belongs, must have sunk into contempt before the accomplished works of the Athenian foreigners.

On the first of December, 1856, Mr. Newton began digging on Spratt's platform. Here fine mosaic pavements of pure Hellenic taste were found, along with thin marble veneers, which had been used for casing the wall. This would agree with the description of the palace of Mausolus; but the latter edifice was situated close to the sea, most likely on the western point of the harbor, whilst this platform lies inland, and to the north-east of the port. We know besides, from inscriptions, that the Ptolemies of Egypt, who ruled Halicarnassus for a long time after the dismemberment of Alexander's empire, erected there several splendid buildings for the use and comfort of the public.

After Spratt's platform, the highest terrace of all, supposed by Ross to have been that of the Mausoleum, would have had its turn, had not its Turkish proprietors been so extravagant in their demands. Thus Newton, in January, 1857, commenced digging on the southern foot of this terrace, in a place where Professor Donaldson many years ago had seen the remnants of a splendid Ionic structure. A little labor with the pick-axe and spade on this spot at last solved the question. This, as Newton had rightly guessed so many years before, was the right place. Fragments of the frieze, a colossal arm, and a lion just like those in the castle, left no doubt of it. Fragments of columns, having at the base a diameter of three feet nine inches, and round the neck three feet one inch, showed in their ornament a striking approach to those of the temple at Priene, built by the same architect. Soon followed the first truly important discovery, a colossal equestrian statue of marble, the horse rearing. The trunk of the latter is well preserved. The huge mass of marble, of course incapable of standing on the hind legs only, rested upon a marble pillar, whose traces are still visible under the belly of the animal; just as we see such pillars supporting the two colossal horses of Monte Cavallo in Rome. The head of the horse and the whole upper body of the rider have gone; the legs of the latter are covered with Persian trowsers; yet it is not an Amazon,

but a man, as may be seen by the bony and sinewy left hand, which, pulling back the horse, makes him rear. Notwithstanding its awful mutilation, this group, as the horse has now again been placed in rearing attitude, breathes the warmest life. The epidermis of the sculpture is preserved almost without a parallel, and under the chest and belly of the horse every stroke of the chisel remains traceable.

The removal of the rubbish soon brought the diggers to the very foundations of the building. The natural rock had been quarried away by the ancient mason, so as to form a regular area and serve as a bed for laying the walls. An enormous regular square is carved into the rock, so as to be at present from two to sixteen feet below the level of the surrounding fields. In a few places, where the rock must have been deficient, it is replaced by colossal longitudinal blocks, completing the square. Nor did this terrace afford the means of shaping it completely to the same level. Some places, therefore, have a deeper level; but each level is kept strictly horizontal, and the lower levels are filled up with one or even more courses of flat paving-stones, one foot in thickness. A large number of these flags were removed for the building of the castle; but wherever they still remain, they are kept together by iron clamps. Below these gigantic foundations the rock is perforated by a large number of narrow passages, cut irregularly all around the building, and interrupted here and there by deep wells, being probably nothing but drains. Over the pavement masses of rubbish are lying, in which the fragments of sculpture were for the most part imbedded. Already on the third of April, 1857, after having cleared this platform, Mr. Newton was able to measure it. The western side was one hundred and ten, the southern one hundred and twenty-six feet in length; so that the whole circumference of the foundation-bed of the Mausoleum is four hundred and seventy-two feet.

On the western side of this bed they found a flight of twelve steps, likewise carved out of the live rock, and leading down from the declivity of the theater-hill to the Mausoleum. All the steps were concealed by a layer of earth, washed down in the course of centuries from the hills lying to the north-west. Between

the foot of these stairs and the western edge of the Mausoleum several alabaster jars were found, such as the ancients used for nard and costly ointments, together with votive figurines of terra-cotta and bones of oxen, subjects connected with sacrifices offered up or deposited in honor of the deceased. The steps down the rock served, it would seem, to carry the royal corpse in funeral procession from the theater-hill to his resting-place; for here, on the western side of the Mausoleum, lay the main entrance to what we must properly call the tomb. Here a stone of gigantic proportions is still kept in its place by unusual precautions. Mr. Newton attributes to it the tremendous weight of ten tons. It is furnished with grooves on its sides, which fit in projections of the neighboring stones; and it seems to have been lowered by machinery to its place, and wedged in like a portcullis. Once in its place, they fixed it with bronze bolts, fitting in bronze sockets set in blocks of marble. Similar contrivances for securing from the robber the last resting-place of the dead are also met with in Egyptian tombs. Behind this stone, immediately over the foundations of the whole structure, was then the burial-chamber of the king; and the great stone, once lowered before it, forever secluded his sarcophagus from the outer world. This would not exclude the possibility of a second access to it from the interior of the building, which perhaps was known only to a few relations of the departed; and some such mysterious passage may have been the way by which the Knights of Rhodes penetrated to the very coffin in the year 1522.

There are some other points of evidence for the situation of the chamber in this lowest part of the building. When in this place, it was to be guarded against destruction from the percolating rain; and just under the big stone a drain was discovered, which through a grate found *in situ* discharged into the main outlet of the water. This grate is now in the Museum; a bronze plate deepening in a sort of bowl, which, like a sieve, is pierced by small holes. Still more convincing is the circumstance, that just behind the stone was found the finest and most remarkable of all alabaster vases, broken in a few pieces only, with a double inscription, one in hieroglyphics, inclosed in the well-known oval ring that always encom-

passes the name of an Egyptian Pharaoh, the other in cuneiform characters. (This important relic is now exhibited in a glass-case of the bronze-room, in the Museum.) The last of the two inscriptions contains three lines, engraved in very small characters, which, as Sir Henry Rawlinson reads it, are, *Khshayarsha-naga-wazarka*, "Xerxes the Great King." Now what has a vase of the time of Xerxes, which was then a hundred and fifty years old, to do with the tomb of the Carian dynast, unless we presume it to have been in that royal family a time-honored "Luck of Edenhall;" perhaps a gift of that Xerxes to the elder Artemisa, who had saved his children after the frightful catastrophe of his fleet? And how could the widow of Mausolus have parted with such a treasure, unless it were for the purpose of comforting the departed soul of the beloved consort and brother by the most valuable of all gifts? It is strange, at all events, that the Knights of Rhodes are stated to have seen a vase standing by the marble sarcophagus; and is it not very likely that the robbers who followed their track, when rifling the tomb in a wild night of hurry and fear, should have overlooked or simply smashed this vessel, leaving it in its place as they saw that it contained no coins?*

The rocky bed of the Mausoleum, as we stated before, had been cleared of rubbish. Within the same, but mostly along the margin, parts of friezes and colossal statues were found. Thus it stands to reason that the Mausoleum itself, to the outside of which these sculptures were attached, must have been somewhat narrower on all sides than its bed, or else the images would have fallen outside of the latter. This circumstance might perhaps be made available for explaining the odd phrase of Eudocia, that the Mausoleum

* This vase is, however, not unique; there are two other vases with double inscriptions: one, the vase of the Comte de Caylus, of the same Xerxes, a trilingual cuneiform writing, (Assyrian, Chaldean, Persian,) accompanied by a translation in hieroglyphics, in which the Persian legend is exactly the same, "Xerxes the Great King;" the other in the treasury of St. Mark's at Venice, an Egyptian vase of gray porphyry, containing again a legend in the three species of cuneiform writing, with the simple inscription: "Artaxerxes the Great King." "It is an interesting fact, that Sir Gardener Wilkinson, without any aid from the cuneiform translations, has already read the name Artaxerxes from the hieroglyphic inscription." Vaux, *Nineveh and Persepolis*, 3d edition, pp. 417, 418.

leum was built in a pond, which, in the way she expresses it, is indeed nonsense, for no water was ever intended to surround the structure; but her notice might be a conclusion from the state in which the Mausoleum really was at the time when she penned this sentence. All the drains below and around the building Mr. Newton found filled up with accumulated earth. As soon as this state of things commenced, the rain-water may have gathered in pools on the platform between the foot of the building and the margin of its foundation-bed, till at last the alluvium completely leveled these spots. So much is certain, that several statues from the east and south side must have lain in water for a long time, as their surface is scaling off very fast.

Most of the friezes newly obtained are

in a much better state than the corresponding pieces from the castle of Budrum. Amongst them are four slabs, found lying in one line, *along the east front of the building*, and representing a continuous subject, so that two or three of them originally fitted together. So well are they preserved, that no doubt they were never moved again from their place after having tumbled down from the pteron. Now, as Pliny asserts with such distinctness *that on the east front Scopas* was the adorning artist, we have here an unexceptionable (and the first unexceptionable) work of that great master. The subject is, as on all the friezes, an Amazonomachia: but the figures far surpass all the others wrought by his competitors. We shall describe these slabs at the close of this essay.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

From Fraser's Magazine.

GRAND RECIPE FOR HUMAN ILLS; OR, CONCERNING TIDINESS.

BEING THOUGHTS UPON AN OVERLOOKED SOURCE OF HUMAN CONTENT.

SAID Sydney Smith to a lady who asked him to recommend a remedy for low spirits: Always have a cheerful, bright fire, a kettle simmering on the hob, and a paper of sugar-plums on the mantel-piece.

Modern grates, it is known, have no hobs; nor does it clearly appear for what purpose the kettle was recommended. If for the production of frequent cups of tea, I am not sure that the abundant use of that somewhat nervous and vaporous liquid is likely to conduce to an equal cheerfulness. And Sydney Smith, although he must have become well acquainted with whisky-toddy during his years in Edinburgh, would hardly have advised a lady to have recourse to alcoholic exhilaration, with its perilous tendencies and its subsequent depression. Sugar-plums, again, damage the teeth, and

produce an effect the reverse of salutary upon a most important organ, whose condition directly affects the spirits. As for the bright fire, *there* the genial theologian was certainly right: for when we talk as we naturally do, of a *cheerful* fire, we testify that long experience has proved that this peculiarly British institution tends to make people cheerful. But, without committing myself to any approval of the particular things recommended by Sydney Smith, I heartily assent to the principle which is implied in his advice to the nervous lady: to wit, that cheerfulness and content are to a great degree the result of outward and physical conditions; let me add, the result of very little things.

Time was, in which happiness was regarded as being perhaps too much a matter of one's outward lot. Such is the

belief of a primitive age and an untutored race. Every one was to be happy, whatever his mental condition, who could but find admittance to Rasselas' *Happy Valley*. The popular belief that there might be a scene so fair that it would make blest any human being who should be allowed to dwell in it, is strongly shown in the name universally given to the spot which was inhabited by the parents of the race before evil was known. It was the *Garden of Delight*: and the name describes not the beauty of the scene itself, but the effect it would produce upon the mind of its tenants. The paradises of all rude nations are places which profess to make every one happy who enters them, quite apart from any consideration of the world which he might bear within his own breast. And the pleasures of these paradises are mainly addressed to sense. The gross Esquimaux went direct to eating and drinking: and so his heaven (if we may believe Dr. Johnson) is a place where "oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm." He could conceive nothing loftier than the absence of cold meat, and the presence of unlimited blubber. Quite as gross was the paradise of the Moslem, with its black-eyed houris, and its musk-sealed wine: and the same principle, that the outward scene and circumstances in which a man is placed are able to make him perfectly and unfailingly happy, whatever he himself may be, is taken for granted in all we are told of the Scandinavian Valhalla, the Amenti of the old Egyptian, the Peruvian's Spirit-World, and the Red Man's Land of Souls. But the Christian Heaven, with deeper truth, is less a locality than a character; its happiness being a relation between the employments provided, and the mental condition of those who engage in them. It was a grand and a noble thing, too, when a Creed came forth, which utterly repudiated the notion of a Fortunate Island, into which, after any life you liked, you had only to smuggle yourself, and all was well. It would be a grand thing, and an intensely practical thing, to point to an unseen world, which will make happy the man who is prepared for it, and who is fit for it; and no one else.

And, to come down to the enjoyments of daily life, the time was, when happiness was too much made a thing of a quiet home, of a comfortable competence, of climbing roses and honeysuckles, of dai-

sies and butter-cups, of new milk and fresh eggs, of evening bells and mist stealing up from the river in the twilight, of warm firesides, and close-drawn curtains, and mellow lamps, and hissing urns, and cups of tea, and easy-chairs, and old songs, and plenty of books, and laughing girls, and perhaps a gentle wife and a limited number of peculiarly well-behaved children. And indeed it can not be denied that if these things, with health and a good conscience, do not necessarily make a man contented, they are very likely to do so. One can not but sympathize with the spirit of snugness and comfort which breathes from Cowper's often-quoted lines, though there is something of a fallacy in them. Here they are again: they are pleasant to look at:

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

I have said there is a fallacy in these lines. It is not that they state any thing which is not quite correct, but that they contain a *suggestio falsi*. Although Cowper does not directly say so, you see he leaves on your mind the impression that if all these arrangements are made—the fire stirred, the curtains drawn, the sofa wheeled round, and so forth—you are quite sure to be extremely jolly, and to spend a remarkably pleasant evening. Now the fact is quite otherwise. You may have so much anxiety and care at your heart, as shall entirely neutralize the natural tendency of all these little bits of outward comfort; and no one knew that better than the poor poet himself. But that which Cowper does but insinuate, an unknown verse-writer boldly asserts: to wit, that outward conditions are able to make a man as happy as it is possible for man to be. He writes in the style which was common a couple of generations back: but he really makes a pleasant homely picture:

"The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
The kettle on for tea;
Palemon in his elbow-chair,
As blest as man could be.

"Clarinda, who his heart possessed,
And was his new-made bride,
With head reclined upon his breast,
Sat toying by his side.

"Stretched at his feet, in happy state,
A favorite dog was laid,
By whom a little sportive cat,
In wanton humor played.

"Clarinda's hand he gently pressed;
She stole a silent kiss;
And, blushing, modestly confessed
The fullness of her bliss.

"Palemon, with a heart elate,
Prayed to Almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate,
Just so to live and love.

"Be this eternity, he cried,
And let no more be given;
Continue thus my loved fireside—
I ask no other heaven!"

Poor fellow! It is very evident that he had not been married long. And it is charitable to attribute the wonderful extravagance of his sentiments to temporary excitement and obfuscation. But without saying any thing of his concluding wish, which appears to border on the profane, we see in his verses the expression of the rude belief that, given certain outward circumstances, a man is sure to be happy.

Perhaps the pendulum has of late years swung rather too far in the opposite direction, and we have learned to make too little of external things. No doubt the true causes of happiness are *inter præcordia*. No doubt it touches us most closely, whether the world within the breast is bright or dark. No doubt content, happiness, our being's end and aim, call it what you will, is an inward thing, as was said long ago by the Latin poet, in words which old Lord Auchinleck (the father of Johnson's Boswell) inscribed high on the front of the mansion which he built amid the Scottish woods and rocks "where Lugg flows:"

"Quod petis, hic est;
Est Ulubris; animus si te non deficit æquus."

But then the question is, how to get the *animus æquus*: and I think that nowadays there is with some a disposition to push the principle of

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"

too far. Happiness is indeed a mental condition, but we are not to forget that mental states are very strongly, very directly, and very regularly affected and

produced by outward causes. In the vast majority of men outward circumstances are the great causes of inward feelings, and you can count almost as certainly upon making a man jolly by placing him in happy circumstances, as upon making a man wet by dipping him in water. And I believe a life which is too subjective is a morbid thing. It is not healthy nor desirable that the mind's shadow and sunshine should come too much from the mind itself. I believe that when this is so, it is generally the result of a weak physical constitution; and it goes along with a poor appetite and shaky nerves: and so I hail Sydney Smith's recommendation of sugar-plums, bright fires and simmering kettles, as the recognition of the grand principle that mental moods are to a vast extent the result of outward conditions and of physical state. If Macbeth had asked Dr. Forbes Winslow the question,

"Caust thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

that eminent physician would instantly have replied: "Of course I can, by ministering to a body diseased." No doubt such mental disease as Macbeth's is beyond the reach of opiate or purgative, and neither sin nor remorse can be cured by sugar-plums. But as for the little depressions and troubles of daily life, I believe that Sydney Smith proposed to treat them soundly. Treat them physically. Treat them *ab extra*. Don't expect the mind to originate much good for itself. With commonplace people it is mainly dependent upon external influences. It is not a perennial fountain, but a tank which must be replenished from external springs. For myself, I never found my mind to be to me a kingdom. If a kingdom at all, it was a very sterile one, and a very unruly one. I have generally found myself, as my readers have no doubt sometimes done, a most wearisome and stupid companion. If any man wishes to know the consequence of being left to his own mental resources, let him shut himself up for a week, without books or writing materials or companions, in a chamber lighted from the roof. He will be very sick of himself before the week is over: he will (I speak of commonplace men) be in tolerably low spirits. The effect of solitary confinement, we know, upon uneducated prisoners, is to drive them mad. And not only do outward circumstances mainly

make and unmake our cheerfulness, but they affect our intellectual powers just as powerfully. They spur or they dull us. Till you enjoy, after long deprivation, the blessing of converse with a man of high intellect and cultivation, you do not know how much there is in you. Your powers are stimulated to produce thought of which you would not have believed yourself capable. And have not you felt, dear reader, when in the society of a blockhead, that you became a blockhead too? Did you not feel your mind sensibly contracting, like a ball of india-rubber, when compressed by the dead weight of the surrounding atmosphere of stupidity? But when you had a quiet evening with your friend Dr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, a brilliant talker, did not he make you talk too with (comparative) brilliancy? You found yourself saying much cleverer things than you had been able to say for months past. The machinery of your mind played fervidly; words came fittingly, and thoughts came crowding. The friction of two minds of a superior class, will educe from each much finer thought than either could have produced when alone.

— And now my friendly reader, the upshot of all this which I have been saying is, that I desire to recommend to you a certain overlooked and undervalued thing, which I believe to be a great source of content and a great keeper-off of depression. I desire to recommend something which I think ought to supplant Sydney Smith's kettle and sugar-plums, and which may coëxist nicely with his cheerful fire. And I beg the reader to remark what the end is towards which I am to prescribe a means. It is not *suprema felicitas*: it is quiet content. The happiness which we expect at middle age is a calm, homely thing. We don't want raptures: they weary us, they wear us out, they shatter us. We want quiet content; and above all, we want to be kept clear of over-anxiety and of causeless depression. As for such buoyancy as that of Sydney Smith himself, who tells us that when a man of forty he often longed to jump over the tables and chairs in pure glee and light-heartedness—why, if nature has not given you *that*, you must just do without it. Art can not give it you: it must come spontaneous if it come at all. But what a precious thing it is! Very truly did David Hume say, that for a man to be born with a fixed disposition always to look at the bright side of things,

was a far happier thing than to be born to a fortune of ten thousand a year. But Hume was right, too, when he talked of *being born with such a disposition*. The hopeful, unanxious man, quite as truly as the poet, *nascitur, non fit*. No training could ever have made the nervous, shrinking, evil-foreboding Charlotte Brontë like the gleeful, boisterous, life-enjoying Christopher North. There were not pounds enough in that little body to keep up a spirit like that which dwelt in the Scotch Professor's stalwart frame. And to indicate a royal road to constant light-heartedness is what no man in his senses will pretend to do. But we may attain to something humbler. Sober content is, I believe, within the reach of all who have nothing graver to vex them than what James Montgomery the poet called the "insect cares" of daily life. There may be, of course, lots which are darkened over by misfortunes so deep that to brighten *them* all human skill would be unavailing. But ye who are commonplace people—commonplace in understanding, in feeling, in circumstances; ye who are not very clever, not extraordinarily excitable, not extremely unlucky; ye who desire to be, day by day, equably content and even passably cheerful; listen to me while I recommend, in subordination of course to something too serious to discuss upon this half-earnest page, the maintenance of a constant, pervading, active, all-reaching, energetic TIDINESS!

No fire that ever blazed, no kettle that ever simmered, no sugar-plums that ever corroded the teeth and soothed to tranquil stupidity, could do half as much to maintain a human being in a condition of moderate jollity and satisfaction, as a daily resolute carrying out of the resolution, that every thing about us—our house, our wardrobe, our books, our papers, our study-table, our garden-walks, our carriage, our harness, our park-fences, our children, our lamps, our gloves, yea, our walking-stick and our umbrella, shall be in perfectly accurate order; that is, shall be, to a hair's breadth, RIGHT!

If you, my reader, get up in the morning, as you are very likely to do in this age of late dinners, somewhat out of spirits, and feeling (as boys expressively phrase it) rather *down in the mouth*, you can not tell why; if you take your bath and dress, having still the feeling as if the day had come too soon, before you had

gathered up heart to face it and its duties and troubles; and if, on coming down stairs, you find your breakfast-parlor all in the highest degree snug and tidy—the fire blazing brightly and warmly, the fire-irons accurately arranged, the hearth clean, the carpet swept, the chairs dusted, the breakfast equipage neatly arranged upon the snow-white cloth—it is perfectly wonderful how all this will brighten you up. You will feel that you would be a growling humbug if you did not become thankful and content. "Order is Heaven's first law:" and there is a sensible pleasure attending the carrying of it faithfully out to the very smallest things. Tidiness is nothing else than the carrying into the hundreds of little matters which meet us and touch us hour by hour, the same grand principle which directs the sublimest magnitudes and affairs of the universe. Tidiness is, in short, the being right in thousands of small concerns in which most men are slovenly satisfied to be wrong. And though a hair's breadth may make the difference between right and wrong, the difference between right and wrong is not a little difference. An untidy person is a person who is wrong, and is doing wrong, for several hours every day; and though the wrong may not be grave enough to be indicated by a power so solemn as conscience, (as the current through the Atlantic cable, though a magnetic current, is too faint to be indicated by the machines now in use,) still, constant wrong-doing, in however slight a degree, can not be without a jar of the entire moral nature. It can not be without putting us out of harmony with the entire economy under which we live. And thus it is that the most particular old bachelor, or the most precise old maid, who insists upon every thing about the house being in perfect order, is, in so far, coöperating with the great plan of Providence; and, like every one who does so, finds an innocent pleasure result from that unintended harmony. Tidiness is a great source of cheerfulness. It is cheering, I have said, even to come into one's breakfast-room and find it spotlessly tidy; but still more certainly will this cheerfulness come if the tidiness is the result of our own exertion.

And so I counsel you, my friend, if you are ever disheartened about some example which has been pressed upon you of the evil which there is in this world; if

you get vexed and worried and depressed about some evil in the government of your country, or of your county, or of your parish; if you have done all you can to think how the evil may be remedied; and if you know that further brooding over the subject would only vex and sting and do no good; if all this should ever be so, then I counsel you to have resort to the great refuge of Tidiness. Don't sit over your library fire, brooding and brooding; don't fly to sugar-plums, they will not avail. There is a corner of one of your fields that is grown up with nettles; there is a bit of wall or of palisade that is out of repair; there is a yard of the edging of a shrubbery walk where an overhanging laurel has killed the turf; there is a bed in the garden which is not so scrupulously tidy as it ought to be; there is a branch of a peach-tree that has pulled out its fastenings to the wall, and that is flapping about in the wind. Or there is a drawer of papers which has for weeks been in great confusion; or a division of your bookcase where the books might be better arranged. See to these things forthwith: the out-of-doors matters are the best. Get your man-servant—all your people, if you have half-a-dozen—and go forth and see things made tidy; and see that they are done thoroughly; work half-done will not serve for our present purpose. Let every nettle be cut down and carried off from the neglected corner; then let the ground be dug up and leveled, and sown with grass-seed. If it rains, so much the better: it will make the seed take root at once. Let the wall or fence be made better than when it was new; let a wheel-barrow-full of fresh green turf be brought; let it be laid down in place of the decayed edging; let it be cut accurately as a watch's machinery; let the gravel beside it be raked and rolled: then put your hands in your pockets, and survey the effect with delight. All this will occupy you, interest you, dirty you, for a couple of hours, and you will come in again to your library fireside quite hopeful and cheerful. The worry and depression will be entirely gone; you will see your course beautifully: you have sacrificed to the good genius of Tidiness, and you are rewarded accordingly. I am simply stating phenomena, my reader. I don't pretend to explain causes; but I hesitate not to assert, that to put things *right*, and to know that

things are put right, has a wonderful effect in enlivening and cheering. You can not tell why it is so; but you come in a very different man from what you were when you went out. You see things in quite another way. You wonder how you could have plagued yourself so much before. We all know that powerful effects are often produced upon our minds by causes which have no logical connection with these effects. Change of scene helps people to get over losses and disappointments, though not by any process of logic. If the fact that Anna Maria cruelly jilted me, thus consigning me to my present state of single misery, was good reason why I should be snappish and sulky in Portland-place, is it not just as good reason now, when, in the midst of a tag-rag procession, I am walking into Chamouni after having climbed Mont Blanc? The state of the facts remains precisely as before. Anna Maria is married to Mr. Dunderhead, the retired iron-monger with ten thousand a year. Nor have any new arguments been suggested to me beyond those which Smith good-naturedly addressed to me in Lincoln's Inn-square, when I threatened to punch his head. But I have been up Mont Blanc; I have nearly fallen into a crevasse; my eyes are almost burnt out of my head. I have looked over that sea of mountains which no one that has seen will ever forget; here is my alpen-stock, and I shall carry it home with me as an ancient palmer his faded branch from the Holy Land. And though all this has nothing earthly to do with my disappointment, I feel that somehow all this has tided me over it. I am quite content. I don't grudge Anna Maria her ferruginous happiness. I am extremely satisfied that things have turned out as they did. The sale of nails, pots, and gridirons is a legitimate and honorable branch of commercial enterprise. And Mr. Dunderhead, with all that money, must be a worthy and able man.

I am writing, I need hardly say, for ordinary people when I suggest Tidiness as a constant source of temperate satisfaction. Of course, great and heroic men are above so prosaic a means of content. Such amiable characters as Roderick Dhu, in the *Lady of the Lake*, as Byron's Giaour and Lara, not to name Childe Harold, as the heroes of Locksley Hall

and Maud, and as Mr. Bailey's Festus, would no doubt receive my humble suggestions very much as Mynheer Van Dunk, who disposed of his two quarts of brandy daily, might be supposed to receive the advice to substitute for his favorite liquor an equal quantity of skimmed milk. And possibly Mr. Disraeli would not be content out of office, however orderly and tidy every thing about his estate and his mansion might be. Yet it is upon record that a certain ancient emperor, who had ruled the greatest empire this world ever saw, found it a pleasant change to lay the scepter and the crown aside, and, descending from the throne, to take to cultivating cabbages. And as he looked at the tidy rows and the bunchy heads, he declared that he had changed his condition for the better; that tidiness in a cabbage-garden could make a man happier than the imperial throne of the Roman Empire. It is well that it should be so, as in this world there are many more cabbage-gardens than imperial thrones; and tidiness is attainable by many by whom empire is not attainable.

A disposition towards energetic tidiness is a perennial source of quiet satisfaction. It always provides us with something to think of and to do: it affords scope for a little ingenuity and contrivance: it carries us out of ourselves: and prevents our leading an unhealthily subjective life. It gratifies the instinctive love of seeing things *right* which is in the healthy human being. And it is founded upon the philosophical fact, that there is a peculiar satisfaction in having a thing, great or small, which was wrong, put right. You have greater pleasure in such a thing, when it has been fairly set to rights, than if it never had been wrong. Had Brummell been a philosopher, instead of a conceited and empty-pated coxcomb, I should at once have understood, when he talked of "his favorite leg," that he meant a leg which had been fractured; and then restored as good as ever. Is it a suggestion too grave for this place, that this principle of the peculiar interest and pleasure which are felt in an evil remedied, a spoiled thing mended, a wrong righted, may cast some light upon the Divine dealing with this world? It is fallen indeed, and evil: but it will be set right. And then, perhaps, it may seem better to its Almighty Maker than even on the

First Day of Rest. And the human being who systematically keeps right, and sets right, all things, even the smallest, within his own little dominion, enjoys a pleasure which has a dignified foundation; which is real, simple, innocent, and lasting. Never say that it is merely the fidgety partiality of an old bachelor which makes him impatient of suffering a weed or a withered leaf on his garden walk, a speck of dust on his library table, or a volume turned upside down on his shelves. He is testifying, perhaps unconsciously, to the grand, sublime, impassable difference between Right and Wrong. He is a humble combatant on the side of Right. He is maintaining a little outpost of the lines of that great army which is advancing with steady pace, conquering and to conquer. And if the quiet satisfaction he feels comes from an unexciting and simple source—why, it is just from such sources that the quiet content of daily life must come. We can not, from the make of our being, be always or be long in an excitement. Such things wear us and themselves out; and they can not last. The really and substantially happy people of this world are always calm and quiet. In feverish youth, of course, young people get violently spoony, and are violently ambitious. Then, life is to be all romance. They are to live in a world over which there spreads a light such as never was on land or sea. They think that Thekla was right when she said, as one meaning that life, for her was done: "I have lived and loved!" Mistaken she! The solid work of life was then just beginning. She had just passed through the moral scarlet-fever; and the noblest, greatest, and happiest part of life was to come. And as for the dream of ambition, that soon passes away. A man learns to work, not to make himself a famous name, but to provide the wherewithal to pay his butcher's and his grocer's bills. Still, who does not look back on that time with interest! Was it indeed ourselves, now so sobered, grave, and matter-of-fact, whom we see as we look back?

"Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife.

When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement which the coming years would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn."

But just what London proves to the eager-hearted boy, life proves to the man. He intended to be Lord Chancellor: he is glad by and by to get made an Insolvent Commissioner. He intended to be a millionaire: he is glad, after some toiling years, to be able to pay his house-rent and make the ends meet. He intended to startle the quiet district of his birth, and make his mother's heart proud with the story of his fame: he learns to be glad if he does his home no discredit, and can now and then send his sisters a ten-pound note:

"So sleeps the pride of former days,

So glory's thrill is o'er:

And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more!"

But though these excitements be gone, there still remains to the middle-aged man the calm pleasure of looking at the backs of the well-arranged volumes on his book-shelves; of seeing that his gravel walks are nicely raked, and his grass-plots smoothly mown; of having his carriage, his horses, and his harness in scrupulous order: the harness with the silver so very bright and the leather so extremely black, and the horses with their coats so shiny, their ribs so invisible, and all their corners so round. Now, my reader, all these little things will appear little only to very unthinking people. From such little things comes the quiet content of commonplace middle life, of matter-of-fact old age. I never admired or liked any thing about Lord Melbourne so much as that which I shall now tell you in much better words than my own:

"He went one night to a minor theater, in company with two ladies and a fashionable young fellow about town—a sort of man not easy to be pleased.

"The performance was dull and trashy enough, I daresay. The next day Lord Melbourne called upon the ladies. The fashionable young gentleman had been there before his lordship, and had been complaining of the dreadfully dull evening they had all passed. The ladies mentioned this to Lord Melbourne. 'Not pleased! Not pleased! Confound the man! Didn't he see the fishmongers' shops, and the gas-lights flashing from the lobsters' backs, as we drove along? Wasn't that happiness enough for him?'

"Lord Melbourne had then ceased to be Prime Minister, but you see he had not ceased to take pleasure in any little thing that could give it."^{*}

Now, is not all this an admirable illustration of my great principle, that the tranquil enjoyment of life comes to be drawn a good deal from external sources, and a great deal more from very little things? An ex-Prime Minister thought that the sight of lobsters' backs shining in the gas-light, was quite enough to make a reasonable man content for one evening. But give me, say I, not the fleeting joy of the lobsters' backs, any more than Sydney Smith's sugar-plums, lazy satisfactions partaken in passiveness. Give me the perennial, calm, active, stimulating moral and intellectual content which comes of living amid hundreds of objects and events which are all scrupulously RIGHT; and thus, let us all, (as Wordsworth would no doubt have written had I pressed the matter upon him,)

"Feed this mind of ours,
In a wise Tidiness!"

I have long wished to write an essay on Tidiness; for it appears to me that the absence of this simple and humble quality is the cause of a considerable part of all the evil and suffering, physical and moral, which exist among ordinary folk in this world. Most of us, my readers, are little people; and so it is not surprising that our earthly comfort should be at the mercy of little things. But even if we were, as some of us probably think ourselves, very great and eminent people, not the less would our content be liable to be disturbed by very small matters. A few gritty grains of sand finding their way amid the polished shafts and axles of some great piece of machinery, will suffice to send a jar through it all; and a single drop of a corroding acid falling ceaselessly upon a bright surface will speedily ruin its brightness. And in the life of many men and women, the presence of that physical and mental confusion and discomfort which result from the absence of tidiness, is just that dropping acid, those gritty particles. I do not know why it is that by the constitution of this universe, evil has so much more power than good to produce its effect

and to propagate its nature. One drop of foul will pollute a whole cup of fair water; but one drop of fair water has no power to appreciably improve a cup of foul. Sharp pain, present in a tooth or a toe, will make the whole man miserable, though all the rest of his body be easy; but if all the rest of the body be suffering, an easy toe or tooth will cause no perceptible alleviation. And so a man with an easy income, with a pretty house in a pleasant neighborhood, with a good-tempered wife and healthy children, may quite well have some little drop of bitterness day by day infused into his cup, which will take away the relish of it all. And this bitter drop, I believe, in the lot of many men, is the constant existence of a domestic muddle.

And yet, practically important as I believe the subject to be, still one rather shrinks from the formal discussion of it. It is not a dignified matter to write about. The name is naturally suggestive of a sour old maid, a precise old bachelor, a vinegar-faced school-mistress, or at best a plump and bustling house-maid. To some minds the name is redolent of worry, fault-finding, and bother. Every one can see that it is a fine thing to discuss the laws and order of great things—such as comets, planets, empires, and great cities; things, in short, with which we have very little to do. And why should law and order appear contemptible just where they touch ourselves? Is it as the ocean, clear and clean in its distant depths, grows foul and turbid just where it touches the shore? That which we call law and order when affecting things far away, becomes tidiness where it reaches us. Yet it is not a dignified topic for an essay.

This is a beautiful morning. It is the morning of one of the last days of September, but the trees, with the exception of some of the sycamores and limes, are as green and thick-leaved as ever. The dew lies thick upon the grass, and the bright morning sun turns it to glancing gems. The threads of gossamer among the evergreen leaves look like necklaces for Titania. The crisp air, just touched with frostiness, is exhilarating. The dahlias and hollyhocks are bright, but the frost will soon make an end of the former. The swept harvest-fields look trim, and the outline of the distant hills shows sharp against the blue sky. Taking advantage of the moisture on the grass, the gar-

* *Friends in Council Abroad. Fraser's Magazine, vol. III. p. 2. January, 1856.*

dener is busy mowing it. Curious, that though it sets people's teeth on edge to listen to the sharpening of edge-tools in general, yet there is something that is extremely pleasing in the whetting of a scythe. It had better be a little way off. But it is suggestive of fresh, pleasant things; of dewy grass and bracing morning air; of clumps of trees standing still in the early mistiness; of "milk-maids singing blithe." Let us thank Milton for that last association: we did not get it from daily life. I never heard a milk-maid singing; in this part of the country I don't think they do sing; and I believe cows are invariably milked within doors. But now, how pleasant the trim look of that newly-mown lawn, so carefully swept and rolled; there is not a dandelion in it all—no weed whatsoever. There are indeed abundant daisies, for though I am assured that daisies in a lawn are weeds, I never shall recognize them as such. To me they shall always be flowers, and welcome every where. Look, too, at the well-defined outline of the grass against the gravel. I feel the joy of tidiness, and I gladly write in its praise.

Looking at this grass and gravel, I think of Mr. Tennyson. I remember a little poem of his which contains some description of his home. There, he tells us, the sunset falls

"All round a careless-ordered garden,
Close by the ridge of a noble down."

I lament a defect in that illustrious man. Great is my reverence for the author of *Maud*; great for the author of *Locksley Hall* and the *May Queen*; greatest of all for the author of *In Memoriam*: but is it possible that the Laureate should be able to elaborate his verses to that last and most exquisite perfection, while thinking of weedy walks outside his windows, of unpruned shrubs, and fruit-trees fallen from the walls? Must the thought be admitted to the mind, that Mr. Tennyson is not tidy? I know not. I never saw his garden. Rather let me believe that these lines only show how tidy he is. Perhaps his garden would appear in perfect order to the visitor; perhaps it seems "careless-ordered" only to his own sharp eye. Perhaps he discerns a weed here and there; a blank of an inch length in a box-wood edging. Perhaps, like lesser men, he can not get his servants to be as

tidy as himself. No doubt such is the state of matters.

There are, indeed, many degrees in the scale of tidiness. It is a disposition that grows upon one, and sometimes becomes almost a bondage. Some great musical composer said, shortly before he died, that he was only then beginning to get an insight into the capabilities of his art; and I dare say a similar idea has occasionally occurred to most persons endowed with a very keen sense of order. In matters external, tidiness may go to the length of what we read of Broek, that Dutch paradise of scrubbing-brushes and new paint; in matters metaphysical, it may go the length of what John Foster tells us of himself, when his fastidious sense of the exact sequence of every shade of thought compelled him to make some thousands of corrections and improvements in revising a dozen printed pages of his own composition. Tidiness is in some measure a matter of natural temperament; there are human beings who never could by possibility sit down contentedly, as some can, in a chamber where every thing is topsy-turvy, and who never could by possibility have their affairs, their accounts, their books and papers, in that inextricable confusion in which some people are quite satisfied to have theirs. There may, indeed, be such a thing as that a man shall be keenly alive to the presence or absence of order in his belongings, but at the same time so nerveless and washy that he can not bestir himself and set things to rights; but as a general rule, the man who enjoys order and exactness will take care to have them about him. There are people who never go into a room but they see at a glance if any of its appointments are awry; and the impression is precisely that which a discordant note leaves on a musical ear. A friend of mine, not an ecclesiastical architect, never enters any church without devising various alterations in it. The same person, when he enters his library in the morning, can not be easy until he has surveyed it minutely, and seen that every thing is right to a hair's breadth. Taught by long experience, the servants have done their part, and all appears perfect already to the casual observer. Not so to his eye. The hearth-rug needs a touch of the foot: the library-table becomes a marvel of collocation. Inkstands, pen-trays, letter-weighers, pamphlets,

books, are marshaled more accurately than Frederick the Great's grenadiers. A chair out of its place, a corner of a crumb-cloth turned up, and my friend could no more get on with his task of composition than he could fly. I can hardly understand how Dr. Johnson was able to write the *Rambler* and to balance the periods of his sonorous prose while his books were lying up-stairs dog-eared, battered, covered with dust, strewn in heaps on the floor. But I do not wonder that Sydney Smith could go through so much and so varied work, and do it all cheerfully, when I read how he thought it no unworthy employment of the intellect which slashed respectable humbug in the *Edinburgh Review*, to arrange that wonderful store-room in his rectory at Foston, where every article of domestic consumption was allotted its place by the genial, clear-headed, active-minded man: where was the lemon-bag, where was the soap of different prices, (the cheapest placed in the wrappings marked with the dearest price :) where were salt, pickles, hams, butter, cheese, onions, and medicines of every degree, from the "gentle jog" of ordinary life to the fearfully-named preparations reserved for extremity. Of course it was only because the kind reviewer's wife was a confirmed invalid that it became a man's duty to intermeddle with such womanly household cares: let masculine tidiness find its sphere out of doors, and feminine within. It is curious how some men, of whom we should not have expected it, had a strong tendency to a certain orderliness. Byron, for example, led a very irregular life, morally speaking; yet there was a curious tidiness about it too. He liked to spend certain hours of the forenoon daily in writing; then, always at the same hour, his horses came to the door; he rode along the same road to the same spot; there he daily fired his pistols, turned, and rode home again. He liked to fall into a kind of mill-horse round: there was an imperfectly developed tidiness about the man. And even Johnson himself, though he used to kick his books savagely about, and had his study-floor littered with fragments of manuscript, showed hopeful symptom of what he might have been made, when he daily walked up Bolt-court, carefully placing his feet upon the self-same stones, in the self-same order.

Great men, to be sure, may do what they please, and if they choose to dress like beggars and to have their houses as frowsy as themselves, why, we must excuse it for the sake of all that we owe them. But Wesley was philosophically right when he insisted on the necessity, for ordinary men, of neatness and tidiness in dress; and we can not help making a moral estimate of people from what we see of their conformity to the great law of rightness in little things. I can not tolerate a harum-scarum fellow who never knows where to find any thing he wants, whose boots and handkerchiefs and gloves are every where but where they are needed. And who would marry a slatternly girl, whose dress is frayed at the edges, and whose fingers are through her gloves? The Latin poet wrote, *Nulla fronti fides*; but I have considerable faith in a front-door. If when I go to the house of a man of moderate means I find the steps scrupulously clean, and the brass about the door shining like gold; and if, when the door is opened by a perfectly neat servant, (I don't suppose a footman,) I find the hall trim as it should be, the oil-cloth shiny without being slippery, the stair-carpet laid straight as an arrow, the brass rods which hold it gleaming, I can not but think that things are going well in that house; that it is the home of cheerfulness, hopefulness, and reasonable prosperity; that the people in it speak truth and hate wiggery. Especially I respect the mistress of that house; and conclude that she is doing her duty in that station in life to which it has pleased God to call her.

But if tidiness be thus important every where, what must it be in the dwellings of the poor? In these, so far as my experience has gone, tidiness and morality are always in direct proportion. You can see at once, when you enter a poor man's cottage, (always with your hat off, my friend,) how his circumstances are, and generally how his character is. If the world is going against him; if hard work and constant pinching will hardly get food and clothing for the children, you see the fact in the untidy house: the poor mistress of it has no heart for that constant effort which is needful in the cottage to keep things right; she has no heart for the constant stitching which is needful to keep the poor little children's clothes on their backs. Many a time it

has made my heart sore to see, in the relaxation of wonted tidiness, the first indication that things are going amiss, that hope is dying, that the poor struggling pair are feeling that their heads are getting under water at last. Ah! there is often a sad significance in the hearth no longer so cleanly swept, in the handle wanting from the chest of drawers, in little Jamie's torn jacket, which a few stitches would mend, but which I remember torn for these ten days past! And remember, my reader, that to keep a poor man's cottage tidy his wife must always have spirit and heart to work. If you choose, when you feel unstrung by some depression, to sit all day by the fire, the house will be kept tidy by the servants without your interference. And indeed the inmates of a house of the better sort are putting things out of order from morning till night, and would leave the house in a sad mess if the servants were not constantly following in their wake and setting things to rights again. But if the laborer's wife, anxious and weak and sick at heart as she may rise from her poor bed, do not yet wash and dress the little children, they will not be either washed or dressed at all; if she do not kindle her fire, there will be no fire at all; if she do not prepare her husband's breakfast, he must go out to his hard work without any; if she do not make the beds and dust the chairs and tables and wash the linen, and do a host of other things, they will not be done at all. And then in the forenoon Mrs. Bouncer, the retired manufacturer's wife, (Mr. Bouncer has just bought the estate,) enters the cottage with an air of extreme condescension and patronage, and if every thing about the cottage be not in tidy order, Mrs. Bouncer rebukes the poor down-hearted creature for laziness and neglect. I should like to choke Mrs. Bouncer for her heartless insolence. I think some of the hatefulest phases of human nature are exhibited in the visits paid by newly rich folk to the dwellings of the poor. You, Mrs. Bouncer, and people like you, have no more right to enter a poor man's house and insult his wife than that poor man has to enter your drawing-room and give you a piece of his mind upon matters in general and yourself in particular. We hear much nowadays about the distinctive characteristics of ladies and gentlemen, as contrasted with those of people who are well-dressed

and live in fine houses, but whom no house and no dress will ever make gentlemen and ladies. It seems to me that the very first and finest characteristic of all who are justly entitled to these names of honor, is a most delicate, scrupulous, chivalrous consideration for the feelings of the poor. Without *that*, the cottage-visitor will do no good to the cottager. If you, my lady friend, who are accustomed to visit the dwellings of the poor in your neighborhood, convey by your entire demeanor the impression that you are, socially and intellectually, coming a great way downstairs in order to make yourself agreeable and intelligible to the people you find there, you had better have staid at home. You will irritate, you will rasp, you will embitter, you will excite a disposition to let fly at your head. You may sometimes gratify your vanity and folly by meeting with a servile and crawling adulation, but it is a hypocritical adulation that grovels in your presence and shakes the fist at you after the door has closed on your retreating steps. Don't fancy I am exaggerating; I describe nothing which I have not myself seen and known.

I like to think of the effect which tidiness has in equalizing the real content of the rich and poor. If even you, my reader, find it pleasant to go into the humblest little dwelling where perfect neatness reigns, think what pleasure the inmates (perhaps the solitary inmate) of that dwelling must have in daily maintaining that speckless tidiness, and living in the midst of it. There is to me a perfect charm about a sanded floor, and about deal furniture scrubbed into the perfection of cleanliness. How nice the table and the chairs look; how inviting that solitary big arm-chair by the little fire! The fireplace indeed consists of two blocks of stone washed over with pipe-clay, and connected by half a dozen bars of iron; but no register grate of polished steel ever pleased me better. God has made us so that there is a racy enjoyment, a delightful smack, about extreme simplicity coexisting with extreme tidiness. I don't mean to say that I should prefer that sanded floor and those chairs of deal to a Turkey carpet and carved oak or walnut; but I assert that there is a certain indefinable relish about the simpler furniture which the grander wants. In a handsome apartment you don't think of looking at the upholstery in detail; you

remark whether the general effect be good or bad; but in the little cottage you look with separate enjoyment on each separate simple contrivance. Do you think that a rich man, sitting in his sumptuous library, all oak and morocco, glittering backs of splendid volumes, lounges and sofas of every degree, which he merely paid for, has half the enjoyment that Robinson Crusoe had when he looked round his cave with its rude shelves and bulkheads, its clumsy arm-chair and its rough pottery, all contrived and made by his own hands? Now the poor cottager has a good deal of the Robinson Crusoe enjoyment; something of the pleasure which Sandford and Merton felt when they had built and thatched their house and then sat within it, gravely proud and happy, whilst the pelting shower came down but could not reach them. When a man gets the length of considering the architectural character of his house, the imposing effect which the great entrance-hall will have upon visitors, the vista of drawing-room retiring within drawing-room, he loses the relish which accompanies the original idea of a house as a something which is to keep us snug and warm from wind, and rain, and cold. So if you gain something by having a grand house, you lose something too, and something which is the more constantly and sensibly felt — you lose the joy of simple tidiness; and your life grows so artificial, that many days you never think of your dwelling at all, nor remember what it looks like.

I have not space to say any thing of the importance of tidiness in the poor man's dwelling in a sanitary point of view. Untidiness *there* is the direct cause of disease and death. And it is the thing, too, which drives the husband and father to the ale-house. All this has been so often said, that it is needless to repeat it; but there is another thing which is not so generally understood, and which deserves to be mentioned. Let me then say to all landed proprietors, it depends very much upon you whether the poor man's home shall be tidy or not. Give a poor man a decent cottage, and he has some heart to keep tidiness about the door, and his wife has some heart to maintain tidiness within. Many of the dwellings which the rich provide for the poor are such that the poor inmates must just sit down in despair, feeling that it is in vain to try

to be tidy, either without doors or within. If the cottage floor is of clay, which becomes a damp puddle in rainy weather; if the roof be of very old thatch, full of insects, and open to the apartment below; if you go *down* one or two steps below the level of the surrounding earth when you enter the house; if there be no proper chimney, but merely a hole in the roof, to which the smoke seems not to find its way till it has visited every other nook; if swarms of parasitic vermin have established themselves beyond expulsion through fifty years of neglect and filth; if a dung-heap be by ancient usage established under the window;* then how can a poor overwrought man or woman (and energy and activity die out in the atmosphere of constant anxiety and care) find spirit to try to tidy a place like that? They do not know where to begin the hopeless task. A little encouragement will do wonders to develop a spirit of tidiness. The love of order and neatness, and the capacity of enjoying order and neatness, are latent in all human hearts. A man who has lived for a dozen years in a filthy hovel, without once making a resolute endeavor to amend it, will, when you put him down in a neat pretty cottage, astonish you by the spirit of tidiness he will exhibit, and his wife will astonish you as much. They feel that now there is some use in trying. There was none before. The good that is in most of us needs to be encouraged and fostered. In few human beings is tidiness, or any other virtue, so energetic that it will force its way in spite of extreme opposition. Any thing good usually sets out with timid, weakly beginnings; and it may easily be crushed then. And the love of tidiness is crushed in many a poor man and woman by the kind of dwelling in which they are placed by their landlords. Let us thank God that better times are beginning; but times are still bad enough. I don't envy the man, commoner or peer, whom I see in his carriage-and-four, when I think how a score or two families of his fellow-creatures upon his property are living in places

* The writer describes nothing which he has not seen a hundred times. He has seen a cottage, the approach to which was a narrow passage, about two feet in breadth, cut through a large dung-heap, which rose more than a yard on either side of the narrow passage, and which was piled up to a fathom's height against the cottage wall. This was not in Ireland.

where he would not put his horses or his dogs. I am conservatively enough inclined; but I sometimes think I could join in a Chartist rising.

Experience has shown that healthy, cheerful, airy cottages for the poor, in which something like decency is possible, entail no pecuniary loss upon the philanthropic proprietor who builds them. But even if they did, it is his bounden duty to provide such dwellings. If he do not, he is disloyal to his country, an enemy to his race, a traitor to the God who intrusted him with so much. And surely, in the judgment of all whose opinion is worth a rush, it is a finer thing to have the cottages on a man's estate places fit for human habitation—with the climbing-roses covering them, the little gravel-walk to the door, the little potato-plot cultivated at after-hours, with windows that can open and doors that can shut; with little children not pallid and lean, but plump and rosy, (and fresh air has as much to do with that as abundant food has,) surely, I say, it is better a thousand times to have one's estate dotted with scenes such as *that*, than to have a dozen more paintings on one's walls, or a score of additional horses in one's stables.

And now, having said so much in praise of tidiness, let me conclude by remarking that it is possible to carry even this virtue to excess. It is foolish to keep houses merely to be cleaned, as some Dutch housewives are said to do. Nor is it fit to clip the graceful forms of Nature into unnatural trimness and formality, as Dutch gardeners do. Among ourselves, however, I am not aware that there exists any tendency to either error: so it is needless to argue against either. The perfection of Dutch tidiness is to be found, I have said, at Broek, a few miles from Amsterdam. Here is some account of it from Washington Irving's ever-pleasing pen:

"What renders Broek so perfect an Elysium in the eyes of all true Hollanders, is the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of

their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing; each housewife vies with her neighbor in devotion to the scrubbing-brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotions to the Cross.

"I alighted outside the village, for no horse or vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, lest it should cause defilement of the well-scoured pavements. Shaking the dust off my feet, then, I prepared to enter, with due reverence and circumspection, this *sanctum sanctorum* of Dutch cleanliness. I entered by a narrow street, paved with yellow bricks, laid edge-wise, and so clean that one might eat from them. Indeed, they were actually worn deep, not by the tread of feet, but by the friction of the scrubbing-brush.

"The houses were built of wood, and all appeared to have been freshly painted, of green, yellow, and other bright colors. They were separated from each other by gardens and orchards, and stood at some little distance from the street, with wide areas or court-yards, paved in mosaic with variegated stones, polished by frequent rubbing. The areas were divided from the streets by curiously wrought railings or balustrades of iron, surmounted with brass and copper balls, scoured into dazzling effulgence. The very trunks of the trees in front of the houses were by the same process made to look as if they had been varnished. The porches, doors, and window-frames of the houses were of exotic woods, curiously carved, and polished like costly furniture. The front-doors are never opened, except on christenings, marriages, and funerals; on all ordinary occasions, visitors enter by the back-doors. In former times, persons when admitted had to put on slippers, but this oriental ceremony is no longer insisted on."

We are assured by the same authority, that such is the love of tidiness which prevails at Broek, that the good people there can imagine no greater felicity than to be ever surrounded by the very perfection of it. And it seems that the *prediger*, or preacher of the place, accommodates his doctrine to the views of his hearers; and in his weekly discourses, when he would describe that Happy Place where, as I trust, my readers and I will one day meet the quiet burghers of Broek, he strongly insists that it is the very tidiest place in the universe: a place where all things, (I trust he says *within* as well as *around*;) are spotlessly pure and clean; and where all disorder, confusion, and dirt are done with forever!

From Titan.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.*

"I WOULD build a cloudy house,
For my thoughts to live in,
When for earth too fancy loose,
And too low for heaven!

"Hush! I talk my dream alone;
I build it bright to see;
I build it on the moon-lit cloud,
To which I look with thee!"—MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

You shake your curls, and ask me why
I don't build castles in the sky;
You smile, and you are thinking too,
He's nothing else on earth to do.

It needs, my dear, romantic ware
To raise such fabrics in the air—
Ethereal bricks, and rainbow beams,
The gossamer of Fancy's dreams:
And much the architect may lack
Who labors in the zodiac
To rear what I, from chime to chime,
Attempted once upon a time.

My Castle was a glad retreat,
Adorned with bloom and scented briers—
A Cupid's model country-seat,
With all that such a seat requires.
A rustic thatch, a purple mountain,
A sweet, mysterious, haunted fountain,
A terraced lawn, a summer lake,
By sun or moonbeam ever burnished;
And then my cot, by some mistake,
Unlike most cots was neatly furnished.

A trellised porch, a mirrored hall,
A Hebe laughing from the wall,
Frail vases from remote Cathay—
While, under arms and armor wreathed
In trophied guise, the marble breathed—
A peering faun, a startled fay.

And cabinets with gems inlaid,
The legacy of parted years,
Full curtains of festooned brocade,
And Venice lent her chandeliers,
Quaint carvings dark, and, pillowed light,
Meet couches for the Sybarite;
Embroidered carpets, soft as down,
The last new novel fresh from town.
On silken cushion, rich with braid,
A shaggy pet from Skye was laid,
And, drowsy-eyed, would dosing swing
A parrot in his golden ring.

* *London Lyrics*. By FREDERICK LOCKER. London: Chapman & Hall.

All these I saw one happy day,
And more than now I care to name;
Here, lately shut, that work-box lay,
There stood your own embroidery frame.
And over this piano bent
A Form, from some pure region sent:

Her dusky tresses lustrous shone,
In massy clusters, like your own;
And as her fingers pressed the keys,
How strangely they resembled those.

Yes, you, you only, Lady Fair,
Adorned my Castle in the Air;
And Life, without the least foundation,
Became a charming occupation.
We viewed, with much serene disdain,
The smoke and scandal of Cockaigne,
Its dupes and dancers, knaves and nuns,
Possessed by blues, or bored by duns.
With souls released from earthly tether,
We gazed upon the moon together.
Our sympathy, from night to noon,
Rose crescent with that crescent moon,
We lived and loved in cloudless climes,
And dyed (in rhymes) a thousand times.

Yes, you, you only, Lady Fair,
Adorned my Castle in the Air.
Now, tell me, could you dwell content
In such a baseless tenement?
Or could so delicate a flower
Exist in such a breezy bower?
Because, if you *would* settle in it,
'Twere built, for love, in half a minute.

What's a love? you ask. Why, love at best
Is only a delightful jest;
As sad for one, as bad for three,
So I suggest you jest with me.

You shake your head, and wonder why
A denizen of dear May-Fair
Should ever condescend to try
And build her Castle in the Air.
I've music, books, and all, you say,
To make the gravest lady gay;

I'm told my essays show research,
My sketches have endowed a church.
I've partners, who have witty parts ;
I've lovers, who have broken hearts ;
Quite undisturbed by nerves or blues,
My doctor gives me—all the news.
Poor Polly would not care to fly ;
And Wasp, you know, was born in Skye.

To realize your tête-à-tôte
Might jeopardize a giddy pate ;
And, *quel ennui* ! if, pride apart,
I lost my head, or you your heart,
I'm more than sorry, I'm afraid
My Castle is already made.

And is this all we gain by fancies
For noon-day dreams and waking trances—
Such dreams as brought poor souls mishap

When Baby-Time was fond of pap :
And still will cheat with feigning joys,
While women smile, and men are boys ?

The blooming rose conceals an asp,
And bliss coquetting flies the grasp ;
And, waking up, snap goes the slight
Poor cord that held my foolish kite—

Your slave, you may not care to know it,
Your humble slave will be your poet.

Farewell !—can aught for her be willed,
Whose every wish is all fulfilled ?
Farewell !—could wishing weave a spell,
There's promise in those words, "Fare well !"

I wish your wish may not be marred ;
Now wish yourself a better Bard !

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HYMNS FROM THE LAND OF LUTHER ; OR, LYRA GERMANICA.*

THE traveler, desirous of turning aside
from the great continental highways
crowded with summer tourists, would do

* *Bunsen's Allgemeines Evangelisches Gesang und Gebet-Buch*. Hamburg, 1845.

German Psalmody. A collection of two hundred and twenty-three of the best German Chorales, arranged for four voices, adapted to the Hymns of Chevallier Bunsen's selection, and published under his direction. Berlin, 1848.

Lyra Germanica. First Series. Hymns for the Sundays and chief Festivals of the Christian Year. Translated from the German by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. Fifth edition. London : Longman. 1858.

Lyra Germanica. Second Series. The Christian Life. Translated from the German, by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. London : Longman. 1858.

Hymns from the Land of Luther. Translated from the German. Second thousand. Edinburgh : Kennedy. 1856.

The Church Psalter and Hymn-Book. By the Rev. WILLIAM MERCEY, M.A. Incumbent of St. George's, Sheffield, assisted by JOHN GOSS, Esq., Composer to Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, and Organist at St. Paul's Cathedral. London : Cramer, Beale & Chappell, 1857.

well to tarry for a while in the old imperial city of Nürnberg. Standing on one of the ancient bridges that span the clear-flowing Pegnitz, encircled by the triple wall, whose towers were once as the days of the year in number, he will seem to see again the grand heroic age, when the weak ones of the earth strove with the mighty, and counted not their lives dear if by losing them they might hold fast for their country the liberty which was their born heritage. Many a rude storm has spent its fury against those time-honored battlements. Again and again have men, fiercer than the heathen, furiously raged together to destroy once and forever that stronghold of freedom. Once at least the fate of Europe lay in the hands of the Nürnbergers ; they did not fail in time of trial ; the champion of Christendom found them faithful friends in his hour of need. The three-fold plague of famine, war, and pestilence

could not shake their allegiance to the bravest, noblest, most true-hearted captain that ever unsheathed the sword.

Just about a century before Gustavus Adolphus saw the light, in the year 1494, on the fifth of November, the wife of a tailor living in the old Franconian city gave birth to a son, who was named after his father, Hans Sachs. Young Hans early applied himself to study, but severe illness forced him to relinquish his favorite pursuits, and adopt others, which make fewer demands upon the brain. He became a shoemaker, wisely choosing an employment which required little mental exertion. The disciples of St. Crispin have not seldom been philosophers or poets. Most mystical of theosophists was Jacob Boehme, cordwainer, of Görlitz; most prolific of rhymesters (saving always Lope de Vega) was Hans Sachs, the "cobbler bard," of Nürnberg.

Hans appears to have joined one of those singing-clubs which had then recently been established in Mayence, Colmar, Ulm, and his native town. The simple-hearted artisans of those places, though possessing more piety than poetic talent, had a larger share in the events of the sixteenth century than is generally attributed to them. It was not merely that they cherished the social spirit in a degree which might well put the inhabitants of our modern million-peopled solitudes to shame, spite of mechanics' institutes and popular lectures, but they were the upholders of purity of manners in a time of great and general depravity. When priests and nobles vied with each other in wickedness, the "canaille" could oppose to the manifold forms of vice only decent lives and a virtuous education. They protested, as wise men will always protest, against evil, by exhibiting good. In verses so unsmooth and rugged, that "schusterzeim" (cobbler's rhyme) has become a synonym for doggerel, they sang—

"By making pious hymns we strive
Coarse ballads from our streets to drive,
For every night we hear with shame,
Such songs as we refuse to name;
To silence all these idle lays,
We meet and sing our Maker's praise."

Such life and vigor was there in these societies, that it was not until within the last twenty years, the one at Ulm, which

had survived so many political and religious disturbances was solemnly closed.

Hans Sachs was the most noted and the most voluminous of the *schusterzeimer*s. He was, indeed, superior to the majority of these. At the age of twenty, and in the Bavarian capital of Munich, he "sang his first hymn to the honor and glory of God, to a remarkable tune, and was loaded with applause." Just two years before this, Luther, on being made licentiate of theology, had taken the solemn vow, "I will defend evangelical truth with all my power;" and about this very year, 1514, we may suppose that he was commencing his attacks upon the scholastic philosophy, the outworks of the Roman stronghold.

Soon the assault became more violent, and Hans could not remain an unparticipating spectator. While Luther was enraging the powers, temporal and spiritual, by his boldness, and Hütten was making bishops and monks writhe beneath the knotted scourge of his sarcasm, the cobbler from his work-shop, at one of the gates of Nürnberg, sent forth many a brave and earnest song by which the minds of men were strangely stirred; so that it has been said, the great event of the sixteenth century owed its fulfillment as much to Hans Sachs the poet as to the Elector of Saxony. There is, perhaps, exaggeration in this assertion, yet it is in the main true. Else how comes it to pass that the doctrines of the Reformation have continued to exist in Germany, when all trace of them has utterly died out of Italy? There were wise and zealous men in the south as in the north. Valden was by birth a far more influential man, and Ochino was a far more fervid orator, than Luther. Yet, while in the country of Huss and the monk of Wittenberg, the teachings of the Reformers have maintained an unshaken hold in the hearts of the populace, it seems as though no healing angel had ever troubled the waters in the native land of Carnesachi and Savonarola.

The cause of this diversity is not far to seek. The Italian Reformers scarcely once appealed to "the masses." Theirs was an esoteric creed, in which Platonism was largely combined with Christianity. Many of the most accomplished and learned of the nobility were wont to assemble at the "Oratories of Divine Love." But there was no national dissemination of the truth, no national protest against

despotism, spiritual or temporal; for there was no national hymnology.

The wisdom of Fletcher of Saltoun's oft-quoted aphorism can not be better exemplified than by the German Reformation. The law-makers of that period found themselves powerless before the song-makers. The ruler of a kingdom on which the sun never set, could not subdue hearts once stirred by the royal trumpet-tones of Luther's "*Ein feste Burg*"—the Marseillaise of the Reformation.

Luther was not solely, nor chiefly a Theologian, or he had been no true Reformer. As the cloister had not been able to bound his sympathies, so the controversial theater could not circumscribe his honest ambition. He, in whom "the Italian head was joined to the German body," would not only free the souls of men, but win the hearts of women and little children. Much had he to feel proud of during his busy life. It was no light thing to have waged successful combat with the most powerful hierarchy that the world had ever seen, or to have held in his hands the destinies of Europe. But dearer to his kind heart was the sound of his own verses sung to his own melodies, which rose from street and market-place; from highway and byway; chanted by laborers going to their daily work; chanted by them during their hours of toil; chanted by them as they returned home at even-tide. If it is given to departed souls to know aught of what passes on this world wherein they some time dwelt, then Luther may have heard these same hymns, two hundred years later, sung by the miners of Gloucestershire and Cornwall.

"I always loved music," said the great Reformer; "whoso has skill in this art is of a good temperament, fitted for all things." Many times he exemplified this power in his own person. When sore perplexed and in danger of life, he would drive away all gloomy thoughts by the magic of his own melodies. On that sad journey to Worms, when friends crowded round him and sought to change his purpose, warning him with many tears, of the certain death that awaited him; on the morning of that memorable sixteenth of April, when the towers of the ancient city appeared in sight, the true-hearted man, rising in his chariot, broke forth with the words and music which he had improvised two days before at Oppenheim:

"God is our fortress strong and high,
A sure defense and weapon;
His powerful aid ever nigh
Whate'er distress may happen;
The old and evil foe
Would fain bring us low,
With great craft and might;
Full armed for the fight,
On earth none can him liken.

"Our feeble might achieveth naught,
Our struggle soon but feigned;
By him alone the work is wrought,
Whom God himself ordained.
Dost thou ask the name?
The Christ is the same,
The Lord of Sabaoth;
There is no other God;
'Tis he the field hath taken.

"And were the world of devils full,
All threatening to devour us,
We fear not; true and dutiful,
They can not overpower us.
Prince of this world, in vain,
His darts round may rain,
He no harm can us do;
His arts must perish too,
A little word can slay him.

"That word of his shall sure remain,
To man no praise be given;
He's with us on the battle-plain,
His spirit aids from Heaven.
Then perish our estate,
Wife, child—by their hate;
On them be the sin;
Naught from us they can win;
We share his glorious Empire."

Another hymn, written to commemorate the martyrdom, at Brussels, of some young Augustin monks, obtained as great a popularity as the "*Ein feste Burg*." Throughout every town and village of Germany might have been heard, soon after the shameful murders, the "*Die Asche will nicht lassen ab*."

Luther was a forcible translator; his rendering of the famous old Latin hymn "*In Mediâ Vitâ*," is strikingly solemn. The history of this hymn is remarkable. It was composed by Notker, a learned Benedictine, of St. Gall, while he was watching some workmen repair the bridge of Martinsbruck at the peril of their lives. For nearly a thousand years this piece has been preserved—and in an unmetrical shape it forms a part of the service with which the Church of England buries her

* We give this in ignorance of the name of the translator, and in preference to the many versions that have been attempted. We think it more faithful than Mr. Carlyle's, or that included in the *Lyra Germanica*.

dead. Luther's rhymed paraphrase of the Psalms has been compared with Watts' version. Being the first of its kind, it obtained immense popularity. "Every village school-boy, among the Protestants, was presently employed to get them by heart, and help to sing them on a Sunday. From that time to the present, the German of Saxony has been considered as the standard of national language."^{*}

The contrast between the German and Italian Reform movements is strikingly illustrated by the fact, that while Luther was thus translating the prayers and praises of the King of Israel into vigorous though rugged German, and bequeathing these immortal utterances to his countrymen for an eternal possession, the learned Olympia Morata was occupying her leisure, by rendering parts of the Psalter into Greek Iambics. The one did for a coterie what the other did for an empire.

But Luther was not the only sacred poet of this epoch. Ringwald and Schalling deserve a mention; and Paul Eber, the friend of gentle Philip Melancthon, and the author of the hymn, "Herr Jesu Christ, wahr Mensch und Gott," which Hugo Grotius desired might be repeated to him as he was dying, must not be passed over.

Luther's versions and hymns gave an incredible stimulus to the study of devotional poetry in Germany. A constant succession of hymnists has continued in that country to the present day. Even at the end of the seventeenth century, Counsellor Frankenau made a collection of 33,712, which he presented, in 300 volumes, to the University library at Copenhagen; and in 1718, Wetzell reckoned 55,000 printed German hymns.

Notwithstanding their multiplicity, these productions are separable without much difficulty into three periods. That of the Reformation, to which we have already referred; the period of the Thirty Years' War; and the period of the Mystics.

Considering the second epoch, we shall be much struck with the high order, as well as the vast number, of hymns written during the long protracted struggle between liberty and despotism.

Paul Gerhardt was the Tyrtæus of the Thirty Years' War. His verses, like strains of martial music, disperse every

lurking fear, and stir up the soul to be brave in doing, patient in suffering. No doubts ever crossed his mind about the lawfulness of taking up arms. Fighting under Gustavus, he and all his comrades were obeying a heaven-sent leader, as truly accredited as Joshua, Gideon, or David. "Mi litare est orare," is the motto inscribed upon his banner while in manly words he prays:

"Give strong and cheerful hearts to stand
Undaunted in the wars,
That Satan's fierce and mighty band
Is waging with thy cause.
Help us to fight as warriors brave,
That we may conquer in the field,
And not one Christian man may yield
His soul to sin a slave."

To wait is ever far harder than to work, to endure than to do. The Reformation had been a time of swift and startling action. The Thirty Years' War was a period of sharp and sore distress. As year after year passed and peace came not, and the fields which the foe had ravished lay untilled, and the homes which Tilly's brutal soldiery had burnt remained un-built, the bravest hearts may well-nigh despair. Never was a time at which Jeremiah might more fitly utter his Lamentation. Never was there greater need of an Isaiah to sing "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." Gerhardt, the Laureate of Sacred Poets, is equal to the stern occasion. Words of consolation are always on his lips — "Surrender," never. His sure and certain trust is in the

"Strong Son of God, immortal love,"

who, though he chastens his people for a while, will speedily confound their tormentors with sore plagues.

"If God be on my side,
Then let who will oppose,
For oft, ere now, to him I cried,
And he hath quelled my foes.
If Jesus be my friend,
If God doth love me well,
What matters all my foes intend,
Though strong they be, and fell?"

"The world may fail and flee,
Thou standest fast forever;
Nor fire, nor sword, nor plague from thee,
My trusting soul shall sever.
No hunger, and no thirst,
No poverty or pain,
Let mighty princes do their worst,
Shall fright me back again."

^{*} Taylor's *Survey of German Poetry*, vol. I. p. 168.

"My heart for gladness springs,
It can not more he sad,
For very joy it laughs and sings,
Sees naught but sunshine glad.
The sun that glads mine eyes
Is Christ the Lord I love,
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for us above."
—*Lyra Germanica*.*

Gerhardt had fellow-singers, who took up the same brave strain. "Rist," says Miss Winkworth, "a clergyman in North Germany, who suffered much in youth from mental conflicts, and in after years from plunder, pestilence, and all the horrors of war, used to say, 'The dear cross hath pressed many songs out of me;' and this seems to have been equally true of his contemporaries. It certainly was true of Johann Heermann, the author of some of the most touching Hymns for Passion Week, who wrote his sweet songs under great physical sufferings from ill-health, and amidst the perils of war, during which he, more than once, escaped murder, as by a miracle. So, too, the hymns of Simon Dach, Professor of Poetry in the University of Königsberg, speak of the sufferings of the Christian, and his longing to escape from the strife of earth to the peace of heaven."

Friedrich Spee deserves more than a bare mention. He was a Jesuit, but was remarkable for the liberality and benevolence of his mind. More enlightened than one of the greatest luminaries of the English judicial bench, Spee wrote an earnest book against the barbarous custom of witch-burning. It is related that an ecclesiastical superior once asked Spee why his hair was so gray when he was but forty years old. His reply speaks well both for his humanity and his courage: "It is because I have accompanied so many poor women to the stake, there to suffer for the crime called witchcraft, of which I never knew one of them to be guilty."

But the hymn of this period, to which most interest is attached, is one composed by Altenburg, and known as Gustavus' battle-song. Very tragic are the associations that belong to the "*Verzage nicht du Häuflein klein*." As we read the stirring lines, a vision rises before us of two mighty hosts encamped over against each

other, stilled by the awe that falls upon the bravest hearts when events of world-wide import are about to be decided. The thick fogs of an autumn morning hide the foes from each other; only the prolonged shrill note of the clarion is heard piercing through the mist. Then, suddenly, in the Swedish camp there is a great silence. Full of solemn thoughts Gustavus advances to the front rank of his troops, and kneels down in presence of all his followers. In a moment the whole army bends with him, and together they pray the God of Battles that he will defend the right. Then there bursts forth a sound of trumpets, and ten thousand voices join in one spirit-stirring song, (*rührendes Lied*, as Schiller has it.) It is the last time that Gustavus will sing it. Before many hours are passed, a riderless horse will come flying towards the orphaned troops, and anguish will deepen into revenge so fierce, that the day of their captain's death shall be a day of most bloody triumph. Meanwhile, foreboding no ill, and full of hope, they chant—

"Fear not, O little flock! the foe,
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power.
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour."

"Be of good cheer, your cause belongs
To Him who can avenged your wrongs,
Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word."

"As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth, nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail,
A jest and byword are they grown;
'God is with us,* we are his own,
Our victory can not fail."

"Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end. Amen."

—*Lyra Germanica*.†

To this period belongs a hymn, composed by George Neumarek, Secretary to

* First Series. Hymn for the Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

* The watchword of the Evangelical Army on this occasion.

† First Series. Hymn for St. Stephen's Day pp. 17, 18.

the Archives at Weimar. "It spread rapidly among the common people, at first without the author's name. A baker's boy, in New-Brandenburgh, used to sing it over his work, and soon the whole town and neighborhood flocked to him to learn this beautiful new song." The third epoch of which we have to speak—that of the Mystics—is very rich in its hymnology. Johann Franck, Angelus, and Gerhard Tersteegen are the laureates of that empire over which Jacob Böhme reigned supreme. Franck was burgomaster of Guben, in Lusatia. Tersteegen was a remarkable character. The youngest of eight children, born in 1697, and early deprived of his father, he made great progress in the study of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He was in his youth the subject of deep religious impressions; and gave up a mercantile life, to which he had been brought up, for the less exciting occupation of a weaver. Subsequently he became a ribbon-maker, at Mühlheim. He always practiced the most rigid self-denial. He lived upon flour, water, and milk; he spent nearly all his earnings in charity; and much incensed his relations by giving to the poor the property which he inherited from his father. He continued to live in voluntary poverty, steadfastly refusing to accept large fortunes which were offered to him by his admiring friends. He wrote many religious books and hymns, and became a very noted preacher, especially among the lower classes. Like Pascal, he studiously avoided the friendship of his fellow-creatures. During his whole life weak and sickly, he died, after much agony, in his seventy-second year. Tersteegen is a most complete example of the Protestant Pietist and ascetic. Of weak bodily powers, he was the constant subject of religious raptures. His hymns, however, of which a large number remain, are, for the most part, quiet and restrained.

Concerning Angelus we have a few words to say. Miss Winkworth has adopted the commonly-received opinion, that Angelus, the author of *The Cherubic Wanderer*, is identical with Johann Scheffler, who, at one time a mystic, afterwards became changed to Popery, and appears to have assumed the same name.* The

two men were entirely distinct and dissimilar in every respect. The hymnist appears to have been of a gentle disposition, strong imagination, and ardent love of paradox. Scheffler, on the contrary, was apparently a hard and stern man, not given to versifying. Mr. Vaughan, in his *Hours with the Mystics*, has thus referred to this confusion of persons:

"The latest research has succeeded only in deciding who Angelus Silesius was *not*. Some Roman Catholic priest or monk assuming the name of Angelus, did, in the seventeenth century, send forth sundry hymns and religious poems—among others, one most euphonically entitled, *The Cherubic Wanderer*. The author of this book has been generally identified, on grounds altogether inadequate, with a contemporary named Johann Scheffler, a renegade from Jacob Behmen to the Pope. Suffice it to say, that no two men could be more unlike, than virulent, faggoty-minded, pervert Scheffler, and the contemplative, pantheistic Angelus, be he who he may."—Vol. i. page 322.

Whatever Angelus was by birth or profession, he was certainly a very successful writer of hymns. A large number of his pieces are included in the *Gesang-buch*, and have been translated by Miss Winkworth. They are all marked by the same plaintive tenderness which is so striking a characteristic of the German school of Mystics.

Besides Angelus, Tersteegen, and Johann Franck, mentioned above, there belong to this period Deszler, the philologist of Nürnberg; Anton Ulrich, Duke of Brunswick; Schmolck, and S. Franck. The last-mentioned, who wrote at the beginning of the eighteenth century, must not be confounded with the somewhat celebrated Sebastian Franck, the author of the *World Book*, and of several theological works, in which he remarkably anticipates the opinions of Barclay, the English Quaker. This writer preceded the hymnist by about a century and a half. The last, and not the least celebrated poet of this school whom we have to mention, is Friedrich Hardenberg—better known under his *nom de plume* of Novalis. Exceedingly beautiful is his *Was war ich ohne dich gewesen*, of which Miss Winkworth translates only a part. In the collected edition of Novalis' works, edited by Tieck and Friedrich Schlegel, fifteen of his *Geistliche Lieder* are included. Several of these are great favorites with the German churches, where they are often sung.

* The mistake is shared by the author of a very interesting paper on Angelus Silesius, which appeared in the *Westminster Review* some few years since.

Edward Bülow, who some twelve years ago, in conjunction with Tieck, superintended the publication of the third volume of Novalis' remains, narrates a touching anecdote connected with these hymns. The elder Hardenberg, though an affectionate father, never interfered in the proceedings of his children: he even refused to read the writings of his son, Friedrich. Shortly after the death of the latter, Hardenberg entered a Moravian church during divine service. The congregation on that occasion, chanced to sing "a wonderfully spiritual song," which he had never before heard, and by which he was most deeply moved. The service ended, he left church, and full of emotion, asked a friend the name of the "splendid hymn" which he had heard, and its composer. "What?" was the astonished reply; "do you not know that your own son wrote it?"—(*Novalis Schriften*, theil 3; vorwort, p. 14.)

It is, perhaps, too much to say, that Germany maintains its reputation as the chosen country of sacred song. It is not every century that gives birth to a Paul Gerhardt any more than to a Plato, a Bacon, or a Shakspeare. Nevertheless, there are not wanting in the present day hands to strike—though in fainter tones—the consecrated lyre. Spitta, Knapp, Puchta, Hensel, have each written hymns not unworthy of a place in the *Allgemeines Gesang-buch*. The modern hymnist, however, has fallen into the same error, by which the secular poet too often defaces his verses. An excessive subjectivity—an undue introspection—are even greater faults when committed by the former than by the latter. Pieces which are intended for congregational use should have little to do with states of mind which vary from day to day. They should be composed chiefly, if not solely, of thanksgiving and adoration. German hymns are for the most part free from the glaring incongruities which so sadly mar our best collections. Such frightfully Manichæan lines as Moore's—

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,"

form no part of the German psalter; nor are congregations of Lutherans called upon to proclaim their own shame in melody, nor sing the sad confession, that they are ashes, dust, and worms. They affect neither a false humility nor an un-

becoming cynicism. Contrast some of the gloomy verses which we all know too well, with the beautiful *Abendlied* of Paul Gerhardt—*Nun ruhen alle Wälder*.

"Quietly rest the woods and dales,
Silence round the hearth prevails.

The world is all asleep;

Thou, my soul, in thought arise,
Seek thy Father in the skies,
And holy vigils with him keep.

"Sun, where hidest thou thy light?
Art thou driven hence by night,

Thy dark and ancient foe?

Go! another sun is mine,
Jesus comes with light divine,
To cheer my pilgrimage below.

"Now that day has passed away,
Golden stars, in bright array,

Bespangle the blue sky;

Bright and clear, so would I stand,
When I hear my Lord's command
To leave this earth, and upward fly.

"Now, this body seeks for rest,
From its vestments all undressed,

Types of immortality:

Christ shall give me soon to wear
Garments beautiful and fair—
White robes of glorious majesty.

"Head, and feet, and hands, once more
Joy to think of labor o'er,

And night with gladness see.

O my heart! thou, too, shalt know
Rest from all thy toil below,
And from earth's turmoil soon be free.

"Weary limbs, now rest ye here,
Safe from danger and from fear,

Seek slumber on this bed:

Deeper rest ere long to share,
Other hands shall soon prepare
My couch among the dead.

"While my eyes I gently close,
Stealing o'er me soft repose,

Who shall my guardian be?

Soul and body now I leave
(And thou wilt the trust receive)
O Israel's Watchman! unto thee.

"O my friends, from you this day
May all ill have fled away,

No danger near have come;

Now, my God, these dear ones keep,
Give to my beloved sleep,
And angels send to guard them home."

—Hymns from the Land of Luther.

pp. 33, 34, 35.

A truly Christian song of praise this:
genial yet solemn, like Herbert or Fuller;

wholly free from the inflated misery of the little worldly-minded dismal Young; or of the little cynical Epicurean noted above. Even in times of sharpest distress, during the myriad troubles of the Thirty Years' War we meet with no *Klage-lieder*, no weak wailings unnerving those who should be strong to fight, but brave and truthful words, stirring and bracing as a trumpet-call, most manly, most Christian, the more so as every man in the "Evangelical" host feels that he is fighting not only with flesh and blood, but with Satan and all his legions, who, though unseen, are present, and close at their side, to baffle them by fraud and cunning, or overcome them by a superhuman might.

Once more, the *Hymns of the Land of Luther* are for the most part free from those irreverent addresses to the Almighty that disfigure the hymns which English poets have had the bad taste to write, and English compilers the want of sense to make widely known. Sappho and Pindar are not the models which our hymnists should adopt. Sacred erotics are not only an anomaly, but a very blasphemous anomaly. Simplicity, truth, earnestness, are the leading characteristics of the *Lyra Germanica*. There is no straining for effect, no mock humility, no spiritual lassitude in the hymns of our Teutonic neighbors. The glad-hearted may sing them with "pious mirth;" the sad and sorrowful may swell the choir, and as they sing, their sorrow will be turned into joy. Even around the bed of the dying, and the grave of the departed, the words so softly chanted are accents of hope and encouragement; so that angel-voices are borne to the pilgrim yet struggling through the chill dark waters of Jordan, and heavenly anthems bid bereaved mourners rejoice over one more soul redeemed and glorified.

The *Lyra Germanica* contains a large number of Morning, Evening, and Funeral Hymns. Many of these are of exceeding beauty. Gerhardt's *Abendlied*, already quoted, and the *Morgentlieder* of Heinrich Albert, and the Baron Von Canitz, (the latter a special favorite with Dr. Arnold,) may well compare with Bishop Ken's well-known pieces. We have space for neither in this paper, but must content ourselves with a funeral hymn, written by no less celebrated a poet than Klopstock, whom his countrymen deemed the Virgil, as they counted

our Milton the Homer of these later ages:

"Thou shalt rise! my dust, thou shalt arise
Not always closed thine eyes;
Thy life's first Giver
Will give thee life forever,
Ah! praise his name!

"Sown in darkness, but to bloom again,
When, after winter's reign,
Jesus is reaping
The seed now quietly sleeping,
Ah! praise his name!

"Day of praise! for thee, thou wondrous day,
In my quiet grave I stay;
And when I number
My days and nights of slumber,
Thou wakest me!

"Then as they who dream, we shall arise
With Jesus to the skies,
And find that morrow,
The weary pilgrim's sorrow,
All past and gone.

"Then, with the holiest, I tread,
By my Redeemer led,
Through heaven soaring,
His holy name adoring
Eternally!"

—*Hymns from the Land of Luther*,
pp. 135-6.

Full of beauty as all these hymns are, they lose half their force if separated from the airs that should always accompany them. Not only in psalmody, but more especially in melody, the English are quite outstripped. No operatic fugues disturb the solemnity that reigns over a congregation of German Lutherans or Moravians. In the churches of Germany the grandest chords alternate with the most plaintive cadences. The full organ succeeds the flute stop, and the pathos sets off to wonderful advantage the majesty of music.

We rejoice that some of these fine old tunes are making their way into our churches and chapels. The Psalter mentioned at the head of these remarks contains many of the best hymns and tunes that even Germany has to offer. Especially would we mention Henzburg, Minden, Upsal, and Worms, as being grand, solemn, yet tender beyond compare. But to hear these chorales in full perfection, one must travel to Nürnberg; and enter one of its splendid ancient churches; then if we should chance to hear the full diapason of *Ein feste Burg*, the soothing

strains *O du Hüter Israel*, the mournful cadences of *Christ lag in Todes Banden*; or last and best, the transcendently solemn chords of *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*, St. Bernard's hymn, sung by some thou-

sand persons, as they only do sing at Nürnberg, we shall believe that Protestant worshippers have something that will compare with the *Miserere* in the Sistine chapel.

From the Westminster Review.

LE GRAND CYRUS.*

M. VICTOR COUSIN has, with considerable ingenuity, devised two volumes of lively and amusing reading, which will be welcome in England, though their value will be best appreciated in France. A period comparatively short, indeed, in point of time, but which has had the effect of a geological epoch in its influence on French society, separates the present from the days of Henri IV. and the Fronde. Even a nation of egotists can not exist altogether in the present, but may, nay must, look back with interest and curiosity to the times of their forefathers. Confined to his chamber by long indisposition, M. Cousin professes to have sought in that forgotten and voluminous romance, *Le Grand Cyrus* of Scudery, a resource against ennui; as he read on, the dull and prolix narrative seemed to have grown upon him, as the identity of the fictitious personages of the story, with distinguished contemporaries of the authoress, forced itself upon him; confirmed, as he assures us, by a key to the romance, subsequently discovered in the library of the arsenal. We had always supposed these historical parallels to have been understood, or at least strongly suspected; be this as it may, the writer seeks to lay before us, from the materials furnished by the romance, a picture of Parisian life in the earlier part of the seventeenth century,

and this not merely of the court "personages" of the day, but also of all ranks of Parisians down to the lower class of citizens.

In the following passage he furnishes his key to the leading characters in *Le Grand Cyrus*:

"Who, indeed, is Cyrus, if not Condé himself, especially while he was yet only Duke d'Enghien, and dreaming of love and glory? Mandane, with her blue eyes and copious blonde locks, her gentleness, wit and pride, is clearly Madame de Longueville. The Asiatic warriors who accompany the Persian chief to battle are the aides-de-camp or lieutenants of the French 'hero,' namely, the Marshal de Grammont, the Marshal de Gassion, Villequier, afterwards Marshal d'Aumaret, the Marquis de Noiroustier, of the house of Tremouille, the Duke de Rohan-Chabot, Coligny, Duke of Chatillon, the Marquis de la Moussaye, etc.

"The siege of Cumès in the romance is the actual siege of Dunkerque by Condé; the battle of Thybarr, that of Lens; and the victory gained by Cyrus over the Massagetes, the 'glorious and immortal victory' of Rocroi. It is as certain that the fair dames of the court of Ecbatana, of Sardis, and of Babylon, are the celebrated beauties of the court of Anne of Austria.

"L'Hotel de Cleomire is undoubtedly l'Hotel de Rambouillet, with its *cortège* of wits and agreeable women, who constituted its great attractions. Here we have the portraits of the noble hostess and her two daughters, of Julie d'Argennes and her sister, the first Madame de Grignan, Madame de Sablé, and Mademoiselle Angélique Paulet; there, Montausier, Voiture, Chapelain, Arnauld de Corbeville, etc.

* *La Société Française au XVII. Siècle, d'après Le Grand Cyrus de Mademoiselle Scudery.* Par M. VICTOR COUSIN. 2 tomes. London: Nutt. 1858.

"Sappho is Mademoiselle de Scudery herself, at the head of the commoners, but intellectual, and distinguished by the society she assembled about her, in which we find a virtuous, amiable, and learned prelate, Godeau, Bishop of Grasse and Venne, a magistrate who is also a man of the world, a financier who is a wit, academicians and literary men like Sarrasin, Pellisson, and Conrart, with Madame Cornuel, Madame Aragonnais, and other ladies of humbler position."

Thus, the *Grand Cyrus* is, so to speak, a history in portraits of the seventeenth century, written by an individual who was probably of all others best acquainted with the society of that period, thanks to her peculiar position; poor, yet of good family, and received every where in the best circles, at the Hotel de Rambouillet, the Condé Palace, and at the

Luxembourg: herself entertaining a very mixed society in her modest drawing-room, in the street de Beauce au Marais.

Thus M. Cousin makes out his case, and having retouched the faded portraits with a skillful hand, reproduces for the versatile, volatile, all-forgetting Parisians this sketch of a long-vanished social state: they may well afford to throw a glance backward on the past, in humble deprecation of that future, when they too shall rank as antiquities. We will say nothing of the stupendous egotism that breaks out in the preface, nor quote a passage which, out of France, might suggest doubts of the author's sanity or sincerity. M. Victor Cousin has at least furnished an amusing and readable book, and we must pardon the indulgence of a national conceit, which he evidently takes to be a virtue.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CRINOLINE AND WHALES.

As, (borrowing a mechanical simile,) certain clocks with glass faces are cunningly devised to cheat an observer into the belief that hands move without the aid of spring or weight, actuated through clock-work to move them—so the mental clock-work of ideal association is far too much concealed nowadays. It is a particular case of a very human quality, *pride*—the false pride of chafing under an obligation; even though it be to one's own suggestive senses. When people are less chary of telling the world how they got at results, it will be all the better for the world. As long as the pernicious falsehood is implied of attributing to the creative faculty ideas which merely come by association, so long will there be a hindrance to the onward march of intellect in many a timid aspirant. It may abate somewhat of the majesty wherewith whales portray themselves to the imagin-

ation of certain people, as it may tend to lower the majesty of our own creative faculty in the estimation of others, if we honestly confess at this—the very outset of our narrative—that between the behemoths of ocean on the one part, and the idea which brought them into our head on the other part, the chasm, though seemingly immense, is spanned by that one step, which, Napoleon (him of the gray coat and cocked-hat, we mean) signalized by a proverb. Wandering down through Bond street one day, we jostled against many a crinoline petticoat, and the crinoline petticoats suggested the topic of whales!

Nothing like the material falsely called bone of the *Balæna Mysticetus** for im-

* Or true whalebone whale. All the genus *Balæna* yield whalebone; but the whalebone of the *B. Mysticetus* is longest, and therefore the most valuable.

parting that expansiveness so indispensable to the proper set of a lady's crinoline. There were three formidable competitors when the fashion came into vogue in these latter days. Steel, vulcanized caoutchouc, and gutta-percha they were. Vain illusions all: whalebone's the thing!

As to the first, steel is steel; and steel, if badly tempered, (nay, sometimes be the temper ever so good,) breaks short off, leaving a sharp cutting extremity. It is a matter concerning which reliable statistics are difficult to obtain; but we are given to understand, that certain lesions incidental to the rupture of steel petticoat-springs, have thrown them into such evil repute, that, ere long they will be totally abandoned.

The idea of hollow, inflated, vulcanized hoops, was eminently ingenious; but their employment involves conditions so difficult to be commanded, that no wonder vulcanized india-rubber hoop-work soon went out. We would not by any inconsiderate criticism of ours knowingly abate one iota of the proper credit justly appertaining to the inventor of vulcanized rubber inflated hoops. It was an idea suggested by a master mind. In theory the notion is perfect; but alas! from theory to practice there is a bridge, and few there be who cross it. An application of the very same sort of evidence which has proved that out of no kind of wind-bag whatever, no matter how cunningly devised, can a practically good swimming life-preserver be made—seeing the chance of accidents from sunken rocks—might have awakened suspicion from the very first, that no system of inflated hoop-work could be adopted as the basis of a lady's expansive gear, without imminent peril from puncture and collapse—so long, at least, as pins are a *sine qua non* to the "fixing" of a lady. Besides, *sub rosa* be it spoken, and *sotto voce*—vulcanized rubber has brimstone in its composition; and brimstone, when volatilized, comes reeking to the olfactory sense with evil associations!

In common with many others who take an interest in watching the application of means to important ends, we thought hopefully of gutta-percha hoop-work once. There can not be a greater mistake, though some mistakes may be attended with more important consequences. The quality which should dominate over all other qualities, in ladies' manufactured hoop-work, is

elasticity. Gutta-percha is non-elastic; it won't do. So long as a lady can move about on a field all her own—move without touching any body or any thing—move in such wise that no body and no thing, animate or inanimate, shall touch her, gutta-percha is available. But set the lady in a crowd, though it be only for an instant, and she emerges the very instant after, a grotesque, shriveled-up-looking thing, as full of creases as a closed umbrella or a baked pippin. A certain expression, used by Horace in a figurative sense, we could apply to the lady, physically, after a trifling variation. The gutta-percha hoop-expanded belle is—

"Cere (a) in vitium flecti."

And having on more than one occasion felt it a part of our duty to call the attention of a fair sufferer to the existence of this state of bodily collapse, we can from personal experience testify that—

"Monitoribus asper (a)"

is an expression applicable to each particular object of our attentions, in a purely Horatian sense. Depend upon it, there is nothing like whalebone, after all, for a lady's expansion gear: so now about the whales.

"What's *your* opinion about whales, Mike?" demanded the skipper of a sperm whale-ship, of a Yankee down-easter, who, staring over the bulwarks, gazed upon a sea-monster just captured.

"Why, I was jist athinking it's a considerable sort of fish. They ain't got fish like that up the Kennybeck, I guess."

"Do you think whales *are* fish, Mike!" continued the skipper.

"Why, some folks says whales isn't fish at all. I rather calculate they are, myself. Whales has fins, so has fish; whales has tails, so has fish; whales ain't got scales on 'em, neither has cat-fish, nor eels, nor tadpoles, nor frogs, nor horse-leeches. I conclude, then, whales *is* fish. Every body oughter call 'em so. Nine out of ten *does* call 'em fish."

"Fishin's fishin'," continued Mike, after a moment's pause, which he turned to account by contributing to the ocean store of liquid matter, in the form of concentrated tobacco-juice. "I likes fishin' as well as any body; but catchin' of whales is a leetle too extensive. It's orfully alarmin' work."

Small wonder, indeed, that Mike, the Yankee down-easter, should find himself perplexed in the endeavor to award a true zoölogical status to whales. If the Japanese—people who religiously abstain from the eating of all flesh, save fish flesh—decree, in their wisdom, an ichthyological nature to whales; if whales have been proved fishy by synods, and councils, of the Roman Church, and by reasoning, too, equally conclusive with that which proved the world to stand still, and Barnacle geese to be a sort of fish generated, not from eggs like other geese, but developed from sea-barnacles—no wonder that Mike, after properly weighing pros and cons, should calculate that whales *is* a sort of fish, and that “every body oughter call ‘em so.” Had there been yet one lingering doubt in his mind that doubt would have been set at rest by the analogies of cat-fish, eels, tadpoles, frogs, and horse-leeches.

Nevertheless, to an observant pair of eyes and a reflective mind—notwithstanding the analogies of slick skin, fluked-tail, fins, etc., a doubt could hardly fail to occur now and then in respect to the fishiness of whales. Even penetrating no deeper than to the external characteristics of form, the close observer could hardly fail to have remarked that a whale’s tail is fixed horizontally to the body, whereas a fish’s tail has a vertical attachment. Many other particulars must have at times, disturbed the calculations of a reflective naturalist, like Mike, the Yankee down-easter, concerning the fishiness of whales. The ordinary technical words of a whaling skipper’s language, imply how unsettled must have been the opinions at one time prevalent about the zoölogical status of whales. He speaks of adult whales as “*bulls*” and “*cotes*.” Young ones he terms calves. He may designate them fish for brevity sake, but he scarcely means it. How could he? Do not whales come to the surface of the water to breathe? Do they not suckle their young like land mammalia? No, no! Whales is *not* a sort of fish, Mike, and every body oughter *not* to call ‘em so.

Aristotle and Pliny, though puzzled a little by the fishy exterior of whales, both entertained some doubts concerning their ichthyological character; but Linnæus was the first who really spoke out, seizing with the true determination of genius upon the real type. The difficulty pre-

vious naturalists had experienced, when feeling half-inclined to remove whales from the fishy category, and refer them to the class of mammals was this: whales have no anterior and posterior extremities, it was advanced; neither hands nor feet; how great, then, would be the discrepancy?

But Linnæus, with the true perception of genius, swept away the discrepancy at once. The lateral fins were paws, just peeping through the skin, and leaving the corresponding legs behind them; the tail was nothing more nor less than two paws, consolidated—*soldered together*.

Whales have ever been accepted as typical of the extreme of animated bulk and muscular power. Even now, when descriptions of them are shorn of the exaggerated vagueness attendant upon facts in natural history, collated under difficulties, whales are large enough and strong enough to satisfy the most exacting imagination; in proof of which, a few anecdotes will be recorded by and by. The statements of Buffon, and Lacepède about whales, are to some extent illusory; which is a pity, considering the highly poetic vein in which they were made. Buffon prefaces his account of the cetacea with an exordium of ponderous grandeur. His tropes are big; his words roll along in rhetorical billows; the very language used is *whaly*, comes redolent of blubber and ambergris—*whaly*, smelling of whales. Gradually, the reader is desired to fancy himself lifted from the earth; he is told to ascend the regions of high air, in companionship with the eagle: whence, looking down upon the grosser world, he is to contemplate the earth, the ocean, and their several inhabitants. Then, when man, and other living creatures of *terra firma* have disappeared from view—when even elephants, and rhinoceros have ceased to be visible—the aerial student of animated nature is told to look down upon the expanse of ocean and behold the majesty of whales. By a bold stroke of the imagination, Buffon, (as if all other standards of comparisons were inadequate) measures his ideal whales against Gothic monuments and mountain bosses. He speculates on the greater size of whales in the good old times before man had begun his persecutions; and, feigning for them a natural span of life commensurate with their volume, he vaguely indicates that the reader may draw indefinitely on

the past, and picture any ideal whale to be as aged as he pleases, without any fear of incurring any controlling check from the adverse criticism of M. De Buffon!

Lacépède, too, was another naturalist who did not stint himself in elements of the grandiose sort in respect of whales. Like Buffon, he did not doubt the existence of whales upwards of three hundred feet long in past times. He felt assured, that the sort of whale termed by sailors, the "right whale,"* even now, when he wrote, attained a length sometimes of ninety-eight and a half feet, (thirty meters;) nor that, "right whales" could spout water from their blowers to more than the height of thirteen meters, or forty-three feet. Nor was Lacépède less enthusiastic about the swimming of the "right whale." The creature, according to him, could manage a pace of eleven meters a second, or twenty-one and a half nautical miles an hour. These are gross exaggerations; nor are either Buffon, or Lacépède, correct in respect of the species of whale for whom they claim the maximum grandeur amongst the creatures of his own genus. The *Balaena Mysticetus* is not the giant amongst giants. There is another whalebone-yielding whale, (*Balaena*) more considerable in length, if not in general dimensions, than he, the dreaded razor-back.† The broad-nosed whale is another bone-yielding animal which often exceeds the length of the "right whale." The sperm whale, too, takes a position above that of the true whalebone whale, not only in size, but also in muscular power and general intelligence. Out of three hundred and twenty-two individuals of the "right whale" species, the capture of which was authenticated by Scoresby, no one was more than sixty feet long, and the very largest he ever measured had a length of only fifty-eight feet. According to the same author, the very longest actual measurement of the "right whale" verified, is no more than sixty-seven feet.

Now, the average length of the razor-back is about one hundred feet; its greatest circumference, thirty or thirty-

five. One of this species, found dead in Davis's Straits, measured, one hundred and five feet. Whence it appears that the "right whale" must be content with the honor of yielding the most of good oil, and the longest whalebone—no inconsiderable honor too; but he can not lay just claim to the pretensions of being regarded, *par excellence*, the monster of the deep. As we intimated a while ago, even the broad-nosed whale may exceed the right whale in dimensions. He, too, is a whalebone-yielding fellow, who instead of holding to the poetical regions of the polar seas, vulgarizes himself by keeping company with herrings and pilchards, (no doubt for sufficient reasons,) stupidly running, head foremost, upon shores and sand-banks of his enemies, and getting knocked on the pate for his pains. Yes, even the broad-nose seems to have the advantage of the right whale in dimensions. One fifty-two feet in length was stranded near Eyemouth June 19, 1752; another, near seventy feet in length, ran ashore on the coast of Cornwall on the 18th of June, 1797; three were killed on the north-west coast of Ireland in 1762, and two in 1763; one or two have been killed in the Thames; and one was embayed and killed in Balta Sound, Shetland, in the winter of 1817-18, some remains of which being examined by Scoresby, that indefatigable whale historian was enabled to verify its dimensions. The length of the whale was eighty-two feet; the jaw-bones were twenty-one feet long; the longest lamina of whalebone about three feet long. From these statements, it is easy to perceive that the right whale, even when contrasted with *Balaena* or whalebone-yielding cetaceans, must yield the palm of dimensions not only to the razor-back, but the broad-nosed species. Other whalebone whales are the "finner" of whale fishers, *Balenoptera Jubartes* (Lacépède,) *Balenaboops*, (Linn.); *Balenoptera Acutorostrata*, (Lacépède;) *Balaena Rostrata*, (Linn.). The latter is the smallest amongst whalebone whales. One killed in Scalpa Bay, November 14, 1808, had a length of seventeen and a half feet, and a circumference of twenty feet; its largest whalebone was only about six inches long.

Leaving for a time the *Balaena*, or whalebone whales, and taking a glance at the *Physeter* or sperm whale—listen to what Mr. Thomas Beale, surgeon, the

* *Balaena Mysticetus*, Linn.
† *Balenoptera Gibbar*, Lacépède; *B. Physalia*, Linn. Linnæus comprehends all whales having horny lamina in place of teeth under the generic name *Balaena*. Lacépède follows the arrangement as regards whalebone-whales having no dorsal fin; those which possess a dorsal fin are termed by him *Balenoptera*.

historian, *par excellence*, of that valuable species, says about it. "In length," he tells us, the *Physeter Macrocephalus* "comes next to the *B. Physalis*, or razor-back; and in bulk, probably generally exceeds it; and in commercial value, perhaps, equals the *B. Mysticetus*; for although it does not possess the valuable whalebone of this animal, it furnishes us with the beautiful substance, spermaceti, and is rich in abundance of the finest oil."

Nevertheless, the true whalebone fellow will probably still continue to be invested with conventional attributes of excessive size, and excessive powers, beyond those of all other whales. We will proceed, then, to give some notion of his prowess, just by the way of preparing the reader for the still greater exploits of the razor-back and the sperm whale. To this end, perhaps, no better example can be cited than the one related by Scoresby, as having occurred to him when commanding the "*Resolution*, of Whitby," on the 25th of June, 1812. On that occasion, one of the harpooners perceiving a whale, struck the harpoon into it near the edge of a small floe of ice. The monster started off on a wild whale chase, and soon succeeded in drawing out the whole of that boat's lines. Assistance being afforded, a second boat's lines were attached to those of the "*fast boat*," as the one is called from which the harpoon is thrown. Away goes the whale with boat in tow. "In about a quarter of an hour the fast boat, to my surprise," says Scoresby, "again made signal for lines." He goes on to tell us how the signaling became more urgent. The wind being fair, the good ship, "*Resolution*," was sailing to the rescue of her whale-threatened boats. Vainly all available canvas was spread; the good ship "*Resolution*" could not make sail fast enough. Anxiously watching his fast boat still, the captain now observes four oars displayed in signal order; thus indicating a most urgent necessity for assistance. Two or three men were at the same time observed sitting close to the stern—now considerably elevated—for the purpose of keeping it down; while the bow of the boat, by the force of the line, was drawn to the level of the sea, and the harpooner, by the friction of the line, was enveloped in smoky obscurity. The good ship "*Resolution*" had, by this time, nearly come up to the beleaguered boat. There was need. The sailors

stripped off their pea-jackets, and flung them upon the adjoining ice; then throwing down their oars, they plunged into the ice-cold water, and swam to their jackets. At that very instant the monster dived. Down plunged the bow of the boat; its stern rose perpendicularly for an instant, then majestically disappeared! We will not, step by step, or rather stroke by stroke, follow the ill-conditioned whale in his career; contenting ourselves by recording the fact, that after the excitement of a perilous chase, no less than four boats were anchored to the monster's flesh—each by its own harpoon. Three of these the whale shook off; so that the fate which presided over all its blubber, and whalebone, was linked with conquering humanity by the mere intervention of one frail line! At length it freed itself from this also, and still sped away; but the sunken boat, deep down beneath the waves, was—what simile shall we use? not as a mill-stone about the whale's neck, or a stumbling block in his path—it was a *dead weight*, in two senses, as the whale found to his sorrow. The united length of the lines was six thousand seven hundred and twenty yards, or upwards of three and three quarter English miles; value, with the boat, above one hundred and fifty pounds. The obstruction of the sunken boat to the progress of the animal, as the narrator remarks, must have been immense; the lines alone weighing no less than thirty-five cwt. As we are touching upon the physical force of the whale, the farther chronicles of his capture need not be enlarged upon; but it is pertinent to remark that he was by no means a large specimen of his species, his whalebone only measuring nine feet six inches, while twelve feet bones are not uncommon. Near ten thousand four hundred and forty yards, or almost six English miles of line were drawn out in the capture of this miscreant! Of these, thirteen new lines were lost, together with the sunken boat!

The dead weight of a boat borne thus away is considerably more than at a first glance of the case would seem probable. The ocean pressure exerted upon the timbers must be enormous. Not only does the liquid penetrate into every pore of the wood, but actually crushes the substance of the timber so that it becomes friable. This leads one to consider the tremendous pressure which must be exerted upon the

body of a whale when deeply submerged. A whale of the "*right species*,"* on being harpooned, generally dives. Not unfrequently he has been known to sink perpendicularly down to a depth of eight hundred fathoms, or rather more than a mile. Contemplate oceanic pressure at that depth! It will amount to the astounding weight of one hundred and fifty-four atmospheres! Now, assuming the body of a right whale to present one thousand five hundred and forty feet of surface, his carcass will have to resist, at eight hundred fathoms, a force of no less than two hundred and eleven thousand and two hundred tons—about equivalent, as Scoresby remarks, to six of our biggest ships of war, fully armed, manned, and provisioned for six months. It is this tremendous pressure, more than to any harpoon wounds, that the great exhaustion of the animal, when it rises, is due. Nor is the physical force of a whale less exemplified in its gamboling. A somewhat favorite amusement with the right whale, as also the sperm whale, is to ascend rapidly from great depths, and spring completely out of the water; not unfrequently turning a somersault before again descending. Sometimes, in a fit of playfulness, the real whalebone whale (*B. mysticetus*) poises itself perpendicularly in the ocean, head downwards, and lashes the surface of the water into white foam by strokes of its tail. When whales are in these their playful moods, it is dangerous to approach them. Experienced harpooners know better than to do so: indeed, the tail of a whale is an agent of physical force which prudent mariners will keep clear of, on all occasions. To say that one stroke of it can strike a man dead, is to convey a very inadequate notion of its power. That muscular tail, if upwards whisked, can hurl a boat aloft with all its crew; if downward struck, can shiver a boat to atoms!

One would hardly have imagined, looking at the enormous volume of the head of a whale, that the possessor of it, rising from ocean depths, could manage to strike with it a sharp lively blow on the keel of a boat. Yet the result is otherwise: the head, under these circumstances, can em-

ulate the exploits of the other extremity. In the year 1660, the Dutch ship Gort Moolen, was off the coast of Greenland fishing for whales. Fortune had favored her. The good ship, Gort Moolen, had the blubber and bone of no less than seven whales within her timbers. But the skipper, Cornelius Gerard Ouwekaas, Oliver like, wanted more; and perceiving a whale a-head of his ship, a boat was lowered for the encounter. The captain himself, being an expert harpooner, struck the whale, which dived immediately. A second boat came to assist, having a certain Jaques Vienkes for the "*bold harpooner*." Harpoon poised aloft, the Dutchman waited for the fish to rise; the latter (vicious beast as he was) poked up his head under the boat, and forced the latter some yards into the air, shivering it to pieces. The crew, Jaques Vienkes "the" bold harpooner among them, were scattered about like fallen leaves. But Jaques Vienkes never lost hold of his harpoon. He was not hurled so high aloft but that in due course of time he must needs come down again; and as fortune and the gravitating force would have it, he fell upon the back of the whale! Finding the surface rather slippery perhaps—or it may be inspired by courage, and heated with revenge, the choleric Dutchman struck his weapon as deep as he could into the blubber of the whale, thus accomplishing two ends at one time—giving himself a *locus standi*, and inflicting an injury on the beast. But fortune was unpropitious: Jaques Vienkes found himself tied for better for worse, to the monster, in a fashion he did not bargain for. A rope had caught hold of his leg, and he could not escape. Had the whale thought proper now to dive, the consequences would have been unpleasant!

"Cut your rope," bawled the skipper; watching the catastrophe from a little distance. Misery! the harpooner's knife was in his breeches pocket, and his legs being entangled in the rope, he could not get at it. Matters began to look unpromising, indeed; when, fortunately, the harpoon worked loose, and the bold harpooner sliding from the whale's back, the two parted company.

If any body should object to the Dutch source of the above recital, we beg to announce that dozens of English examples of whale feats are at our very elbows and wasting: that we do not use them; and

* The "*right whale*" is the familiar term given by whaling mariners to the "*Balæna mysticetus*," an animal which yields the best and longest whalebone.

that we have preferred to quote the Dutch recital, is referable, not to any thing extraordinary on the part of the whale, but on the part of the harpooner. If his cetacean ride did not happen, it *might* have happened *se non e vero e ben trovato*.

Whatever of the marvelous we may have announced in respect of the right whale, we will guarantee to match, and more, when we come to deal with that denizen of softer southern climes, the big-headed physeter, the producer of ambergris, and the falsely called "*spermaceeti*." But a monstrous fellow, of far greater physical powers, and fleetness, and length, will first of all come in for a few passing remarks. A *very* few will serve our turn, as the razor-back is—taken altogether—a most ill-conditioned and disreputable fellow. Measuring one hundred feet in length sometimes; being the very longest, if not the very largest whale in existence—he barely yields ten or twelve tons of blubber; and the whalebone he furnishes—only measuring about four feet in length—is most disreputable. Then the violence, and intractability, of the razor-back are unprecedented. To think of the hundreds of fathoms of good line he and his have pulled away and utterly lost; to reflect on the boats they have demolished; on the harpoons they have run off with—fills one's heart with emotions of pity for the ill-used sea captains! His blowing is very violent; and may be heard in calm weather to the distance of about a mile. He can swim with a maximum velocity of about twelve miles an hour; whereas the maximum velocity of the ordinary or "*right whale*" scarcely exceeds eight or nine. The razor-back is held in small esteem by "*right whales*," who shun his company and keep clear of him. In a word, the only good thing one can aver of the razor-back is, that he will not attack, except attacked: he is neither revengeful nor mischievous. Faint praise, indeed! But truth is truth, and truth must be told even of a whale. This creature has none of the joyous sports of the right whale—no somersaults, or ocean tail-flappings; no tranquil, dreamy, lolling upon the bosom of the flood. An unquiet spirit hath he. An evil conscience seems to take possession of the razor-back! Ever on the move, even when breaching, he may be readily distinguished from honest whales by his sharp angular back.

Let all prudent harpooners give him a wide berth. One can not often catch him, and when caught he is little good. A whale of this species was found dead in Davis's Strait some years ago—its length was no less than one hundred and five feet, its greatest circumference about thirty-eight; another (probably of the same kind) having a length of one hundred and one feet, was stranded on the banks of the Humber about the middle of September, 1750.

We can find no space to say more concerning the broad-nosed whale, than that when seen in the water he very much resembles the razor-back; that he frequently comes prowling about the Scotch and English coasts in quest of herrings; that his average length is greater than the right whale; and that his contribution to the blubber-pot and whalebone worker are altogether contemptible. The one stranded and killed in Balta Sound, Shetland, though having jaw-bones twenty-one feet long—these, nevertheless, were armed with whalebone having a length of only three feet; and the total produce of the animal only amounted to about £60 sterling. Here, as well as hereafter, we may as well point out the fact, that if a whale be stranded and left high and dry, it speedily dies; notwithstanding it be surrounded by the proper medium for breathing. The fact is, that mere muscle and bone are not strong enough to support the fabric of so fast an animal, except when floating in water. The enormous mass of flesh, and bone, and blubber, pressing downwards from above, bruise, and lacerate, the flesh-fabric underneath; and more important still, compress the lungs in such a manner that the animal soon dies from very suffocation.

The finner and the beaked whale deserve a word of mention; not that they contribute much to the resources of whaling expeditions, as now organized, but in consideration of their relations to early whale-fishery. Long before intrepid mariners had summoned courage to attack the gigantic "*mysticetus*," certain smaller species of the animal, amongst which the finner and beaked whale are conspicuous, fell a prey to the Biscayans. Strange enough, Biarritz, the favorite marine retreat of Eugenie, the modern patroness of petticoat hoops, was, as early as the thirteenth century, a celebrated mart for the sale of whale-flesh. D'Aussy, who makes

this statement, also quotes a fable tending to prove the same point; the flesh, and particularly the tongue as it would seem, was publicly sold in the markets of Bayonne, Cibourre, and Biarritz. Some opinion may be formed as to the considerable number of whales brought into the harbor of Biarritz, about the beginning of the fourteenth century, when we learn that Edward III. of England thought it worth his while to lay an impost upon them of £6 sterling each. In the year 1338, the number was so considerable that they became the subject of petition by Peter de Puyaune, Admiral of the English fleet, stationed at Bayonne, and were accorded to him in consideration of his services. In process of time, when whales deserted the Biscayan coast, bold mariners followed them towards the Northern seas; and hereafter, when the whale fishery became organized, and long voyages to the Arctic regions were made, with the capture of right whales in view—Biscayans continued for a long period to be employed exclusively to fill the post of harpooners.

We shall probably have to return to the *Balaenæ*, or whalebone whales, seeing that we have not yet written one word concerning the nature or uses of whalebone; nevertheless that matter may be got out of hand by and by as profitably as now; and after so many chilling associations of ice, and snow, and polar bears, frost-bitten toes, and sundry other uncomfortable states and conditions appertaining to Arctic navigation—we feel a sort of sympathetic shivering, highly uncongenial to our nerves. To dissipate it, we shall take the liberty of changing the venue to warmer climes, and softer seas—where whalebone whales either disappear or are only met with as stray wonders, and—where the still larger, fleetier, more vicious, more thick-headed, though, strange to say, more intelligent, spermaceti whale, takes the place of the *Balaena*, and becomes an object of delicate solicitude to hungry harpooners. A strange number of conceits, verily, have been gotten out of the material, "*sperma-ceti*." Think of the etymology of it, reader, and then ask yourself whether it be not strange that spermaceti should be got out of a cavity in an animal's head! But Mr. Richard Stafford, writing from Bermuda to the "publisher" of the *Philosophical Transactions*, July the sixteenth, 1668,

awards yet another genesis to spermaceti. "Here have been spermaceti whales driven upon the shore," says he, "which *sperma* (as they call it) lies all over the body of those whales. These have divers teeth, which may be about as big as a man's wrist, and I hope by the next opportunity to send you one of them. I have been at the Bahama Islands, and there have been found of this same sort of whales dead upon the shore, with sperma all over their bodies. Myself, with about twenty more, have agreed to try whether we can master and kill them, for I never could hear of any of that sort that were killed by any man; such is their fierceness and swiftness. They are very strong, and inlaid with sinews all over their body, which may be drawn out thirty fathoms long."

On the twenty-second of December, 1770, a spermaceti whale, measuring fifty-four feet in length, ran ashore upon Cramond Island, and was there killed. It was seen by Mr. James Robertson, of Edinburgh, who described it; and whose description, communicated to the Royal Society of London, by Mr. Thomas Pennant, appears in the transactions of that learned body for 1770. From this description we are led to see how the notion of spermaceti being generated by the skin might have originated. "The substance improperly called spermaceti," says Mr. Robertson, "and erroneously said to be prepared from the fat of the brain, was every where contained in a fluid state in the cavity of the head, along with the brain, but quite distinct from it. Was this substance in a state of fluidity when the animal was in life? Very probably not, but it turned into that form by means of a heat occasioned by a fermentation of the different fluids, which soon began after the death of the fish, and increased to such a degree as at length to cause many cracks in the skin, to burst the body in the back, and to throw out the abdominal viscera in that aperture. After this eruption the spermaceti was found every where around the fish, floating on the water in a congealed state, from which circumstance it seemed to be contained throughout the whole body, and to have run out at these cracks, but upon examination it was found to have run out at the mouth only."

The sperm whale, though inferior to the razor-back in length, is more bulky,

and, all things considered, more formidable. Not only is the sperm whale a valuable creature, whereas the razor-back is almost valueless, and therefore more exposed to man's persecution, but the sperm whale has been known to display an active energy of malice to which the other is a stranger. The razor-back does his best to destroy harpoon-lines, indeed, when the whaling mariner has been inconsiderate enough to attack him. But his is the destructiveness of fright. He simply runs away. Not so the spermaceti whale. When struck he often shows fight; and numerous are the stories current amongst old tars of the Southern seas about those champions of the ocean. A large whale, known by the name of "Timor Jack," is reported to have destroyed every boat that was sent against him, "until a contrivance was made, by lashing a barrel to the end of the harpoon, by which he was struck, and whilst his attention was directed to this, and divided amongst several boats, means were found for giving him his death-wound."

If the history of Timor Jack be considered apocryphal, inasmuch as the name of the ship which sent the boats to his capture is not apparent, one need not doubt the tale after perusing other well-authenticated accounts of fighting whales, whose exploits are still more extraordinary. In the year 1804, Mr. Beale relates how "the ship *Adonis*, being in company with several others struck a large whale off the coast of New-Zealand, which stove or destroyed nine boats before breakfast," and thus put an end to the chase. This fellow was captured some time after, and on being cut up, many harpoons were found sticking in his body. He was a bull-whale, "New-Zealand Tom" by name. But what is the destruction of any number of boats either before breakfast or after, in comparison with the destruction of a ship? Yet, according to Mr. Beale, it is a perfectly well-authenticated fact, that the good ship *Essex* of America, was destroyed in the Pacific Ocean by an enormous sperm-whale. As we can not improve upon Mr. Beale's narrative, that gentleman shall speak for himself: "While," says he, "the greater part of the crew were away in a boat killing whales, the few people remaining on board saw an enormous whale come up close to the ship; and when very near he appeared to sink down for the purpose of avoid-

ing the vessel; and in doing so, he struck his body against some part of the keel, which was broken off by the force of the blow, and floated to the surface. The whale was then observed to rise a short distance from the ship, and to come with apparently great fury towards it; striking one of the bows with his head with amazing force, and completely staving it in." The ship filled and sank; the catastrophe being viewed by the boats' crews only a short distance removed. Their position was terrible: hundreds of miles from the nearest land—their ship engulfed by the waves—what were they to do? The few sailors on board hastily congregated in the remaining boat, taking with them a short supply of provisions; then along with the other boats they steered for the coast of Peru. All perished in unheard-of-suffering save three. Even these, wild and stupefied, were allowing their frail boat to drift whither it listed, when, being observed, they were rescued from the very jaws of death.

By no sort of plea can we justify to ourselves any further dalliance with the spermaceti whale. Totally deprived of whalebone apparatus, this creature yields nothing towards the fashion of ladies' expansive habiliments; whence, logically and rigorously considered, he should not have received any direct notice at our hands. Grandeur of dimensions is, however, always imposing. Witness, in testimony, the ocean; a mountain range; a big heap of gold; a stupendous architectural structure—the dome of St. Paul's for example—or lastly, (if with sufficient reverence it may be spoken,) the grand circumference of that nether garment of ladies, which suggested the idea of our present theme. And here, by the way, may be as proper a place as any, in a paper which aims at no manner of arrangement—to display to the delighted reader, another of these phases of discovery suggested, not brain-created, to which we found occasion to advert in the very beginning. There is strong authority for asserting that hoop petticoats did not, in their second or major era, spring, *Minerva* like, from the cerebrum of some *Madame Amalie* or *Clotilde* of that day; but that they owed their origin to the dome of St. Paul's. More of this hereafter.

We presume it is unnecessary to point out to any intelligent reader, that the first hoop petticoat was not seen in these latter

times. The present mysteries of whalebone, and crinoline, are only a reproduction of a fashion which arose in England in the reign of Henry VIII.; but not developing into much grandeur or importance, died out until the year 1709; when it came into vogue once more, and between that period and 1745, swelled to proportions of which people now can only entertain faint ideas.

What has not entered the heart of scandal-mongers to relate of the amorous intrigue of Spain? To believe what travelers have related about the susceptibility of the Iberian race to the tender passion, requires strong faith in the listener. During spring and summer months, there should be no such thing as sleep for children of Adam and Eve, throughout all Andalusia. Gentlemen should be outside the ladies' window-caging, discoursing soft music on their guitars, each to some fair innamorata, sternly segregated from him by "*reja*" bar-work; and ladies should be very wide awake, listening to the soft strains of their serenaders. Yet, it is not so: ladies and gentlemen really do sleep in Andalusia, as elsewhere; and very few Andalusian ladies or gentlemen can strike a chord on their national instrument, the guitar; which is snubbed because of its Arab origin, and complacently handed over to the *Gente de la capa parda*.

Well, knowing the untruth of the above, and much else that has been widely communicated about Spain and Spaniards, we sternly and resolutely decline to believe in the origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of the first Spanish hoop petticoat—as assigned by censorious and evil-minded people. That the fashion really did originate in Spain, is not quite proven. John Durant Breval, who wrote a poem on the art of dress, in the year 1717, would have his readers believe the hoop petticoat to have been a purely national invention. On this point we feel what a misfortune it would be to withhold the flood of light shed upon the subject by our author; for that reason we shall quote his words:

"When and from whence the Ruff at first was brought,
Long, but in vain, have puzzling Criticks sought.
In after times, some future Bentley's care
Shall gravely mark the climate, and the year.

Bentley (great sage) who ne'er vouchsafes to write,
But such important matters come to light.
Queen Kate of Austrian Blood, Demure and Wise,
Swell'd the stiff-circle to a larger size,
And wore it as was then the *Spanish* mode,
For Female shoulders thought too great a Load.
Some Winters passed, and then Eliza sway'd,
Sworn Enemy to *Rome*, a wondrous Maid!
She turned out *Popish* modes, but kept in *That*,
And introduc'd, besides, the *Steeple-Hat*;
Fenc'd the huge *Petticoat* with Ribs of Whale,
And arm'd our mothers with a circling mail."

For some reason, which we, of the rougher sex are far too unsympathetic to appreciate, whalebone in most or all its varieties of feminine application, went out during the Stuarts. Our author waxes particularly angry upon the ladies of that unfortunate epoch; being especially personal in his remarks upon ladies north of the Tweed. Let him once more speak for himself:

"Our next unhappy *Stuarts* pav'd the Way
For *Caledonian* Dames to come in play.
Beauties that *shifted* hardly once a Week,
For *Cleanliness* alas to them was *Greek*!
Now followed *Canting Puritans* in Shoals,
Who spoil'd our bodies as they damn'd our souls;
Of every Ornament they striped the fair
And hid their bosoms with paternal care;
The *Farthingall* and *Ruff* appeared no more,
In those fanatic times (the learned say)
Attempts were made to preach the *Smock* away.
For *Smocks*, so near the flesh, were Carnal,
plain
Too like the *Surplice*, and of course Profane."

The value of whalebone was not half discovered in the Elizabethan age. Not till the reign of George II. did British belles let their admirers see to what surpassing extent their skirts might be expanded, by the maxillary appendages vulgarly termed, "bone," of that much persecuted monster, the *Balæna mysticetus*. The doctrine of limits, as every mathematician knows, has done much to expand the differential calculus, and bring it to the present state of development; but the doctrine of limits had precisely the opposite effect, in the matter of hoop petticoats; on the occasion when they swayed, for the second time, the predilections of

the fairer sex. The limits of a sedan chair would not, at last, conveniently hold them; the limits of church aisles were too narrow to let them pass along; and worse still, men began at last, to lay irreligion to their charge, inasmuch as the limits of church pews would only admit of one hooped lady, or, under extreme circumstances of pressure, it may be two in each. Lest we should inadvertently make assertions on this important matter, untenable, and to the belief of some people, malicious—let us hasten to shift the responsibility to the statement of a gentleman, who under the signature of "A. W. Esq.," wrote in the year 1745 a book entitled, *The enormous abomination of the Hoop-Petticoat*.*

The writer commences by assuring all who read his book that, notwithstanding the singularity of the reflections contained in it, he is neither Quaker nor Methodist, nor a very old man; but young enough to retain clear, strong, and very pleasing ideas of whatsoever is truly beautiful and lovely in the other sex; for whom he professes to have great regard, and for whose benefit he writes. "I have never been a woman-hater," says he, "as all who know me can testify, especially those who live near my ancient seat in Sussex. In the main, I never objected against *Sweet Females*; but in a lawful way, liked them daintily well. Nor am I now one of those testy old fools, who think nothing right but what was in vogue when they were young, and are perpetually quarreling at the alteration of fashions."

Indeed he soon candidly confesses that the alteration of men's (laymen's) dress had been remarkably slight during his time—nothing to speak of. Smart young clergymen had, however, innovated much, by leaving off their gowns and cassocks, except on Sundays. "In a little time, I suppose," sarcastically observes our author, "we shall meet them in red-laced waist-coats, and white stockings, as we already see many of them with cocked-up hats, ruffled shirts, and coats of almost any color but black."

All the fashion-changes on the habiliments of the people, lay or ecclesiastic,

were eclipsed by the hooped enormities of the ladies. Hear what the Sussex gentleman, who is no woman-hater, but an admirer of "*sweet females*," could find it in his heart to say about the fashion in question:

"As to the ladies," says he, "the chief new invention in my time, if not the only considerable one, is the hoop petticoat; a dress which even in its original institution was sufficiently absurd, and greatly disgusted the men, however it might please the women. This, I think, was in or about the year 1700. Though I was then young, I well remember every body thought this new fashion would be out in a twelvemonth at farthest, but we all found ourselves mistaken; the hoop stood its ground, and has continued to this very day. For many years, however, it was a little modest, and restrained within some reasonable compass, and to a degree tolerable. But of late, within these two twelvemonths, or thereabout, it has spread itself to so enormous a circumference that there is no enduring it any longer. 'Tis now past a jest; the whole sex in a manner, especially the younger sort, the *Misses*, are by this prodigious garment become a perfect public nuisance. The very sight of those cursed hoops is enough to turn one's stomach."

And here we have at length arrived at a proper opportunity for acquainting the reader, whence the idea of hoop petticoats were suggested, on their second advent, in the reign of Queen Anne. The acanthus leaf suggested the Corinthian capitol, as is well known: the burning down of a pig-sty, with its porcine inmates, suggested the idea of roast pig: God knows how long Apollo might have remained without a lyre, if he had not discovered a sun-shriveled tortoise! There is a poetical grandeur about the suggestive type of the hoop petticoat, as represented by the poet from whom we have already quoted more than once. That type, as we have already said, was no other than the dome of St. Paul's; but we hasten to present our authority.

"In Anna's days at last the point was gained,
To fashion's highest pitch our belles attain'd;
From France they came, and many a foreign
shore,

To learn our arts, who taught us theirs be
fore.

Love's goddess now the furbelow displays,
Invents the flounces, and reforms the stays;
Her handmaid sisters leave their old abodes,
And make this town metropolis of modes.
By faction guided, ladies patch the face,
And to the watch now add the tweezer-case.

* The enormous abomination of the Hoop-Petticoat as the Fashion Now is, and has been for about these Two Years Fully Display'd; in some Reflections upon it Humbly offer'd to the Consideration of Both Sexes; especially the Female, by A. W. Esq.

"The petticoat remained a point in doubt,
Till Wren was forced to help our beauties
out.

A Roman cupola he showed in print,
And thence of *modern hoops*, they took the
hint."

Notwithstanding the evident violence of feeling displayed by the Suffolk gentleman of landed property against hoops, when sewn into ladies' petticoats, he nevertheless curbs his emotions, and deals with the subject analytically. He discusses the wearer of hoops under the five following heads of—First, as merely hoop'd; second, as hoop'd and coming into a room; Third, as hoop'd and actually in a room; Fourth, as hoop'd and in a coach or chair; Fifth, as hoop'd and in any public assembly, particularly at church. Under each of these headings does he follow out the original theme, and for the most part with good humor. Nevertheless his wonted equanimity deserts him whilst describing how at church, one Sunday, his poor shins suffered from "those abominable hoops." This latter remark deserves more consideration than an inattentive reader would be apt to give it. We have never suffered in our own shins, nor can we gather that any body else has thus suffered from contact with a lady's hoop, in the way set forth by the Suffolk gentleman.* We have taken some trouble to investigate this point, and testimony is unanimous. One seemingly doubtful case we did encounter. An elderly gentleman, much addicted to the waltz, protested that he had suffered in his extremities from rough contact with the expansive circle. Prosecuting our inquiries, we found the testimony to be untruthful and malicious. He had proposed, the lady had rejected him; hence his spite. Seeing, then, how the material of construction remaining the same, the thing constructed, whilst subserving equally well as in times gone by the purposes of the wearer, is rendered less noxious, nay, totally innocent, to what may, with great propriety, be denominated "*the outer world*," the contemplative mind will perceive in the result another instance of progress in the mechanical arts towards that far-distant point of complete perfection which is beyond the scope of humani-

ty, alas! but to which human aspirations ever tend!

Much yet remains to be effected before the hoop can be accepted as fulfilling all the requisitions which a mind, tempered with a due admixture of the æsthetic, and the utilitarian faculties, sets up as its imaginary standard, or *beau ideal*. The problem involved is, indeed, not easy. Two distinct and opposite desiderata must be held in view. Fire and water are not more warringly antagonistic than rigidity and elasticity; yet a petticoat hoop, to be all that an optimist could desire, should be endowed with both. The highest Parisian genius has not yet found itself competent to impress the hoop with adaptability to circumstances; the quality which above all others comports with the genius of free drapery, and which is so beautifully manifested in the ever-changing folds of textile fabric, free and unconstrained. The Suffolk gentleman divides "*hoop'd women*," as he irreverently calls them, into butts, hogsheds, barrels, and kilderkins, according to their size. We do not adopt that nomenclature, of course; but we would, nevertheless, humbly express the opinion—not arrived at without much severe reflection—that the hoop, of whatever material, and whatever size, has never yet been made thoroughly to harmonize with any save the erect position. "*A hoop'd lady*" should be always on her legs; and even then, she should not be jostled in a crowd. Not that we would advance the selfish argument set forth by the Suffolk gentleman. Even should ladies choose to wear trimmings of perforated six-pounder iron balls at the hem of their skirts, and men's shins suffer ever so much—it would be the pleasure and duty of men to smile and bear it. Our objection applies to the bad effect, in an artistic or æsthetic sense, of hoops under certain circumstances, to the fair wearers themselves.

It is not difficult to analyze and set forth the element of beauty on which petticoat hoops depend for their effect. That particular element, the quality which insensibly commends itself to the mind of the artist, is *symmetry*. We have already seen how hoops, on their second advent, were suggested by an Italian dome. Let the fair reader put herself the question, then—what would she think of a dome pushed on one side, made crooked, awry! How would the cupola of St. Paul's look

* Nevertheless, ladies' hoops have caused a few broken legs, and sprained ankles of late.

in this guise? Hideous, detestable! Now we put it to any one, whether in the ordinary walks of life this very similitude of a dome twisted out of all symmetry, is not continually suggested by a "*hoop'd lady*" drawn into close propinquity to her partner in the waltz, or even in the common act of sitting down? To the kneeling position, moreover, hoop-work is uncongenial in a very high degree. The effect is most ridiculous, as all who have seen it must testify, if they speak the truth that is in them. The hoops do not lose their symmetry, indeed; each individual hoop still maintains the beauty of that most beautiful of all curves, *the circle*; and the aggregate of hoop-work represents the tracery of a dome; but the misery is this: you lose the notion of kneeling altogether. Not a fold, or bend, or wrinkle is there, to bespeak such attitude. The lady appears simply to have been made shorter from the knees downward; or, still more near the truth perhaps, the lady's head and bust convey the notion of having been stuck on to a telescope-slide-motion, and squashed together like a shortened telescope! Nature, who never does things by halves, combines particular features with particular forms. The same nose whose slightest soupçon of heaven-seeking aspect would be designated "*celestial*," if fixed to the countenance of a lady standing five feet three, would look pert and vixen-like if made the appendage to a stumpy person less tall by the length of the *tibia* and *fibula*. We can not go so fully into this analysis as the merits of the subject demand; for it is a large and an expansive subject. The general assertion must therefore suffice, that no lady, however beautiful she may be in her natural height, would look well if shortened from the knees downward; no, not even though a pair of pretty feet were appended. Well, with kneeling "*hoop'd ladies*" thus it is: They don't seem to kneel at all.

By the by, we mean no disrespect, but a short time back, when a certain princely wedding occurred, the fair bevy of bridesmaids was photographed in this the kneeling position. How we laughed at the picture! There are certain floral curiosities known to botanists under the name of rhizanth, or root-flowers, growing immediately from the source of their nourishment, without any stem. Well, on looking at the photographed bevy of

kneeling bridesmaids, we felt just as Sir Stamford Raffles might have felt when he stumbled for the first time on that blooming monster of a root-flower, some six feet across, the "*Rafflesia Arnoldi*." The floral notion was still further suggested by the bouquet which each young lady wore upon her head. Veritable human root-flowers did they seem to be—*acaulescent rhizanth*!

Yet, despite the facial and floral beauty, both transcendent, the uncongenial hoops had wrought their measure of evil. One can not analyze one's feelings on the spur of the moment. We could not analyze ours. Something between the ridiculous and the—no, not the *sublime*—the *repulsive* they were. Ideas of amputation, carnage, desolation, wounds, and—more than all, chain-shot, flitted across our brain! In short, the fair bridesmaids each seemed to have been taken two legs shorter! We believe the photograph in question was ultimately withdrawn: all the better; it was a mistake.

And now may we be pardoned for addressing a word or two especially to the ladies. Soft-hearted beings! kind and compassionate ones to every living thing *outside the pale of feminine humanity*—think, oh! think of the desolation your whims are causing amongst the poor whales! Whalebone, that before the fashion of your hoops came in, sold for only fifty pounds a ton, sells now for more than one hundred and fifty pounds. Think, oh! think of that! Remorselessly chased from the Greenland and Spitzbergen coasts, whither they used to resort, it is only now in the frozen fastnesses of the Polar Seas that poor whales can live at peace. Think how the giant heart of a whale must throb and flutter when the black hull heaves in view! Think of the death-agonies of a whale—of his fountain blood-spouts! To reflect on this persecution of whales is enough to fill the heart of rough man with pity, let alone the heart of a lady! Harming nobody from malice prepense, interfering with nobody—the great whalebone whale only seeks to lead a quiet life in the bosom of his family, far from the contests and bickerings of man. A good and faithful husband is the gentleman whale—a kind and solicitous mother is the lady. The type of all that is mighty and gigantesque in animated nature, true whalebone whales use not their strength like giants. To loll

on ocean crest, as blue waves ripple amongst crystal battlements of polar ice—that is their delight. Theirs would be a halcyon life of it, indeed, but for the destroyer, man! Simple in their appetites, whales have not even the necessity to hunt or seek for food. When a whale-bone whale, rousing from his dreamy slumbers on ocean crest, feels an emptiness within him, and thinks it time to dine, he cocks his tail, and droops his head, and down he dives! Then tranquilly opening his huge mouth, he drops the whale-bone fringe from his upper jaw, and leisurely swims along. Wherever he goes, ocean delicacies abound. Shrimps, cliones, meduse, and yet other minute forms of Arctic oceanic life get entangled in the fringe-work of the so-called bone. Meantime, the whale is expectant and cognizant of all that goes on. Waiting until the fringe-work of his jaws has entangled small prey enough, he deliberately shuts his mouth and swallows his frugal meal.* Think of his anger and affright when rising

* These remarks chiefly apply to the true whale-bone whale—the *Balaena mysticetus*; but in all probability a similar kind of food, and feeding also, belong to the razor-back. We have chronicled the broad-nosed whale's love of herrings already—need we say that they are not to be caught quite as easily as shrimps and medusæ? In fact the broad-nosed whale has to hunt for his dinner in a more pertinacious manner than the mysticetus. But then, again, his tastes are more exacting; herrings are bigger deer than shrimps and medusæ. As for the sperm whale—totally devoid of whalebone as he is—there is no immediate plea, as we have already made the reader understand, for introducing him into our lucubrations. Nevertheless, having touched upon him once already, it may be permitted us to say, that the large teeth possessed by this animal evidently suggest addition to different order of food from that partaken of by his northern congener. A similar indication is further carried out by the

to the surface once more the barbed harpoon assails him—or contrivances more horribly ingenious still; Congreve rockets; shells, charges of Prussic acid enveloped in glass cases!

Various circumstances go to prove that whales, despite their clumsy look, possess considerable intelligence. What their means of intercommunication amongst themselves may be, of course one can not tell. That there are such means, who can doubt who reflects on the persistent and continuous manner in which these animals have now, for upwards of three hundred years, deserted seas where they once abounded? The policy must have become traditional amongst whales to avoid certain seas in which nothing but ill-luck befell them. If by some agency occult to us—though palpable to whales—these creatures should have become aware of the new incentive to their capture just now, it would be a truly heart-rending matter. To be conscious of dying in behalf of soap, and lamps, leather-dressing, and machinery; contributing a stray “*fixing*” to the corset of a fair one now and then, might not, indeed, have been sweet to a moribund mysticetus. It might still have been tolerable. But to die for the sake of a petticoat, and to know it—*proh pudor!* the very thought must be maddening to a whale!

larger gullet of the sperm whale—large enough, in point of fact, to admit the body of a man; whereas, the gullet of the true whalebone whale is hardly big enough to admit a man's fist. Nevertheless, as far as observation has gone, the viands of the sperm whale seem pretty nearly the same; large fish he may bite at occasionally, else wherefore his big teeth? but in a general way, his chief sustenance appears to be what the sailors term “squid”—a sort of octopus or medusa.

ANTIQUE FABLES OF THE OLD TEUTONIC RACE.

"TRUTH rests with God, inquiry remains for us," is the appropriate epigraph affixed to this elaborate and learned volume.* The history of the antique fables and language of the old Teutonic race, with a view to procuring additional evidence to the Eastern origin of that race, has of late years been one of the most favorite, as it is one of the most laborious subjects which could exercise the patience and sagacity of a people, which grudges no labor in elaborating its literature, or in perfecting its science.

The first section, comprising two hundred and forty-two pages, is devoted to an identification of the Eastern Thunder-God, Indra of the Vedas, with the Teutonic Thunar or Thor; and the points of agreement, as discovered dimly in the traditions of the German races, and in the sacred writings of the Hindoos, are too numerous and striking to have resulted from a mere similarity in the conception of divine attributes, by two distinct, though imaginative and semi-barbarous nations. It is not pretended that all the points of resemblance between the Scandinavian and Oriental mythologies had their origin in a period antecedent to the separation of the ancient Teutonic language from the Sanscrit; but certain material coincidences may be adduced, which, even if unconfirmed by historical research, would afford a strong inference of original identity in the two superstitions, and, viewed in connection with historical facts afterwards adduced, they are decisive of such early connection.

Both gods, Thor or Thunar, and Indra, are characterized by the possession of a flaming beard of fire, and both bear off the wrought thunder-hammer, which yet returns of itself to its original possessor. The thirst for the water of heaven is common to both; and as Thunar consumes an ox and eight salmon at a meal, Indra, as god of the destroying lightning, according to a passage in the Vedas, devours seven cattle. Like Indra, Thor or Thunar milks the cloud-cows, by means of the lightning; and both liberate the sun, the

moon, and the Water-Queen from the violence of the celestial demons, and after conquering these, bear off in triumph the treasured sun-gold. These, and many other less striking points of resemblance between two mythologies so far apart—the one in the far east of Asia, the other in the west of Europe—are considered minutely by Dr. Mannhardt, who brings together with great labor the results of the researches of the brothers Grimm, Bopp, S. Kuhn, Mullerhof, Bechstein, Wille, Panzer, Wolf, Castren, Hoffmann, Reynitsch, Faye, Steffen, Neuss, and indeed of almost all who have investigated either the Indian mythology, or the Scandinavian and Icelandic sagas. The remainder of the volume is devoted to a consideration of the history and significance of the supernatural characters which figure in the northern sagas.

Even such humble but strange objects of reverence as the Marienkäfer, or lady-bird-beetles, figure here, and proofs are adduced that in ancient Scandinavia they were held sacred to Freyer, and Freya, as in Germany to the goddess Holda. HOLDA is regarded as a water-witch who possessed power over sun and wind, but more especially over rain and snow; Engelland or Angelland is the habitation of Holda, of the sacred Marienkäfer, and of the blest. There are traces in various popular German lays of this Engelland. The Northern Maidens of Fate are treated of at some length, (pp. 541–606,) and are compared with the fate goddesses of Southern Germany, (pp. 606–74.) The legend of the wild huntsman comes in for a due share of investigation and illustration. The Scandinavian Nornenseil, or cord of Norna, which protects the land it mystically surrounds, is compared with the golden chain of similar properties in the German sagas, and is followed through all its possible metamorphoses, which are numerous and somewhat contradictory.

Dr. Mannhardt proposes in a subsequent work, to compare these latter traditional fables with the oldest forms of faith discoverable among the Indo-Germanic races, and the ancient Pelasgic or Hellenic tribes.—*Westminster Review*.

* *Germanische Mythen Forschungen*. Von Dr. W. MANNHARDT. London: Nutt 1853.

TRAVEL DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.*

ONE of the discontents of our saucy modern days is at the smallness of the globe we live on. Between the recent discoveries in astronomy, on the one hand, and the prodigious achievements in geographical exploration on the other, together with the saving of time from steam-traveling, we seem to have obtained a command over the spaces of the globe which considerably diminishes the popular reverence for the mysteries of our planet. In the old times it was regarded as practically unlimited as an area of human habitation; whereas we now see the foremost nations contending, by force or trickery, for the one, two, or three spots remaining available for colonization. A colony must have a great river, and possess its outfall; but there are no more great rivers, we are told. This really was the reason of the intensity of the struggle about Oregon—the American and the British Governments being both convinced that the Columbia was the very last great river that was to be had, all the world over. Since that, to be sure, the Russians have appropriated the Amour to very good purpose; and Dr. Livingstone has opened up the Zambesi; so that prudent people will not assume that all the commodity of great rivers has been taken up by the human race, and much less by the civilized part of it. Still, there is so small a portion of the globe that is absolutely unknown to the existing generation, and they have so compassed its dimensions by sailing round it, and then, by finding the magnetic pole

in the north, and determining its place on the so-called antarctic continent in the south, that the ancient wonder and awe have been converted into an interest of a very different character. It may be no misemployment of an hour, in this year 1858, to glance at the changes introduced into the life of the present generation by the extended travel of recent times, even going no further back than our own century.

There is no doubt about what travel was in its early period, when war carried men abroad as commerce and science do now, and when colonization grew up in the rear of war, establishing a chain of posts between the natural homes of men and the uttermost parts of the earth, as the earth was to them. The images of the early traveling period are familiar to all of us who love modern travel; Abraham resting in the Libyan desert, and looking up at the glazed and pictured Pyramids; Thales saying farewell to the priests at Thebes, and hastening home to Ionia to amaze his countrymen with warnings of an eclipse, which really happened, and which suspended a battle between the Medes and Persians; and the grave, observant olive-oil merchant, who appeared at Memphis from Athens, and carried home something more than Egyptian corn—even that knowledge of legislation which causes every great lawgiver to be called after him—a Solon; and Pythagoras meditating among the tombs beside the Nile; and Plato training himself in speculation in the schools; and others who dropped hints when they returned to their various homes that the wise men in Egypt could tell of a way round Africa by sea, and that there was land far out in the Atlantic, immeasurably beyond the Pillars of Hercules. We are all familiar with the conceptions of Herodotus in his wanderings; and of Alexander carving his way to the Indus; and of the curiosity of Roman officials holding place

* *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or Overland, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compass of these 1600 Years, etc., etc.* By RICHARD Hakluyt, Preacher, and sometime Student of Christ Church in Oxford. Anno 1599.

The English Cyclopædia. A New Dictionary of Universal Knowledge, Geography. In 4 volumes. Conducted by CHARLES KNIGHT. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1855.

in the outlying colonies of the empire; and of the antique Christian missionaries, attaching themselves to Mongolian caravans, and bearing up against the horrors of Central Asia, in order to carry the Gospel to China; and of Marco Polo, living two lives in the term of one—looking back from his Chinese existence upon his Italian life, as we fancy the departed surveying their mortal career; and the traveling students, and the Crusaders, and the merchant-speculators, and all the various wanderers in the early period of locomotion, which furnished such wonderful supplies of domestic entertainment during the stay-at-home term which succeeded. We have all been amused, in our time, at the popular curiosity and reverence which waited on voyagers during the period intervening between the decline of the old causes of travel and the birth of the new. Othello's account of this mode is perhaps the prettiest we have; but there are other images clustering round the great new birth of travel in the sixteenth century. Among them is that of the vivacious and inquisitive boy, Richard Hakluyt, who delighted in visiting a rich relative, that he might stand for hours before the charts spread out on the walls, and devour every book of "cosmography" on the library shelves. We all have our sympathies with the youth and the maturity that grew out of such a boyhood—mastering all languages which contributed books or MSS. of travel; now concentrating all the geometrical and nautical science of his time on the charts with which he illustrated his lectures at Oxford; now deciphering the MSS. which he had fetched from distant countries, at great cost of pains and money; now deep in consultation with Drake and Walsingham, or receiving letters from Ortelius or Mercator; and at last yielding to the fascination of Raleigh's incitements as they worked together over the *Naval History of England*, so that he became one of "the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers" engaged to plant and inhabit Virginia. Many of these images flit across our memories as we pass Hakluyt's tomb in Westminster Abbey, or see in any old library the set of his works; but perhaps the truest idea of the man and his occupation may be obtained by contrasting those works with the most recent books on geography, or narratives of extensive travel.

Hakluyt was not aware of any absurdity in offering to the public "The Principal Navigations and Discoveries of the English Nation, by Sea or over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any Time within the Compass of these 1600 Years;" whereas a single expedition now furnishes more to relate than the travel of a thousand years did then. Hakluyt devoted one volume to the north and north-east, from Lapland to the Sea of Japan, and a second to the south and south-east; while the third was occupied with the new western world; whereas a duly qualified traveler would fill the three with any one of the countries in Richard's whole catalogue.

At the opening of a period so new, the delight in voyages and travels was chiefly as a luxury of the imagination. The luxury itself was ancient enough—witness the popularity of the *Odyssey*, and the welcome awaiting the wayfarer in all places and at all times at which any mental development was present; but every new country opened up by adventurers afforded, or was expected to afford, new stimulus of wonder—new material of the marvelous. If readers had outgrown stories "of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," they had no distrust of monkish narratives of tribes in Africa who married beautiful damsels one day, in order to breakfast on delicate steaks of them the next morning. It was a received fact that in Ireland every body had a familiar spirit, and that the convenience of getting every thing done by diabolical skill was so great, that no exhortation availed to break the bond. Such racy anecdotes, with a background of scenery of like fidelity—on land, whole wildernesses of monkeys, elephants, and serpents that swallowed a village for supper, and slept coiled up on an area of twenty miles every way; on rivers, the leviathan and crocodiles, from which there was no security but that they were so long that they could not turn; golden sands, moreover, and broad channels strewn with pearls and gems; and at sea, all manner of strange fishes below, and strange birds above, and ghosts on the horizon, and cloud-lands painted by the devil, and mermaids and pirates, and spontaneous illuminations of the sea. These things, with the actual perils and exciting adventures of a period when travelers were unaccountable strangers wherever they went,

made narratives of travel the favorite literature that they were for a century from the time of Henry VII.

How different is the interest now! The value of Hakluyt's books was great, not only because they gave some knowledge of the existence and characteristics of remote countries, but because they expanded and enriched the minds of readers with new imagery and associations, and liberalized their conceptions of mankind in its variety of life and ways. Paths of commerce were thus opened, also, and roads to other good things; but no man then living, were he Bacon himself, could suspect what could be achieved by travel in the course of half a century, when once the impulse was given, as it has been in our days. It was not then conceivable how the conditions of life itself would be changed to millions of our island-nation who have never crossed any of its "four seas,"—to hundreds of thousands who have done so little travel in their own persons as never to have seen the sea at all. It was not then imagined that by measuring a degree of the earth's surface, the system of the heavens could be revealed; or that men could weigh the globe by the specimen of a mountain; or that the constitution and history of our planet could be illustrated by visiting the sea-beaches of South-America; or that men should compel the sun to paint instantaneous pictures of precipices overhanging the Pacific; or volcanic rifts in mid-air, by which the formation of the globe might be traced at home. Nobody dreamed that, by going over the surface of the earth, secrets might be learned about its center. Nobody supposed that, by introducing to one another's knowledge by hearsay, populations living on opposite sides of the globe, millions would be added to both by the creative operation of commerce. Few could have imagined even how far history might be disclosed by antiquarian travel; much less could it have occurred to the most far-sighted that interpretation would lead to prophecy, both in science and in history; that the imagination of fireside voyagers would be more richly feasted than ever, the more real the tale of travel became; and that the life of men universally would be tempered by new arts, adorned by fresh and innocent luxuries, secured by a perpetual expansion in political science, grounded on wider and wider induction, and rendered altogether

more worth having, by a spreading participation among all peoples in the special inheritance of each.

The interval between the fit of travel of the sixteenth century and that of our own exhibited a rather dull way of going about the world, and much less of it than might have been expected after such examples had been set as those of Vasco de Gama, Columbus, and Marco Polo. The gentlemen of Europe still visited other countries before settling down in their own; but it was in the way of making the grand tour, as a finishing part of education. Their travels were no pleasure to people at home, but rather the contrary—like the narratives of Rhine travelers thirty years ago, and of the Alps, and the Nile at present. In 1779, Horace Walpole was "much amused with new travels through Spain by a Mr. Swinburne." He says: "These new travels are simple, and do tell you a little more than late voyagers, by whose accounts one would think there was nothing in Spain but muleteers and fandangos." This style of relating travels is accounted for in the next sentence. "In truth, there does not seem to be much worth seeing but prospects; and those, unless I were a bird, I would never visit, when the accommodations were so wretched."* There it is! Bad accommodations kept our locomotive gentry on one track; and when they returned, they could tell of courts, and politics, and modes of society in continental cities; but all the rest of the wealth of "foreign parts" was neglected and undreamed of. Even enlightened men supposed there was nothing but "prospects" to be seen. Arthur Young introduced the idea of a more edifying way of traversing foreign countries; but his social observations and economical inferences did not prepare a good reception for the more adventurous class who were about to set forth on fresh explorations of the globe. The more conventional were the narratives of gentlemen who were handed over from one ambassador to another at the stations of the grand tour, the less chance had the adventurous sort of being appreciated. The mournful story of Bruce reveals, in the clearest light, the spirit of the time. It does not occur to travelers like Bruce, and like some other educated and honorable gentlemen who might be pointed out, that

* *Letters of Horace Walpole*, vol. vii. p. 187.

their accounts of what they had seen would be utterly disbelieved at home, and that they should be pronounced impostors, as soon as they had any thing to relate which comfortable and conceited domestic people did not know before, and had not happened to imagine. Horace Walpole, who could sit at home and conceive of marvels in a *Castle of Otranto*, could write in this manner of a gentleman who was more amazed at being supposed a liar than all the Walpoles and Selwyns of his time could be at any thing that happened in Abyssinia.

"Would you believe that the great Abyssinian, Mr. Bruce, whom Dr. B—— made me laugh by seriously calling the *intrepid traveler*, has had the intrepidity to write a letter to the Doctor, which the latter has printed in his book; and in which he intrepidly tells lies of almost as large a magnitude as his story of the bramble, into which his Majesty of Abyssinia and his whole army were led by the fault of his general, and which bramble was so tenacious that his majesty could not disentangle himself without stripping to the skin and leaving his robes in it; and it being death in that country to procure or compass the sovereign's nudity, the general lost his head for the error of his march.

"In short, Mr. Bruce has not only described six Abyssinian musical instruments, and given their names in the ancient Ethiopic and in the court language, but contributed a Theban harp, as beautifully and gracefully designed as if Mr. Adam had drawn it for Lady Mansfield's dressing-room, with a sphinx, masks, a patera, and a running foliage of leaves. This harp, Mr. Bruce says, he copied from a painting in fresco on the inside of a cavern near the ancient Thebes, and that it was painted there by the order of Sesostris, and he is not at all astonished at the miracle of its preservation, though he treats poor accurate Dr. Pococke with great contempt for having been in the cave without seeing this prodigy, which, however, graceful as its form is, Mr. Bruce thinks was not executed by any artist superior to a sign-painter, yet so high was the perfection of the arts in the time of *Sesac*, that a common mechanic could not help rendering faithfully a common instrument. I am sorry our Apelles, Sir Joshua, has not the sign-painter's secret of making his colors last in an open cave for thousands of years.

"It is unlucky that Mr. Bruce does not possess another secret reckoned very essential to intrepid travelers—a good memory. Last spring he dined at Mr. Crawford's: George Selwyn was one of the company. After relating the story of the bramble, and several other curious particulars, some body asked Mr. Bruce if the Abyssinians had any musical instruments? 'Musical instruments!' said he, and paused—'Yes, I think I remember one—lyre.' George Selwyn whispered his neighbor: 'I am sure

there is one less since he came out of the country.' There are now six instruments there."—*Letters of Horace Walpole*, vol. vi. pp. 313, 314.

This Theban harp, so fit for Lady Mansfield's dressing-room, and therefore so clear an invention of Bruce's, is the very thing now so well known to Egyptian travellers in the tomb called Bruce's at Thebes; and there, in the hollow of the rock, has the old harper stood for thousands of years, while scores of generations of giggling fine gentlemen have gone to their graves quizzing stout adventurers who have seen more than their critics can imagine. Walpole vented his contempt on the whole class. After Bruce went Banks; and then Cook's "*Voyages*" came out. We find Walpole saying in 1783:

"When the arts are brought to such perfection in Europe, who would go, like Sir Joseph Banks, in search of islands in the Atlantic (*sic*) where the natives have in six thousand years not improved the science of carving fishing-hooks out of bones or flints?"—*Letters*, viii. 438.

And in 1784 he wrote:

"Captain Cook's '*Voyages*' I have neither read, nor intend to read. I have seen the prints—a parcel of ugly faces . . . rows of savages, with backgrounds of palm-trees . . . uncouth lubbers: nor do I desire to know how unpolished the North or South Poles have remained ever since Adam and Eve were just such mortals."—*Letters*, viii. 482.

Franklin, D'Urville, Wilkes, or Barth would have pleased him no better, while he measured all lands and peoples by the standard of home. If it was incredible that an artist in Ethiopia could use better colors than our Reynolds, we can not wonder that the barbaric spectacles seen in Abyssinia should be pronounced audacious inventions, or that the insulted traveler should become somewhat savage in his resentment. "Come, now," said an impertinent intruder, who had penetrated to Bruce's study, in his house near Loch Lubnaig; "I want to know about those Abyssinians eating beefsteaks raw." Having heard the facts, he went on: "Come, now; you must eat a beefsteak raw; you must, indeed. You say you have. I can't believe you, you know, unless you prove it." Bruce rang the bell, and ordered up some raw beef, salt, and pepper.

His visitor looked on in delight while Bruce slashed the meat, and salted and peppered it. "Now, then," cried the visitor. "Now, then," said Bruce, rising, and motioning the guest to his seat, "you eat that." "I! why, I want you to eat it." "And I mean *you* to eat it. You come here, a stranger, to insult me in my own house; and I must prove my own statements in my own way. You shall find that raw beefsteak can be eaten. You see my staircase." (Our readers may know that it was a rather formidable one.) "If you do not completely empty that plate, I will fling you from the top to the bottom." No ordinary man could measure his forces with those of the stalwart Bruce; and the intruder could only eat his very strong leek. His host stood over him, and made him swallow enough to be able to aver that raw beef is eatable, and then turned him out. Bruce could not often get even such relief as this; and bitter were the pangs he had to endure from the mere impossibility of answering his accusers. He was not the only explorer so served in the last century: nor has that kind of insult been wholly laid aside even in our own wiser time. It is not thirty years (1829) since an eminent continental *savant*, Dr. Friedrich Parrot, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Dorpat, made the ascent (attempted in vain by several predecessors) of the higher Ararat, escorted part of the way by a group of comrades, and to the summit by two Russian soldiers, who gave their narrative at the convent below when they came down, and confirmed it, as is customary by affidavit afterwards. On the appearance of the Professor's volume an English literary journal (aptly described as acting on a policy of pain-giving) did, in regard to Dr. Parrot, what the Selwyns and Walpoles of a former time did to Bruce, only in a yet more insufferable mode. The reviewer set aside Humboldt's laudatory notices of the Professor as of no value, because the two were not personally acquainted; marshaled the whole array of difficulties in ascending Ararat, and the reasons why, in his judgment, sitting in London, the ascent was antecedently improbable; and then, pretending to balance evidences, but casting out altogether the traveler's own testimony and narrative, pronounced that "from these united considerations we are irresistibly led to the

conclusion that M. Parrot did not ascend the summit of Mount Ararat." Many honest English hearts fired up with indignation; but there was nothing to be done. The Russian soldiers could add no force to affidavits, even if they could be got at; and there was nothing for it but letting the malicious libel stand. Yes, there was one thing more—travelers were put on their guard. A large party, who spent five fortunate days at Petra, not long after, agreed that the literary journal in question would, if possible, deny the feat; would marshal the unsuccessful attempts to reach Petra, and the difficulties in the way, and would conclude "from these united considerations" that none of the company had ever seen Mount Hor; and the party engaged to avenge one another, in case of such a reception of any of them. They were, however, too many and too strong. It is the single traveler, and after his witnesses are gone out of reach, who is so treated.

The chance of it must sorely aggravate the penalties, and qualify the triumphs of adventurous travel, even now when the character of such adventure is so changed, and our reading of men is so much improved as to obviate, in a great degree, the folly of taking honorable men for impostors because they surprise us with new knowledge. We still commit the folly in the analogous cases of exploration into other regions of nature. The first witness of wonderful phenomena of any kind is always subject to insult from individuals, and usually from society; and, as in Bruce's case, the most trustworthy suffer the most, because honorable people are unsuspecting, and confide in the world before it occurs to them that the world does not always reciprocate the confidence. It is a grave chapter of the melancholy old story of mankind's treatment of its benefactors; and the most pathetic seat in which that tale can be meditated must be in the wilds, hitherto impenetrable, where the solitary traveler, worn by toil, and surrounded by dangers, thinks of home, doubting whether he shall ever return there, and more painfully doubting whether, if he does, the men of his own race and tongue will not mock at his claim to have sat where he is sitting now, and to have seen what is at the moment spread before his eyes. When Bruce leaned over the fountain of the Abyssinian Nile, he had no misgivings of

the sort, for he was blind to his coming fate of being the warning of his tribe; and the party on the terrace at Petra were secure in their numbers; and the old traditional German who won his way to the sources of the Danube was too complacent to have any apprehensions. Standing at the fountain, and filling up the channel with his great boots, he exulted, crying out: "How the nations will wonder that the Danube does not come!" But when Lewis and Clarke drank at the source of the Missouri one day and at that of the Oregon on another, they may have asked one another whether they should be believed at home, where these rivers were conceived of as coming down from a region of impenetrable snows, and guarded below by myriads of buffalo and of savages, which would leave no white man untrampled or unscalped. Humboldt and Bonpland might have discussed the same sort of chance on the highest Natural Bridge in the Cordillera, or in the reeking, teeming, chirruping forest where the infant Orinoco oozed into the light. Huc and Gabet might have looked round them in the Land of Grass, and wondered how many of the strange things they had to tell would be credited in Europe. Above all, William Morton, Kane's friend and comrade, must have lamented being alone at the solemn moment when he stood at the margin of the Polar Sea. He was the man, and that was surely the moment, most highly favored of all, in the whole course of Polar exploration; the moment when the unfrozen sea, so long believed in, so often sought, again and again so nearly reached, was surging at the feet of the solitary stranger, and dashing against the ice-cliffs on either hand, and again, rolling on the far horizon when seen from a height of five hundred feet; and yet if the doubt crossed his mind whether his story would be questioned, and the evidence of his senses denied, the glorious moment must have had its own bitterness, and the mixed credulity and hard unbelief of ignorance might taint the freshness of even that strand where no human foot had ever left its print. It is almost a question which must be worst—to leave one's tale untold, or to have it rejected—to die in the wilds, full of the knowledge so hardly gained, and to be so uselessly buried there; or to return rejoicing, bringing one's sheaves, and to have them thrown away as chaff,

and be told that one has never been out to the field at all. Who has not sympathized with Mungo Park's agony in drowning, his keenest pang being the thought that he would never be heard of more, and that the river would remain unknown as if he had never tracked it? And with Clapperton, burning to death with fever, but burning yet more to tell at home of the great lake and the fertile region in the heart of Africa? and with Douglass, the hale and fearless, the bringer of so many forest and garden treasures, the fine fellow who hoped to do so much for us yet, and who was gored and torn like a red rag, in a bull-trap in the Sandwich Islands; or worse, murdered and thrown in by an escaped convict? And with Franklin and his comrades, turning southwards with, probably, the great polar secret in their possession, overtaken by want and death in the snow? And with Wyburd, and Stoddart, and Conolly—one murdered *en route*, and the other two beheaded in a sordid nook of a mud city in Central Asia, after many months of weary hope of relief and return, at the last moment kissing each other before their enemies, and each knowing that the other's heart was swelling at the thought of the dumb departure, and of so much that could be told being shoved underground never to come forth again? We all feel how bitter were such deaths; but we can fancy that it might be almost worse to have one's tidings rendered useless in the other way, not by the death of the narrator, but by the want of life in the receivers. The discoveries of the last half-century, however, have diminished the risks which we dare not assume to be quite over. A spirit so grave, so scientific, so unselfish, so simple and business-like, has been infused into exploratory journeying within the lifetime of the prince of modern travel, Humboldt, that it is nearly beyond the malice of the superficial and the ignorant, who can no longer spoil what they can not appreciate.

As to the mere style of narration, we do not know that there is, or need be, any great improvement on some good old travelers; "Honest John Bell," for one. Bell was no book-maker; and for several years after his return to Scotland, (where he died in 1780,) he amused his friends with his traveler's tales about Russia and the Great East, supporting his statements only by the jottings of a

note-book which he had kept in his pocket wherever he went. He yielded to the request of Lord Granville, then President of the Council, to commit his story to paper, and let Dr. Robertson revise it for publication. Dr. Robertson committed the task to a friend, who asked his opinion about style and method, receiving the answer: "Take *Gulliver* for your model, and you can not go wrong." Bell's travels are the *Gulliver* of fact; and, so far, are as good as any recent books of the class; but we have a new order of works in the scientific narrations which have been worthily supported from the earliest days of Humboldt to the latest of Darwin, Lyell, Hooker, Lepsius, and the Polar navigators.

At the opening of our century, Bell was our favorite authority about Russia—(and a somewhat old-fashioned one, as he saw St. Petersburg rise up from the swamp)—some glimpses over the steppes having been afforded by Karamsin. Sir Robert Ker Porter told us something of Sweden, and also of Russia; and Linnæus was our sole authority for what was doing in Lapland. Sir Joseph Banks and his narrator, Von Troil, had been to Iceland; but they had so little to tell, that our associations with the island were still chiefly eider-down and ling, no translation existing of the work of Olafsen and Povel-sen. Von Troil's account seems, indeed, a bait to draw the scientific traveler in that direction. "The Icelanders," he says, "have nothing else but volcanoes and boiling fountains, some scarlet, and some as white as milk." Siberia was a dread region, shrouded in frost-fogs, and supposed to be the cold half of hell, where the damned were sent "to starve in ice." Its horrors were infinitely exaggerated when the conception was made up of the two elements of excessive cold, rendering the territory a desert, and of punishment for political offenses—always the most fiercely avenged. Of China, nothing was known but its tea, and those items of etiquette which made as secure a ring-fence round the empire as a hedge of prickly pear does round a robber village in Syria. Japan was altogether closed, to the great indignation of Sydney Smith, who proposed a general alliance of the civilized world to compel the Japanese to throw open their islands. Sydney Smith's position was, that no one people had a right to claim to be sent to Coventry by all the

rest, but ought to wait patiently for the pleasure of the world to send it to Coventry. At school, our fathers, and perhaps some of ourselves, were taught that Borneo was the largest island in the world. This, the only thing to be said about Borneo then, was not true; but our notions of Australia were very misty. It was only in 1798 that it was discovered that any sea flowed between Van Diemen's land and New-Holland. Botany Bay was a familiar name enough; but the rest of the great Australian region was as obscure to us as the interior of Borneo is now. The interior of Asia and the interior of Africa were cloudlands also. Geology was in its infancy; and men no more dreamed of asserting beforehand that there must be steppes and high table-lands in Thibet, and a great, well-watered, fertile area in the heart of Africa, than their forefathers thought of calculating eclipses before the conditions of the heavenly bodies were discovered. In those days school children were taught that the Andes (themselves rather a new idea) were the highest mountains in the world, unless it were the Mountains of the Moon in the center of Africa, which had not yet been measured, though nobody doubted their existence. By degrees, Europeans were creeping up into the Himalayas—one in Nepal, and another near the sources of the Five Rivers; by degrees, the altitude of that mighty range became disclosed; and then we had a burning curiosity to know about the prospects and the descent on the other side. By degrees it came out that there was not much descent by the passes on the northern side, but a good deal more of ascent, so that the central table-land is ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. As for Africa, the Mountains of the Moon dwindled as the Himalayas had grown; and the sandy deserts which in old maps are marked with an ostrich here and a lion there, turn out to be green valleys, thronged with life, prodigious forests, and lovely hills sloping down to brimming rivers, where millions of people may live and enjoy themselves, as well as on the Ganges or the Amazon. Of South-America a good deal might have been known; but scarcely any attention was directed that way till the Braganzas went to Brazil, and Canning and Henry Clay interested England and the United States in the eman-

cupation of the old Spanish colonies; and the progress of geology indicated South-America as a good field of observation on account of its volcanoes and its beaches. As for North-America, all westward of the Alleghanies was treated as wilderness, and all westward of the Mississippi as desert. Baffin's Bay was supposed to be the limit of human knowledge to the north; and impracticable land and ice stretched over somewhere to the other side of the globe, unless indeed there were some foundation for the romance of a Polar sea, with its arches of emerald, and its rose-colored rainbows, and crystal grottoes, and wonderful marine creatures. Central America was rarely heard of, except as it included the narrow isthmus which separated two oceans. The associations with the Pacific islands were those of Cook's Voyages. Prince Lee Bo stood representative for the population of the whole archipelago.

Where shall we begin in reviewing our gains within our own century? Shall it be in the tropics or at the poles? We will take the more concentrated view first.

Captain Cook did not know what a commotion he was creating when he told of the desire of the Chinese for the fur of the sea-otter. American ears were quick in those days, as they are now, to intimations of commercial openings; and when our century opened, Yankees and Russians were coasting the western shores of the New World, buying up sea-otter skins, and selling them to the Chinese. The Columbia was sure to become known; and it was seen by Captain Gray, an American, in 1792, and followed upwards for one hundred miles by Lieutenant Broughton, just afterwards, and subsequently downwards throughout its course by Lewis and Clarke in 1804. Before they had set out, however, a new region was thrown open to our curiosity by our own Mackenzie, who groped his way from Canada to the mysterious Frozen Ocean, east of Behring's Straits, and also to the Pacific. The curtain drew up on the Esquimaux, and on the traffic between our North-West Company and the natives. We are shown the fleet of birch canoes, the portages, the bargaining, and drinking, and speech-making, and the dispersion of the parties to their hunting and fishing; and we find pregnant hints of the mischief caused by our previous ignorance. While the Americans and Rus-

sians were carrying great cargoes of furs to China, wintering in the Pacific Islands, to save loss of time, the Canada and Hudson's Bay cargoes had to cross the Atlantic to London, and there await the pleasure, and pay the dues, of the East-India Company before they could start for China by way of the Cape of Good Hope. Mackenzie's work was noticed in the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1802; and it may be regarded as opening up the whole great picture of the life of the North-American Indians, from the wild demons whom we demoniacally employed in our American wars, to the Esquimaux, to whom we have now sent for the last tidings of our latest polar martyrs. Our readers need not be told what a spectacle has since been disclosed to us, as one band of adventurers after another has pushed further and further north, till one member of Kane's party stood alone on a shore far beyond the Frozen Sea of Mackenzie, on the beach of the unfrozen Polar Sea. We know of a vast northern archipelago which our fathers never dreamed of; we have witnessed the junction of various discoveries in the completion of the line of the continental coast. The North-West passage—the dream of centuries, has been accomplished before our eyes. Our science is the richer in various ways; our human and national self-respect is raised even more by the noble spirit shown in the whole process of research than by the glory of being able to extend our maps to the pole. It was an American who attained the highest latitude; and they were British who opened the North-west passage: and this is all well, as the two nations have been brotherly in this pursuit. We have gained much in the imagery of the mind, and in the enlargement which new wealth of that kind makes in our elastic faculties. We have pleasures which our fathers never enjoyed in our familiarity with those seas, now surging noisy with clattering and crashing ice, and now level as a floor, and still as sleep, except for the dream-like moanings of the imprisoned winds, starting the traveler in the starlight like the lament of underground ghosts. Every child who has devoured the polar voyages of our time, or seen the panoramas of their scenery, has within him a picture-gallery of snow-fields, and ice-fields, of bergs built up of gems, and skies woven out of rainbows, and of the aurora borealis

and the rolling planets, looking like new heavens over-hanging a new earth. Captain Parry gave us some Spitzbergen scenery, too; and we have found that Russian merchants now live for fifteen or twenty years together in that desolate place, which, to the readers of *Sandford and Merton*, has always appeared only a living grave for four shipwrecked sailors. Fine marble, good coal, plenty of fish and whale-oil, brighten up the old-fashioned idea of Spitzbergen. Iceland is, in comparison, too mild and moderate a place to be worth much notice; but Mackenzie, Hooker, and Holland, and subsequent visitors, have told us all about the scarlet and milky fountains, and much about the past literature and possible trade of the island. We hear now of factories and shipping, and of exports of wool, and of sulphur, besides the fishy products and eider-down of the latitude; and we have learned to regard with respect an ancient Christian community which has reared a series of scholars, from the erudite monk, who wrote history in the twelfth century, to existing correspondents of learned societies. Our notion of Iceland is decidedly altered.

It is of some consequence to the politics of Europe that Lapland is now open to travel. When we were young there were stereotyped representations of reindeer, and of the little people of Lapland, to whom they belonged. Within a few years the Scandinavian peninsula, and especially the northern parts, have been abundantly resorted to by geologists and mineralogists, by sportsmen, by merchants, and by seekers of the picturesque; and, in consequence, the curtain is lifted up there, too, and Russian intrigue is revealed in the north-east of us as in the furthest west. It was during the war that we first became aware how the Czar Nicholas, dissatisfied with his maritime outlet by the Baltic, was providing himself with another, fully commanding our islands. How, in 1852, he deprived the Laplanders and their deer of their grazing-ground on the frontier, and how he was stealing round the point, and preparing to annex the Varanger fiord and the Norwegian fort of Vardohus, under the name of a fishing-station; and how the Russian maps were altered so as to place Vardohus at the mouth of the Varanger fiord, instead of nine Norwegian miles away; and how this encroachment was taken up in the Nor-

wegian Parliament, and how far it is supposed to have been the cause, or at least the stimulus of our treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Sweden and Norway, in 1855, our readers are all probably aware: but it may not have struck them that this timely check on Russian encroachment at one important extremity of the empire is owing to modern travel, which has opened the whole scenery, with all its stirring interests, to the gaze of all the world. We have not only the facts of the Russian policy placed within our ken, but the manner in which they were received by the people most concerned. When the "Oxonian in Norway" was at Wadsöe, in 1853, a grave little Fin gave him the political intelligence in this form:

"The Czar sent to the King of Sweden to give notice that he meant to annex Sweden and Norway to Russia, and that there was no use in opposing the scheme. King Oscar, in a great fright applied to Queen Victoria; and she sent to warn the Czar against attempting anything of the sort. The Czar wanted to fight the British immediately; but Queen Victoria said it would suit her better the next year. Nicholas, in a rage, sent her a sack of barley, saying that there were more grains than she could count, but not more than he would send soldiers against her; and if they were not enough, he had ready as many more. Queen Victoria sent Nicholas a peppercorn, and bade him put it in his mouth; and this was her message with it: 'My army is small, and so is this peppercorn; but this corn bites sharp; so my army will be sharp—much sharper than you will like.' So the Czar put off fighting for another year."

Thus is history born under Lap tents, much in the same way that all our old histories were generated, no doubt. And thus does the lightest and most amusing travel of holiday-men serve good political purposes when a power like Russia is traveling in another fashion, all over the globe, to find some river-mouth, some bay of an inland sea, some fountain in the desert, some spur of a mountain, or some warm fissure in a bleak table-land, where she can make an unobserved settlement, and create a center of future operations. Her greatest obstacle in this department of her policy is the pleasure-seeking tourist. The sportsman with his rod and gun, is the best of explorers; unless it be the American author, who has adopted travel, and the description of it, as a profession. These men make a point of going where

few or none have gone before; and they are therefore our earliest informants of Russian settlements, and detectors of the tricks in Russian map-making. They, in the political service they render to all Europe in this way, (to say nothing of Asia and America,) exemplify some of the gains for which we are indebted to travel in the nineteenth century. The best travelers of this class that our age supplies are the Americans. Stephens was a capital specimen, uniting courage, diligence, and perseverance as an explorer, to the quick and humorous observation, the unflagging spirits, and admirable narrative style which are the appropriate accomplishments of his class. Herman Melville is of a lower order, but infinitely amusing; and he tells us exactly what we should hear from no body else. The cursory traveler, *par excellence*, at present, is Bayard Taylor, who seems to intend to give us the whole world within a few years, in his rapid style of description. He would come in appropriately at many points of our new annexations of known territory; and in this place we may say that his latest work on "Northern Europe" gives the scenery of a Lapland winter to perfection. Those who, like ourselves, have an insane fondness for voyages and travels, and have therefore devoured almost every modern book in that department of authorship, can no where point to descriptions of arctic days and nights which convey any thing like the impression ineffaceably stamped on the reader's imagination by Bayard Taylor's narrative of his audacious trespasses on the domains of the Frost-gods, in the sacred season of wintry silence. He did not deserve to come back again; but he is probably by this time somewhere under the Line; and, if he does not ride his hobby too hard, he may obtain much pleasure and profit for himself, and do the world substantial service by disclosing many an untrodden region yet.

The next step seems to be into Siberia. Our imagery there was very meager till lately. Cochrane's pilgrimage did not give us much beyond a mere pedestrian track. Baron Wrangel, living on the polar ice for fifty-eight days, searching for a continent which never appeared, enlisted our sympathy nearly forty years ago; and we next heard of him as tossing about in an open sea on a fragment of ice, near Behring's Straits, without food or shelter,

and at the mercy of currents which floated him to and fro, in dreary suspense, till one flung him ashore, nearly dead from cold and hunger. He told us of the extraordinary spectacle which has carried geologists to the North of Siberia, in the full mosquito season, to see the remains of elephants, and other mighty strangers from another clime, not their skeletons, but their full fleshy forms, embedded in ice below the depths which the sun can soften during the short arctic summer. He told us of moss growing a few inches above the eternal ice; of stunted shrubs; of reindeer on land, and morse and seal off the shore; of fishy lakes and swamps breeding fevers and mosquitoes. From Pallas we heard of the rhinoceros ice-buried so far from home; and of interior forests and lakes, and the cliffs which overhang the awful Lake Baikal in one place; while, at another, the fur-bearing animals come over the plain to its margin,—the lynxes, ounces, sables, martens, which appear trooping among the wild-goats, bears, wolves, and elks. These, and forests where the winds pass among the pines as over a thousand fairy harps, and where nothing else is heard but the snap of an old tree under its snow-burden, and dreary mines where men work in chains, were nearly all our ideas of Siberia, unless we believed in the scenery of Madame Cottin's *Elizabeth*. Now we have become familiar with the residences of the exiles, and the road-side views from end to end; and the horrors diminish with the mystery. We know from the narrative of lady exiles (*Revelations of Siberia*;) what life at Berezov is like, though the writers may not inform us why they were sent there. The towns of the interior, where the exiles, generally live free and unmolested, and enjoying such solace as they can create for themselves, or accept from others, are much like towns every where else, with more dissipation, champagne, gaming, idleness, and ennui than most, but with none of the physical torture and imprisonment that afflicted our imaginations before the country was opened to observation. We know the colonies of exiles now, and the real case of those who work in the mines; and as for the road scenery, it is almost hackneyed—the woods, the steppe, the salt lakes and fresh rivers, the hosts of the post-house, and the robbers of the road. Till a few months ago, however, we could

scarcely form any distinct conception of Central Siberia, with its peculiar phenomena. Faint traces remain of the passage of a Christian missionary or two by that route to China, under the hardships of the old caravan traveling; but Mr. Atkinson, who has disclosed this region to us, is probably right in believing that he has explored mountains and plains never before visited by an European. We know a vast deal now about Central Siberia, though nothing was further from the traveler's intention when he was hunting, shooting, painting, riding like a centaur, wrestling with dangers like a modern Hercules, and treating the natives as an English gentleman should. It is easy to criticise the book.* It is a heap of fragments, thrown together with far too little pains to distinguish various expeditions, and to give the dates of any. The style is indescribably bad for its desultoriness, and sometimes even for grammar. But we have really no right to criticise in this case. It is looking a gift horse in the mouth. Mr. Atkinson declares himself to be no writer, and to have made no preparations for publishing. Some body had convinced him that he had something to tell which we want very much to know, and he gave us the best he had. A very little care on the part of some friend might have sorted the paragraphs, or the clauses of the same paragraph, so as to give something like connection to the narrative; and a good supply of dates is urgently needed—not only the years, but the months or seasons, without which the significance of many phenomena—as of storms, droughts, crops, and dearth—is lost. But, after all, there is not a reader of the book, we will venture to say, who does not entertain a cordial admiration of the writer, from first to last. His seven years of open-air life—most of his time, when not occupied with painting, being spent on horseback—are heartily refreshing to us home-stayers, who are far too industrious and anxious to deserve or hope for his health of body and mind. His descriptions of all kinds of objects are at first sight unpromising, from their roughness, meagerness, and singular artlessness; but they turn out admirable in the long run. They are like copies from his rough sketches—mere jottings of blue here, red there, three greens some-

where else; a peak, a curve, a blot of shadow, five ranges of summits, and so on; but the result is a remarkably clear image deposited at last. In the seven years he traveled 39,500 English miles, plunging into Mongolia at one time, and scaling the precipices of the Altai Mountains at another; standing a siege of wolves for a whole night occasionally, and escaping from pillage and slavery many another time by sagacity, coolness, bold defiance of traitors, and genial trust in the faithful among his hosts and guides. The volume is rich in illustrations, many of which are beautiful. They inspire a keen curiosity about the author's sketches, of which he brought home five hundred and sixty. Where are they? When are we to have the benefit of them? Many of them are for the Czar, it is clear, but surely the rest of the world may have copies.

Mr. Atkinson discloses prospects of great wealth for Russia, and therefore for the nations which trade with Russia, in the neglected regions which he explored. We saw enough at the Great Exhibition to be aware that prodigious mineral treasures exist in the Czar's dominions: and now we know that it is only the extreme mismanagement and gross corruption attendant on Russian administration every where which intercepts an incalculable amount of wealth at the threshold of the mines and quarries, and wastes no less upon the road, and filches the greater part of the remainder before it is brought to the Emperor. The materials of a vast commerce are stored up in the region where our artist-hero dared the stormings and the chiefs of banditti in their fastnesses. Here are specimens of life among the Kirghis, and of steppe scenery:

"About half-past three o'clock we stopped on the bank of a large river, now dry, with the exception of a few deep holes. In April and May, when the snow is melting on the mountains, it is a majestic stream, more than a verst broad, washing out holes in the steppe, in some places twenty and thirty feet deep, and sweeping every thing away in its course. Here we ate our dinner, during which I pointed out to our guide a small column of white smoke, evidently a very great distance off, which I supposed to be at a Kirghis *aoul*; but he assured me that there was no encampments in that direction, and that the smoke proceeded from the reeds burning on the shores of Nor-Zaisan. Our dinner was soon finished, and we traveled straight towards the smoke, sometimes over rich

* *Oriental and Western Siberia, etc., etc.* By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON, 1857.

pastures, at others over gravel and stones, on which there was little vegetation. After riding two hours, we were near enough to see that the steppe was on fire, and not the reeds. Our route had been along the foot of some low grassy hills for many versts, where our guide expected to find an encampment. We discovered the place, but the Kirghis had left some days before. One of the Cossacks dashed off up the hill, riding along the summit a short distance, and then returned, saying that he had seen a single *yourt*, and that we should not find another for thirty or forty versts. Our horses were turned up the hill, and we soon gained the summit, near a fine old tomb: the crests of these hills are studded with them, and some are of great antiquity. From this elevated position I observed that the fire was spreading fast over the steppe. Just at dark we reached the *yourt*, and found it a poor miserable place, in which were a dirty Kirghis woman and four young children, three of whom were very ill. She added fuel to her fire, and made our kettle boil; in return I made tea for herself and the children; the latter were lying on a *coilock*, covered up with skins. When the woman gave them the tea, I saw that they had not a rag of clothing to cover their little bodies. No one can conceive the wretchedness of some of these people, and more especially the females. The only part of this woman's garments which indicated her sex, was a piece of dirty cotton thrown over her head, forming a cap. She had on a pair of old leathern *tehimbar*, (wide trousers,) boots with very high heels, and an old sheep-skin coat, with many rents in it, proving beyond all question that she had not a rag of under-clothing. This poor creature and a man had been left with the sick children—the *aoul* having been moved to fresh pastures, many versts distant.

"While sitting drinking my tea, I could see on the steppe the reflection of the fire, which was advancing very fast; and as we were not more than half an hour's walk from the old tomb on the hill, I determined to go there, whence the whole extent of the conflagration could be seen. Three of my people accompanied me, and when we reached our destination, what a scene was presented to us! The fire was still about ten versts to the east, but it was traveling directly west and along our track, extending in breadth across the steppe, probably twenty-five or thirty versts. The flames ran

along the ground, licking up the long grass with their forked tongues with great rapidity, making tremendous glare. We remained more than an hour looking upon this sublime and awful scene, and then returned to our lodging. I sat up in the *yurt* a long time, watching the woman feed the fire with dwarf bushes and camel's dung—she might have been taken for a witch blowing up a fire for some unholy rite. Strange and dirty as this place was, I wrapped myself up in my cloak, and slept soundly.

"Almost immediately we arrived at the *aoul* a sheep was killed; two Kirghis set about dressing it, and in an incredibly short time it was cut to pieces, put into a large iron caldron covered with a wooden lid, and placed over a fire made in the ground: a boy was constantly employed putting small quantities of wood under the iron vessel to keep up a blaze. The men who had dressed the sheep took their stand beside the seething pot, each having a wooden ladle, and occasionally lifting up the lid to skim the boiling mess. The Cossacks dined with the Kirghis; I did not, having seen the entrails put into the pan after undergoing but a very slight purification. This induced me to order tea, which I knew would be clean. I did not even enter the *yourt* during dinner."—Pp. 254-257.

Traces of advanced civilization indicate that there is nothing in the natural features of Central Asia to prevent its being the abode of industry, the arts, knowledge, and enjoyment; and if the products seen and described by Mr. Atkinson were made the foundation of an honest and open trade, a great ultimate destiny might prove to be in store for Asiatic peoples. Even if the prophecy of greatness moving westwards be still revered, the turn of Central Asia must come again. Seeing what we do of the kindling up of the great American continent, the settlement of the Pacific, the development of Australia, the arrival of the day for the penetration of China, and the growing consequence of the Eastern Archipelago, we can not say what may be the limit of the development of Oriental countries, certainly richer than we yet know.

From Tal's Magazine.

POEMS OF THE PLEIADES.*

This volume contains poetry of a high order. The *Farrier's Daughter* is an example of ballad poetry, that will probably live, like numbers of its class that might be named. The volume is a collection of miscellaneous poetry, much above the ordinary current of volumes similar in some particulars. Philosophy and poetry do not always agree. Poetry is the language of daily and heart life. When Joshua said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou Moon upon the valley of Ajalon," he spoke the language of poetry and truth; he did not use the words of science and truth. There may be therefore two truths on one subject. Joshua's truth is that of poetry still, if Mr. Matson be correct in a short poem on *Night*, one of those poems we sometimes meet that are shorter than we could wish:

"And now the hand of darkness, drawing back
The curtain of the daylight from the skies,
Revealeth all the hidden wealth of Heaven;
Unnumbered orbs and worlds in myriads
 rolled
On worlds, profuseness of creative skill!
Here belted great Orion grasps his sword,
Like one who goeth forth equipped for war,
And flings defiance to the Western skies;
And here, the sister Pleiades, glimmering sad,
As though in grief for one forever lost
To all their number, shine, how like a group
Of angels, weeping o'er an angel's fall;
And here the Boreal Crown in splendor
 gleams,
A diadem upon the brow of Night;
And countless more in glory stand displayed,
Princes and kings of light, that round the
 Moon,
Pale Queen of Heaven, their silent homage
 pay,
Like youths attendant in a maiden's train."

Mr. Matson writes the language of nature, and therefore of poetry—only, we think that he does not deal fairly with our pretty "seven stars," by far the most beautiful and most interesting of our northern constellations, that come to us so lovingly in spring time, with all the buds and flowers, and are only made sad by scattered leaves. It is curious that the Pleiades have always been called the seven stars. They will never be known as the six stars—yet, there are only now six visible. There never were more than six visible within the historic period. There were seven—seven beautiful princesses, seven good sisters, the daughters of Atlas and Pleiade. There was Maia—she brought in May, of course; and Electra, who might have had something to do with summer's lightnings, but it is not probable either, for she was such a kind girl—that she could not have handled them; but it is useless to name them all. They decided upon becoming nuns and lighting the world—but one of them repented; exhibited a human heart, by marrying a mortal, and is not lost. She is the only one of the seven who was really found. Apply a powerful telescope to the seven stars, and see what "a glorious sight appears to our admiring eyes." They are no more six—they are sixty, or seventy, or a hundred, or you can not count that cluster of worlds. Poetically they may be the descendants of that married Pleiade. How beautiful they are! And the German astronomer's thought that there among them is the center of all systems—the grand sun around which all suns and all systems center and roll, "the heaven of heavens," throws insensibly a dread solemnity over the soul of the star-gazer: for it might be so. The idea may be truth.

* Poems. By WILLIAM TIDD MATSON. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1 vol. pp. 488.

Mr. Matson's verses have much natural feeling in them, as *Gone Away* will show our readers :

"For thou art gone away ; and wild and strange
The thought of absence clingeth close in pain,
And the smooth tide of life doth turn and change,
Rolled like a river upward from the main ;
Dark shadows haunt the chamber of the brain,
Wild dreams intrude upon my lonely rest,
For thou art gone away ! Come back again,
O child of light ! and shelter in my breast ;
Come back to love and me, thou brightest
and thou best !

"Last night I thought I saw thee in my sleep,
Thine eye drooped languid with the touch of woe,
Thy cheek was prest to mine, and thou didst weep ;
I heard thee speak : ' No, no, thou must not go !
A little longer linger here below ;
A little longer linger, live and love ;
A little longer dally with the foe ;
Oh ! stay ! suspend awhile thy flight above ;
And shelter still thine own, thy bosom's nest-
ling dove !'

"'Twas but a dream, for thou art far away ;
Oh ! would that I were there or thou wert here !
That I might dote upon thine eyes, or play
With thy luxuriant hair, and feel thee near !
Oh ! that I might embrace thee, and the dear
Impetuous love pour out in eager kiss
Upon thy lips ! ' Vain hope, that doth appear
Too like a mockery of the void that is !
Come back, come back again, and crown the
cup of bliss !'

Millions of the parted and the wearying
have said the same :

"Last night, I thought I saw thee in my
sleep, and awakened to say, in the hideousness
of disappointment :

"Oh ! would that I were there, or thou wert
here !

"Life of partings, it must be so in thee."

However, to all this is not a life of part-

ings : to many it is a life of Paradise ; un-
less this author has read wrongly in the
great book of experience. The address
To my Wife, is not a very good specimen
of Mr. Matson's poetry. It is only the
reverse of *Gone Away*.

"It is a bright and golden August morn,
The lark is singing in the unclouded sky,
And on the slopes the sheaves of piled corn
Nod to the breeze that wanders idly by ;
All things around us are alive with joy,
And joy is bounding in this heart of mine,
For 'tis thy birthday, Emma, and I try,
As is my wont, in votive wreath to twine
Of Fancy's flowerets, culled in realms of song
divine.

"As fair a morning brightened over the scene
That sweet spring-time, and trees were bud-
ding forth,
Robed in a livery of infant green,
And the March wind came whistling from
the north,
And the clear song of reawakened Earth
Told of the Winter past, when first with
thee
Amid the fields I strolled ; my heart gave
birth
To new and strange emotions ; flower and
tree,
And bird and sunshine, seemed to sing of
love to me.

"Some thirty happy moons have waned since
then,
And yet it seems as 'twere but yesterday ;
So few of cares have pressed upon my brain,
So many beauties brightened round my way,
Making the months one long perpetual May,
Since I have called thee by the name of wife ;
For thou hast cast a warmer, gentler ray
Upon my path, with love and rapture rife,
Making for me indeed a Paradise of Life."

The parting will come in years, and life
will be no longer "Paradise." There is
a time for "gone away" in every case.

We are almost sorry that the author of
these poems has entered on a different
course of life for the future ; only "al-
most," for more gratifying, more peace-
able, and perhaps, in the path he is to
pursue, years more useful than those
passed in literary work may occur to
him.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

The London river swarms with vessels of all shapes and sizes, as the London streets swarm with vehicles. London, however, has one river, but many streets. The breadth of the Thames is an advantage therefore, but one that can not be easily increased; and, in some parts, more breadth would be useful. Frequently the small fry have difficulty in escaping from the larger; and if a London driver deserves credit for bringing his wheels to the edge of a collision without making one, a Thames pilot is, at least, equally commendable for working his way in, out, and through the maze of ships and steamers that swarm like bees at the door of a crowded hive. Many of these vessels take grotesque shapes; but none of them are more amusing, yet, perhaps, more dangerous to navigate, than the agricultural boats, which come up the river carrying a great breadth of sail above what seems to be a farm-yard. The ricks of the yard stand far above the deck, and are closely piled together. They seem, indeed, to be hay or straw stacks on a wooden frame, with huge poles above and sails around them. Their management is a mystery; yet they are navigated generally without accident, collision, or damage. The horses of London depend upon them in no small degree for their daily food, and they are the only floating things that carry the greater part of their cargo outside; unless the rafts of timber, which float away with themselves.

The Thames abounds with ships and steamers; but the latter are shabby and small specimens. With the exception of the Scotch steamers from the Eastern ports, few or no large steamers go to the Thames. The American steamers seek the Western ports; and the Oriental and West-Indians are at home in Southampton. The channel steamers stop at Dover or Folkestone; and with all the advantages of a noble and wide river, steaming

has never been well represented in the local trade of London. The Thames steamers, in appointments and rapidity, are far behind those of the Clyde; although both rivers have to contend with similar railway rivalry.

The building of steam-ships has been prosecuted for many years on the Thames; but coals and iron are dearer than on the Clyde, while probably building-ground costs more, wages may be higher, and the results have never equaled those of the western river, either in the engineering or ship-building departments. It is difficult to assign reasons for the superiority of some localities in certain trades. They seem to flourish and take root in particular quarters, without any apparent cause. Needles, we believe, can not be produced in any quarter so well as in Redditch; and Coventry has long claimed superiority in ribbons and watches. The reasons which confer in cutlery a sort of monopoly on Sheffield, may have given the Clyde its advantages in steam-engine making. It was the native river of steaming. There the art began, and it has always kept the first place.

Mr. Scott Russell, a Clyde engineer, of an ingenious turn of mind—established some years ago a building-yard upon the Thames. He is, perhaps, a little too magnificent in some of his ideas; and he seems to have long entertained the project of a large ship. He was supported in this scheme by Mr. Brunel, also an engineer of bold character, and in his achievements daring—out of the beaten track, the common way of the world. We do not know whether the consolidation of these ideas on the Great Eastern occurred originally to Mr. Brunel, or to the builder, Mr. Scott Russell. They may have both been engaged in pondering a Noah's ark, to be navigated by James Watts' patented power, at, or nearly at, the same time. Mr. Russell believed that the bulk of the

vessel, with corresponding power, would ensure more than the average speed. He calculated on twenty-four miles an hour at one time, if we correctly remember. That was a good reason for building. He estimated, on better *data*, that the ship, from its magnitude, would take a large cargo, along with coals sufficient for any voyage.

Noble thoughts often perish from the want of means for their reduction to practice! After the Great Eastern existed in the mind, and on the paper, of the gentlemen by whom the plan was devised, they needed shareholders. These were to be the heroes of the scene. They were found after the advertising common in such cases. A capital was fixed, a company was formed, money was paid, more was subscribed, and the keel of the Great Eastern was laid. From the commencement this ship was an interesting object. As the shape and size became more defined, the interest increased. The magnitude of the ocean-palace was celebrated in the press, and discussed at meetings of the scientific. The proprietary paid calls with commendable regularity. The money "sunk" as the great framework of iron rose, but the nation began to feel pride in the progress of the Great Eastern.

The Eastern Steam Navigation Company had a nominal capital of sixty thousand twenty-pound shares, which should have produced twelve hundred thousand pounds, with power to stretch the shareholder out to one hundred thousand, which would have yielded a capital of two millions. The Company never meant to spend all this money on one ship. One was to be built, and then another, and, perhaps, a third, until a fleet floated in the Australian and East-Indian trades; for the Company was formed to prosecute them.

The gigantic vessel was an idea of the Great Exhibition times. It was to be a herald of peace. As the Crystal Palace progressed at Sydenham, the floating palace began to be built at Blackwall. It was on May Day of 1854 that a commencement of the operations was made. May Day is auspicious, and it was selected.

The interest in the great steamer and the spirits of the proprietary were maintained by annual reports of progress, read usually to the members of the British Association. The labor in the yard was pushed on assiduously, yet it was neces-

sarily tedious work. Three years had passed, and at last the shareholders became impatient and weary. The ship had exhausted the builder, and for some time the operations had been conducted by the Company's directors. Nearly three and a half years after its commencement the vessel was declared ready for the river, by Mr. Brunel, the engineer. Then came the tug of war. The question arose by what power would the ship be induced to take the water. The Great Eastern had been built with one side to the river. The launch could not, therefore, be conducted in the common manner. For that exigency plans had been prepared. They were new. It was all a novelty altogether. Thus interest was imparted to each step. An experiment was involved in each movement. The launch became an experiment of intense and national interest. But what was there to launch?

A steamer six hundred and eighty feet long, eighty-three feet broad, and sixty feet deep, built entirely of iron, with a double frame, forming thus a ship within a ship. The intervening space between the outer and the inner case is the best ballast-room imaginable; for if it be useful for no other purpose, it allows a safe shipment of water at any time; and would carry nearly three thousand tons of that element, with the advantage of discharging a thousand or fifteen hundred tons when the process becomes agreeable or necessary. This steamer measures more than a furlong in length, and has a greater capacity than the larger estimates of Noah's ark that have been formed in modern times. Long rows of figures have been published, as if to overwhelm men's minds with naval statistics. The plates of iron used in the construction of the Great Eastern were thirty thousand in number; and the rivets were three millions. The iron of the ship weighed ten thousand tons; and the weight which Mr. Brunel had to push into the river after the side, was nearly twelve thousand tons. The edifice of iron stood upon launching ways, which extended beneath the Thames to a point where the vessel would take the water. The launchers had only to push, and the ship was expected to respond. Twelve thousand tons are not, however, easily pushed, especially if they do not stand on a sharp incline.

Twelve months have nearly passed since the commencement of the launching

process. Mr. Brunel was ready on the morning of the third of November, 1857, and Miss Hope was also ready. That lady gave the ship a name; but the vessel did not take to it kindly, became surly, stood still, and vindicated the *vis inertia*. Mr. Brunel had not employed power enough to push on the one side or pull on the other. Six feet were gained on the first effort; but Leviathan, as the ship had been now named, refused to move an inch further upon any terms. More hydraulic power was obtained—more strength on the south side—more pulling strength was lodged in the bed of the river; but these operations required two or three weeks, and the next effort gained only a few inches. Day by day the ship was moved little by little, now the stem and then the stern. Rumors of all bad qualities floated here and there, now and then, against its elasticity. At one time, Leviathan was blamed for falling down and crushing multitudes, like Dagon. At another, Leviathan had only sunk in the mud and was fixed immovably. All these statements were suspicions, happily never verified. If the calculations of the moving power required were under the mark, those of the permanent, or supporting strength wanted, were sufficient. The ways were firm. Leviathan stood on ways beneath the stem and stern; but the mid-ship was free and unsupported. Old sailors hinted that Leviathan's back would be broken; but the ribs were literally of iron, and the spine was stronger than they supposed—being of iron, a plate one inch thick and two feet wide. Leviathan stood firm, therefore, and one day, towards the end of January—indeed the very last day of January in the present year—after the Thames had been aiding a little, and a little more, at each push, the river became offended with this Leviathan and its stubborn ways, asserted the supremacy of water over even twelve thousand tons of iron in its most organized state, and carried Leviathan off bodily. The launch was said to have cost nearly one hundred thousand pounds; but there must have been a salvage of planks and timber, cradles and ways, equal to a little fortune.

Never in nautical history had there been a launch equal to the floating away of Leviathan. Persons of all classes and countries waited on the birth of the monster, and they were allowed to wait. The

Courts paid repeated visits, but Leviathan was democratic, and would neither be coaxed nor pushed into compliance with the wishes of Royalty. Firm, stiff, and upright, even in the presence of Her Majesty, stood the sullen and surly ship; and German Dukes and Duchesses—perfectly royal, and Prussian Princes and Princesses, with all the fire of the Brandenburgers burning in them, had no influence whatever over the modern ark. At last, on the very last day of January, the operation was completed. Some persons held that the new name had brought calamity and expenses. They disliked Leviathan, because it was scriptural. The same people must have been moved sadly by the names of the three pretty pioneers of trade between Africa and Britain—Faith, Hope, and Charity; and yet these were very beautiful names. Some of these good individuals being rather scant of reading, had mistaken Leviathan for Behemoth, and Behemoth for Beelzebub; although the King of the Sea, described in magnificent language in the forty-first chapter of Job, had no relationship with the Prince of Darkness.

Leviathan also was not a new name for a ship. His Majesty, one of our late kings, had a war-ship, a gallant frigate, or a seventy-four, or a similar armament, that sailed under the name Leviathan. Her Majesty, our present Sovereign, can not, it seems, have a successor to that ship without offending the principles in nomenclature of excellent subjects; and it is said to have been by her royal suggestion and will that the Leviathan was extinguished, and the Great Eastern was made once more the name of our giant steamer.

The shares subscribed amounted to £1,200,000; but payment is more difficult than subscription, and the shareholders expected more than one ship or steamer for their money; accordingly, many of them ceased to pay. The expenditure on the Great Eastern is said to be already £600,000. The launch alone cost nearly the price of the Asia, floating in the Clyde; but the Asia was our prince of steamers until the Persia was built; and the Persia cleared out of Clyde, and passed the Cumbræ, for very little more than one fourth of the money already expended on the giant of the Thames; and one half of the present expenditure is still required to complete that vessel.

The appearance of the Great Eastern

can not be described poetically as that of a thing of life and light. It is brown in color, dingy and chill, with the smallest quantity of life on it consistent with existence. It resembles the brown and drumly Thames on which it rests, like a prisoner weary of life. It is a prisoner chained with six or seven great iron chains, attached to as many greater anchors sunk in London filth and mud. The powerful steamer stands there fastened up by atoms against all the strength of wind and tide. Political economists describe the power of littles, and search the world in enthusiasm for illustrations to their doctrine; here they may have them. This great hulk, for it is nothing more than a hulk, with its twelve thousand tons of solid weight, floating on the drops that make the water, gripped and held fast by the atoms of microscopic size that make the mud.

Greenwich Hospital seems scarcely so high on land as our great ship on the water. The floating Hospital is a very trifling affair indeed beside this floating town, as some planners have proposed, and as it might well have become during this dark nine months of its infancy, when its original projectors have left their magnificent work almost deserted, and altogether unequipped, in the highway of ships. A magnificent fabric this is, even in the crisis of its calamity. Stately amid its misfortunes, it reproaches the land of its construction for bringing it far enough to testify against our folly, until it be made a witness of our enterprise and wisdom. Passengers feel shame for being in its presence upon one of those small tenders that bring out and take in its visitors—and they have not been a small number during the summer months, although the Thames has not been in an inviting condition for excursionists on pleasure or science. The fame of the ship has, even in this, the season of the poisoned waters, brought four hundred daily visitors; yet even on the best days its saloons are lonely and still.

The upper deck—when up all the long ranges of steps from the level of the decks on the river steamers the climber reaches that elevation—presents the longest way upon the waters that man can tread without a miracle. There is nothing like it now upon the earth; for the great ship which rested upon Ararat has long ago mouldered into rottenness. The walk is something like a pyramid reversed—

that is, the visitor seems to sojourn on the base of a pyramid turned uppermost, and planned straight and smooth for his convenience. Fortunately the end is not a peak, but a ridge two feet wide, as already stated. The whole affair resembles the upper section of Arthur's Seat, cut off, and tumbled over into the Frith, and there made into an island; only we should have that wicked peak again, so perhaps a section of Salisbury Crags may be a more literal illustration.

The view of the river is amusing from this exalted position. The little boats on the water, many feet beneath, look insignificantly ludicrous. One feels contemptuously even towards the ugly manufactories and warehouses on the river's banks; and they are peculiarly ugly. The feeling, even of the nervous mind, on this splendid esplanade of deck, is that of security and steadiness. The idea of being sea-sick would not occur readily to any mortal here, and that is a very good reason why passenger mortals would not be sea-sick. The storm around and beneath might rage inexorably and maliciously, but the magnitude and strength of the ship give the idea that it would not battle with, but trample over the waves. Great sailing ships are registered up to two and three thousand tons, but the Great Eastern has a registry of eighteen and a half thousand tons, and may take other four thousand tons by builder's measurements. To move the vessel and this prodigious weight, a combination of screw and paddle-steaming has been provided, along with the necessary apparatus for sailing, in this case made extraordinary, for the ship is to mount six masts, although, at the present, she has none, and they will carry six thousand five hundred square yards of canvas—a breadth sufficient to catch and employ an enormous quantity of wind.

The steaming powers are devised on a magnificent scale. The engines are larger than those in use for marine purposes; but their magnitude is not so much a source of extra power and security as their number. The deck is pierced for five funnels, which are to be connected with ten boilers, to be heated by one hundred and twelve furnaces. The funnels will be one hundred feet high. The engines for the screw are counted as four, and each of the four cylinders may work separately. They are seven feet in diame-

ter, and are to be wrought by six boilers, and each of these boilers will have twelve furnaces. The builders calculate that they may be wrought up to six thousand five hundred horse power, but a more reasonable reckoning will give two thirds of that strength. The four engines destined for the paddles are of the same diameter as those intended for the screw. They have a fourteen-feet stroke, and working eleven strokes per minute, with a pressure of fifteen pounds per inch on the boiler, they will give a three thousand horse power. The builders reckon that fifty per cent may be added to that working power, with perfect security. The paddle-boilers are said to be perfectly safe at a pressure of sixty pounds per inch, and the higher calculation of power proceeds upon a pressure of twenty-five pounds per inch. Ten boilers have been provided for each of the paddle-engines, or, altogether, forty boilers in this department. The paddle-wheels are fifty-eight feet in diameter, and they weigh ninety tons each. The screw propeller is twenty-four feet in diameter, and weighs, along with its four arms, thirty-seven tons. As the engines may be connected or disconnected rapidly, the utmost provision that can be obtained has been procured for the safety and the working of the ship. Twelve thousand horse power, according to these calculations, may be employed to drag this floating city over the waves. The proportion is two tons per horse power, and should be adequate for the speed whereat the Great Eastern is now expected to reach, or eighteen miles an hour for all the twenty-four. This is a higher speed than has been attained hitherto, although the Persia has not often fallen far short of this mileage; and sailing vessels of the Aberdeen build—the clippers, for which that port is celebrated—have approached the rate for short distances.

The calculation for the Great Eastern gives four hundred and thirty-two miles per day and night, and we have only to multiply by six in order to bring out the fact that the great majority of voyages might be included within the week. The distance between many places, now two weeks separate, is within the two thousand five hundred and ninety-two miles of the Great Eastern's working weeks. That consideration is important for travelers, who might rise on Monday morning in

the cold north, and get into the tropics long before Saturday night.

The Great Eastern will take a large company on her voyages. She has been calculated to carry eight hundred first-class, and two thousand second-class passengers. The lower deck has five saloons, and they are thirteen feet and two thirds in height. The upper deck has other five saloons, of twelve feet high. These rooms are spacious. The length is sixty feet in the lower, and seventy feet in the upper saloons. There is room in them for a large company, and it will all be required if the berths be occupied. They form the most attractive portion of the ship to those who are accustomed to steaming. They have breadth and height sufficient for proper ventilation, an advantage not sufficiently secured in steamers, although so necessary for the comfort of the passengers. The berths and the saloons are alike unfinished, but the evidence that they would afford spacious accommodation causes all visitors to regret their present state. Since the launch of the vessel, the proprietors have discovered their poverty. That operation cost more money than they supposed, and the ship has stood still ever since as any vessel can stand which is subjected to the wind and tide. Captain Harrison, at the head of twenty-four men, remains on the ship, but the latter are little more than exhibitors. We should like, above all events that can now occur to the Great Eastern, to see her captain at the head of four hundred men, and ready for sea. Many monetary schemes have been devised for that purpose, but they have all failed hitherto. The shareholders have paid six hundred thousand pounds, and they are naturally reluctant to pay more money until they see some probability of a return. A negotiation was commenced with the Government, in the hope that the ship might be purchased for the value; but it came to nothing. The Queen and the Royal family examined the vessel, and admired her magnitude. Members of Parliament and Ministers of State have visited her; they wrought themselves into admiration of her capabilities; but they have done nothing. A report obtained circulation that Louis Napoleon was to buy the Great Eastern for France; but that has died, like many other rumors, away in the distance.

The Great Eastern stands immovable,

notwithstanding all these statements. From two to three hundred thousand pounds would still be required to finish the vessel. All its fittings and furniture have to be found. For the money paid, the proprietors have the hull and the machinery. The berths and the saloons in the more advanced part of the ship are in an unfinished state. In other parts the skeletons are not yet run up, and the builders have not got so far as bare walls.

Even in their existing troubles, the shareholders might have put one or two of the saloons in decent order. People want to drink or eat after a voyage on that turbid stream—even a short one. Persons of delicate stomachs and tastes might not consider the river a good appetiser; but all travelers are not of peculiarly delicate organization, and the Great-Eastern might have been a favorite house of entertainment during the summer months. As, however, a hotel on the river of its magnitude would not pay, we trust that, ere another summer come, Captain Harrison will have no room for visitors, but that a busy corps of artisans will be engaged in fitting his vessel for the sea.

A new joint-stock company is proposed to be made out of the wreck of the original shareholders if possible. The capital paid already will be in reality sunk, and the shareholders will have a preference in the issue of new shares. This plan is more advantageous to the rich shareholders than to many of their partners in the speculation. The other, or poorer classes, can, however, we suppose, transfer their right for new shares to any person who will give a premium for the claim. So far as we comprehend this plan, a simpler scheme would have been to finish the ship by preference shares. There would have still been hopes to the original shareholders, for the Great Eastern may yet remunerate all parties. One million, or nearly one million, upon a single ship, is a great burden on the earnings, and a terrible venture to the proprietors; but even fifty thousand a year, or one thousand a week, may be overcome by the capacity for carriage which will be possessed by the Great Eastern. Its passenger fares to Australia would run up to £120,000, if the berths were all full; and it is not extravagant to suppose that the voyage out and in might net two hundred thousand to a quarter of million pounds. The ship

can carry ten thousand soldiers. There is an advantage on its decks, moreover, for part of the military might be shipped as recruits, and unshipped as soldiers. They might be drilled during the voyage. At twenty pounds each, which is a very small sum indeed for the conveyance of soldiers, by steamers, to India, the price would be two hundred thousand pounds. The Government might oppose the risk of shipping an army on a single steamer; but we may live to see large ships considered safer than small vessels for the conveyance of soldiers. The estimates are given only to show the capabilities of the large ship in earning money.

Its speed and its stowage for all the coals necessary upon the longest possible voyage, if it followed the shortest practicable route from one port to another, are elements not to be forgotten in any reckoning of this nature. It must make more voyages in a given period than any existing vessel, or its achievements will disappoint every person—from its builder to its visitors. The passengers require board and lodging for a shorter time than on old-fashioned ships, although the fear that they will never be sea-sick comes up to check off the hope of economy upon food. We can make nothing of that item in our catalogue of savings.

Next come goods. Ten thousand tons of goods, and the highest price always commanded; ten thousand out and in would surely gain two pounds per ton each way, or forty thousand altogether. The Great Eastern should not be an object of despondency even as a trading vessel.

On that account we would deem any effort fair to give the original shareholders some interest in their property and venture. They deserve support from the Government and the nation. They gave their means to solve a problem, and to make a profit, but the problem came first. To the Atlantic Telegraph Company two governments have given practical assistance. The Great Eastern is equally experimental. Its success would be equally important. It would introduce a new era in sailing and steaming, and take half their terrors and one third of their time from voyages.

Britain would be ashamed if the Great Eastern were sold from its shores unfinished. That sale would inflict disgrace upon us all. It would not, moreover, be

a safe proceeding. A power has been built upon the Thames that may be alike important in peace or war. Eighteen miles an hour comprises impunity from pursuit. A transport with the accommodation of the Great Eastern and this speed, would be a terror in the Channel during war. It could land an army on many points of the Channel in three or four hours. That feature in the ship's powers should not be forgotten. Even as a transport for goods, the material of war, this vessel would have saved its value ten times over during the Crimean war.

Other vessels of a similar size could be built, indeed; but when? In two years, in three, or four. Three years might decide a war, and an enemy should not have a monopoly of a great instrument for three years—even three.

The Great Eastern's power, as a battering-ram, has never been reckoned. The knock-down strength of twenty-five thousand tons, at a speed of eighteen miles an hour, must be overwhelming, and it will belong to this vessel. A ship of the line would go down at its touch like a shallop. Its speed would enable it to overtake the quickest sailing or steaming transport. Among a fleet of transports, defended by a navy, it would carry havoc unequalled since the days and nights of the Armada and Elizabeth.

Broadsides could be poured into the gigantic assailant, but that would be heartless work, and it could be strengthened in a manner to defy all ordinary shell and shot under half-hundred weights. It could be strengthened sufficiently to use up many shells and much shot before it were crippled. It is a ship within a ship, and science offers many media of filling the vacuum that would aid in deadening shot, however powerfully flung.

Our Government have never considered the battering power of these "twelve thousand horses" in iron cases. The morn that dawned on a gallant navy steaming over the Channel, with a hundred transports in their wake, would see a noon of suffering, such as has not been witnessed, if this monster of the sea, cased in adequate armor, vomiting fire and shot from a thousand guns—and it might carry them—were set loose to work all the evil in its power. Mast and pennon would sink beneath its blow, until the sea were strewn with the wreck, and the sands cov-

ered with the dead of a great army and a powerful navy.

The idea of employing ships merely to run in and strike down opponents, fighting as bulls struggle for supremacy, has been discussed for some time in France. Vessels of a particular build have been proposed; but in that combat weight will always be successful. A greater ship than the tyrant of the Thames may be built in future years; but they must be future, and be some way in the future. It can have no match on the waters until 1861. That is a consideration, and one that should be decisive with Parliament, in requiring the Government to instruct the Admiralty to make terms for the Great Eastern, if no private arrangement be completed for the employment of the vessel under the British flag. The large steamer will prove to be a better bridge across the Atlantic than the cable of the Telegraph Company has yet been beneath its waters. The issue of the floating experiment is even of more importance than that of the speculation sunk among the precipices and rocks of the Atlantic. A comfortable and rapid passage over the ocean is of more value to society on both sides than instantaneous messages; and as two thirds of the cost necessary to try the experiment have been paid, its trial should now be secured.

All novelties were to be displayed or to be employed on the vessel. The electric light was to cast a blue, pale radiance over its way upon the waves, marking it for many miles. The Electric Telegraph was to convey the captain's orders to engineers and helmsmen with all the quickness of thought. Gas was to be manufactured on the premises, for the enlightenment of the passengers. A printing-office was to supply intellectual wants. The squares and streets were to be named and numbered. Gay were all these visions, and very pleasant; but they were the indulgences of youth. Some of them may be forgotten—none of them may be soon realized; but the grand want—the ship afloat, equipped, and finished, and ready for work—is still a practical purpose, which a thousand men would realize before midsummer.

The British navy has been a sink of capital for experiments. Some of its vessels might have been sheathed with silver at the money paid for them; but half a million more might be voted for this experiment; for it is not now altogether in

that character. There is no doubt that the Great Eastern is capable of being a cheap and efficient transport. Nothing experimental exists on that subject; and the ship might be bought and finished for half a million, or for £600,000.

A Government that has conceded, given, and paid so much for the thin line which binds, but binds in dumb inefficiency, Ireland to Newfoundland, should stretch etiquette till red tape breaks, before this ship be allowed to leave our waters under a foreign flag, or remain longer a monument of niggardliness, anchored in the highway of the nation. The shareholders are entitled to aid and to consideration from their contributions to the solutions of a practical point in nautical science. The public, we believe, want to witness

the result. The steady current of visitors to the ship exhibits a general curiosity regarding the "palace of the deep," which some person was pleased to name it, although the palatial attributes are all prospective.

It is one of the wonders of the age, like a crystal palace, or any other strange work in science. It is entitled to the same consideration; and Parliament must not meet, and part again for the Easter recess of 1859, without securing the completion of our quickest messenger in peace, and revenger in war, unless the Company's scheme may be successful; but that we hope may be the case, and that those who have borne the brunt of these payments may secure the honor and the profit.

From the North British Review.

THE STORY OF A BOULDER.*

We are sure it would have conducted more to the success of this volume, had it been called by another name than this affected-looking one—"The Story of a Boulder." *Manual, Handbook, Sketches*, yea, even "*Visions*," would have been better than "The Story!" We lately found a worn oyster-shell in a most unlikely locality for such—the bed of a Hammermoor streamlet. How had it got there? It seemed to have been rubbed by the water action for generations, and it had lost all flavor of the sea; full-grown *Patella* were clustering on it, and the larva of the case-flies (*Phryganea*) had glued to it its tube-house of particles of shining sand, and bits of stick and small stones. We might have, with even more propriety, let fancy run riot, and have written an account of the physical charac-

teristics of the present epoch, under the title of "The Story of an Oyster-Shell," than Mr. Geikie can claim for his able review of the leading formations of the earth's crust under the heading, "Story of a Boulder." In style of treatment, Mr. Geikie is a close imitator of the late Mr. Miller. As we expect other contributions to the literature of Geology from a young author who has begun so well, we advise him, in future, to break away from the fascination in the mode of handling every subject to which Mr. Miller turned his great mind. Hugh Miller's style was to Mr. Geikie's as Wallace's sword to modern blades. Any attempt to imitate it by one who has only something of Fancy where Hugh Miller had a grand Dante-like Imagination, Talent where he had Genius, and a Lady-like capacity of treatment where he had the grandeur as of a Giant's grasp, must ever suggest contrasts any thing but favorable to the imitator. But, notwithstand-

* *The Story of a Boulder.* By ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co. 1858.

ing these drawbacks, we regard Mr. Geikie's book with much good-will, and trust that it will obtain public favor, as an able guide to a science which has peculiar attractions to the young, and which speaks to its advanced students with a voice growing in majesty and meaning the longer they study it.

We began to read *The Creative Week* with a strong feeling of misgiving. From a sense of duty, in connection with recent controversies on the first chapter of Genesis, rather than from any strong love for the subject, we set ourselves to ascertain what the author of this book, which we had heard a good deal of from friends, had to say on the matters debated. We have recently read many works on the same subject with not little disappointment, some of them written by men who might have been addressed in the style of *Boileau* to the "Grand Monarque," when he turned to versifying. Having asked the bitter critic's opinion of his lines, he received the answer: "Sire, nothing is impossible to your Majesty. You determined to write some bad verses, and you have succeeded to perfection!" The most charitable view we have been able to form of the recent semi-theological works of some able geologists, who have rushed into the controversy ill-instructed in theology, is, that the books were so far below the powers exhibited by their authors in departments of pure science, that they must have *intentionally* made them weak to perfection! But this class of works is really not so discreditable as that whose authors, having some theological knowledge, pick up a scantling of science from books, and elbow their way into the contending crowd as if fully equal to the settling of every controversy—if we may receive their estimate of themselves. *The Creative Week* does not belong to either class. Both in scientific and theological knowledge, the author is fitted for dealing with the subject which he reviews. We can not, however, promise that any one beginning to read this volume will, at the outset, find it interesting. Its look is not very attractive; and though the discussions in philology give evidence of much ability, they have little of the sunshine which might be let in on such discussions, and will thus not keep up the attention of any, except of those who have a native taste for them, or of those who read in order to guide others. The au-

thor asks a hearing. We have listened to him with all patience, and recommend our readers to do the same. The knotty threshold understood and passed, they will find on pp. 72, 73, statements which will reward them. The theory there indicated may not indeed meet all their difficulties; it will, however, suggest a ground of rest which they may not have before thought of. The author arranges the physico-theologians under four classes:—1st, *The à priori men*, who hold that a long period intervened between "the beginning" of Moses and the first creative day; 2d, *The à posteriori men*, who regard the seven days of the Mosaic record as geological periods; 3d, *The ne utri men*, who accept the statements of Geology, that a long period existed before the creative week, but hold that the Mosaic account makes no direct reference to that period; and, 4th, *The ex nihilo men*, who deny the existence of the globe before the creative week, and press the whole phenomena of creation into the six days. Notwithstanding our author's able but severe remarks on the scheme held by the first, or *à priori* class, and while we would certainly not accept their scheme as final, we think he has not made out a case, either on the ground of language or Geology, against their views of the expression, "in the beginning." Neither has he rightly interpreted their views of chaos. Indeed, they plead for nothing more as to this than what is here admitted, (p. 121.) His remarks on the advocates of the *Age-theory* men are able, trenchant, and to the point. The third, or *ne utri* class, is that with which he identifies himself. He accepts, on geological evidence, an indefinitely long period before the six days' works; holds that Moses (p. 73) never makes the slightest allusion to this period; and believes this is what might have been expected, "because it is not the object of revelation to instruct mankind in the truths of science." His references to the *ex nihilo men* show that he has taken up very strong opinions against them. This is right enough; but it seems to us that he goes out of his way in speaking with such contempt of the views of the Westminster divines on Creation. But, apart from this, we hope our remarks will lead others to *The Creative Week*. They will find much in it worthy the special attention of all who take an interest in the controversies with which it deals.

From the London Review.

A PLEA FOR THE WAYS OF GOD TO MAN.*

In the opening chapter of this little treatise we have a compendium of sound abstract reasonings, from Paley and others, like the armory of King Solomon, in the house of the forest of Lebanon, hung round with the shields of mighty men. The question of Good and Evil is next considered *in the light of all the facts*. Life is taken as it is, and from its amalgam of sorrow is extracted the preponderating gold of mercy. We are apt to have an exorbitant sense of evil in the world; but the balance is here fairly adjusted, and the evil is shown to be far outweighed by the good. Sunshine is more frequent than cloud, sadness is not so common as joy, and hope is always stronger than fear; and with its many evils life is still felt to be a blessing. The perfect removal of all difficulties on this subject is not to be expected. It is enough for Faith and Reason that the highway of Truth is incomparably more straight and level than the broken and doubtful track of Error. Unbelief has its difficulties, and they multiply the further it is explored; while in the whole expanse there is nothing to be surely known. It must be remembered that skeptics give no solution of evil, neither of its cause, nor its remedy. All they do is to charge it upon God; for the ignorance of skepticism soon becomes profane, and vents itself in impiety. The author of the *Plea* establishes once again the calm and firm conclusion, that thus to charge God with evil is to charge God foolishly. This is the verdict of true science, honestly searching in vain for any token of evil design in the works and arrangements of the Creator, and witnessing on the contrary that all the motives of creation are those of evident goodness; that they all show, moreover, a *plan* of goodness far-seeing and wise, a goodness verily of manifold wisdom, which pursues

its ends with a wonderful precision of means and uses.

Then follows the *moral argument*, in which the issue is carried into the region of man's higher relations, and tested by the Divine word. The writer, we observe, speaks often of man as "an *intelligent being*." We prefer to say always that man is *moral*, which of course includes *intelligence*, and gives man's essential attribute among the creatures. We advert to this simply as to an item of terminology; for the truth of the moral government is ably sustained in several chapters. Physical evil is proved to be largely the growth of moral evil; man is a sufferer because he is a sinner. We have the constant signs of this before our eyes; as for example, more than half the poverty we see is the fruit of intemperance. Men tax themselves in the penalty of their own vices, and society is heavily oppressed with what it brings upon itself. Indeed, when we look at the sources of sin around us, there is small room left for wonder that there should be suffering. The first impression we form of life may be the distressing fact of evil; but experience of life makes us marvel, not that there should be so much evil, but that there is not more; while it brings the full impression that a law of mercy must be at work, a hand of pity, which hinders man's desperate suicide of good.

The concluding chapter is upon "the Hereditary Principle in Moral Government." It is needless to say that this is full as much the problem of natural religion as it is of revealed religion. That the children suffer for the parents' sin is what all ages have observed. The question is not of theories, but of facts: and the principle of it is both righteous and most benevolent. For let it not be forgotten, that the heirloom of the curse in the family of man was originally an heirloom of blessing. That was the order at the beginning. When God made the first

* *A Plea for the Ways of God to Man*. By WILLIAM FLEMING, D.D. Glasgow.

pair, he forthwith gave them the patrimony of his blessing; and we repeat, it was God's order that, upon their obedience, the blessing should descend to their posterities. Now that the blessing has been changed into the curse, we know too well that no evil is so malignant, and so mighty, as the abuse of good. Meanwhile, we can not be thankful enough for the Christian revelation in the perplexities of life. After and in and through Christ, there is no doubt that God is good. Although we are not taught much in our Bibles about the *origin* of evil, we are nevertheless competently taught its *cure*. We are not told largely how evil got into the world, but we are plainly told how it is to be got out again. And this befits a revelation whose aim is not curious, but practical. The word of God alone helps us to see what evil is, why it is permitted, how we are to meet it, together with its

merciful counteractives, and the certainty that it shall be done away. In all this we finally have the truth, and we do not need to waste our spirits upon bootless speculations. The error of the heathen sages was to regard evil as natural. They taught that it belongs to man as a creature, not as a sinner; and so their nostrums for evil failed to reach the real sore. All their comfort was to endure evil, or to ignore it, or to deny it. In contrast with folly such as this, Christ's doctrine is man's only consolation, relief, and wisdom. Evil exists as the work of sin, and the element of evil is not mechanically displaced by the Gospel element.

We join with those who honor Dr. Fleming for his effort, and for the success of it. He has written a book of the right sort, stimulating and highly suggestive, and calculated to multiply sound scriptural thinkers.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A SUBTERRANEAN ADVENTURE.

"*Un vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.*"

PASSAGES sometimes occur in life, of palpable certainty at the time, but which, when remembered in after-years, come back upon the mind with all the vagueness of a dream. The vividness of faith in any incident connected with the marvelous influences of every-day existence; first into doubt, then into incredulity, till, at last, we settle down to the conviction that what originally seemed fact, was a mere fiction of the brain.

To such a conclusion have I more than once been tempted to come, with reference to the subject of the following narrative; yet truth compels me to declare that

every item of it is rigorously authentic, and that after a lapse of more than twenty years, I see no valid reason for repudiating or modifying my first convictions.

There are few Alpine tourists who will not recollect—*en route* from Geneva to Chamouni—to have noticed, as one of the most beautiful spots in Switzerland, the valley of Maglan. Fascinated by its scenery, many literary celebrities of the last century made it their residence, and won for it, as classic ground, a fame analogous to that enjoyed by our English lakes. Florian's muse there found congenial inspiration, and the elder Vernet immortalized it in one of his best land-

scapes. He painted, we are told, from the reflection of a mirror so placed, in a lofty grotto adjacent, as to include within its frame an exquisitely reduced representation of the whole scene—thus realizing the exactness of a photograph, with corresponding fidelity of color.

This grotto, at the height of several hundred feet in the face of the continuous cliff of stalactite formation forming the boundary, on the left, as you approach Chamouni, is pointed out to travelers as the entrance to a remarkable cavern.

On a beautiful day in the autumn of 1835, stopping to change horses at the post-house immediately at the base of the cliffs, I was invited, with my traveling companion, by the buxom hostess of the adjoining chalet, to ascend and explore the subterranean wonders of the place. A rude stair, cut in the rock, and eked out by occasional scaffoldings and rails of timber, led, by an almost perpendicular approach to the entrance, which, seen from below, bore a striking likeness to the grotto of Glendalough, in the county Wicklow, shown by the traditional *ciccones* as St. Kevin's bed. From this vestibule or ante-cave, an iron-studded Gothic door opened on the cavernous world within. Here we were joined by the pretty daughter of the hostess, and torches being lighted, we entered.

It is not my purpose to dwell on the geological phenomena of the place. The curious in such matters may consult Saussure, who, in his comparative view of the Alps and Pyrenees, devotes an interesting chapter to this locality. It presented a long, narrow, and winding gallery, running in the direction of the mountain parallel to the valley, occasionally expanding into crypt-like chambers and recesses, and terminating in a lake of Stygian darkness. About midway from the entrance to this spot, and right in the center of the path, there yawned a fearful chasm, cut out by a freak of nature, in the exact fashion of a draw-well—round, perpendicular—some three feet in diameter, and of a depth so awful, that no plummet-line, our conductress declared, had ever sounded it. A pebble dropped instead, was, indeed, after several seconds, heard to come in contact with some faintly resonant substance below, once believed, according to local tradition, to be a heap of gold coin; but who would be daring enough to try the desperate descent, when, on

the authority that vouched the existence of the treasure, it was averred that the same was guarded by a black goat, ever ready, in a rampant posture, to receive the visitor, who would obviously be in a pitiable position, seeing, that his hands being necessarily engaged, he would have to encounter, stern foremost, the horns of what might be truly called a diabolical dilemma.

With nerves duly shaken by a furtive glance into this bottomless pit—the strong iron railings of which we grasped like doomed men, with a secret misgiving that they would suddenly break into shivers—we moved on a few paces, our appetites prepared to “sup full of horrors,” when our guide, calling a halt, and directing the torches to be arranged in a semi-circle, pointed our attention to an object hardly less impressive than that we had just quitted. It was a sepulchral-looking indent, very much resembling those mural excavations in the catacombs, meant for the last resting-places of the more illustrious dead. To complete the similitude, there lay in the center the fac-simile of an elaborately enriched sarcophagus, and a hundred mortuary emblems were sculptured around, with so marvelous an approximation to art, as to suggest the irreverent idea, that the Spirit who had contracted for this job must have executed it in mockery—as a dry practical joke.

In vain, however, did our conductress wait for that outburst of surprise which she evidently expected would have accompanied our scrutiny. We were clearly somehow or other at fault; and as her inquisitive glances still seemed to say, “What is it like?” we felt that sort of humiliation experienced by unsuccessful guessers, till the propounder of the riddle takes pity on their perplexity by the inevitable question, “Do you give it up?” We had no other alternative, which our guide perceiving, proceeded, with no small show of self-complacency, and with a volubility quite Hibernian in type, to enlighten our ignorance.

“You must know, then, gentlemen that the spot you are now looking at, is as like as two peas to the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena: ’tis a miracle, if ever there was one in the world; and if you will permit me, I will tell you how it came to be found out.

About two years ago, two ladies accompanied by a little girl, the daughter

of one of them, came, as your Excellencies did to-day, on their way to Chamouni, to visit the cavern. I conducted them precisely in the same manner, and led them to this spot; but they had no sooner set eyes on that little chamber, than they fell a sobbing, rushed into each other's arms, and cried till I thought their hearts would break. I could not help crying for company, but didn't dare to say a word, for I knew by their manner like, that they were grand quality. At last one of them, looking up with her beautiful eyes running over, said to the little girl, 'Napoline,' said she—that was the name she called her—'Napoline, did you ever see any place like this?' The child, for she was almost a baby, looked very grave, and as if she was striving to remember something. Well, the ladies would not hurry her for the world, only coaxing and bidding her think and think, and tell them like a good child. Well, 'twas a picture to see the way that infant kept staring and pondering for a full minute, when, all of a sudden, looking as bright as a cherub, she clapped her little hands and cried out: 'Oh! yes, mamma; I'm sure I've seen it, very long ago—'tis where the Emperor is buried! I now remember it so well!

"The poor lady caught the child in her arms, and went off again almost in hysterics, and we all cried plentifully: for who do you think were these two ladies? Now, maybe you'd never guess! Well, then, they were no more nor no less than Madame Montholon and Madame Bertrand, who went out to the poor Emperor to St. Helena; and, by the same token, the little girl belonging to one of them was born there, and was called Napoline, after the Emperor, who stood her godfather. Can you wonder now, gentlemen, that they all took on so? 'Twould melt a glacier to see the way they wept: but after a bit, and making them swallow a little spring water—for they wouldn't touch wine—they took heart, and began to talk more rational-like and comfortable. Not a step would they stir to see any thing else in the cave but this one spot; and they made twenty offers to go, but could not make up their minds. At last go they should, for 'twas growing late; but once more they examined every inch of the place, and the younger of the two ladies, taking a penknife out of her reticule, scratched two lines of poetry on the

smooth part of the rock before you, just for all the world as if it was a real grave."

Here, having become unconsciously interested, I strained my eyes to discover the alleged inscription; but perceiving no trace of any thing legible, I was about to speak, when our conductress anticipating my intent said:

"O Sir! have patience and I'll explain it all. No wonder what I'm telling you sounds like a fairy tale; and as the writing isn't there, you may think I am inventing: but, as heaven is above us, every word I am telling your Excellencies is as true as the Gospel; and you'll understand presently how it all was. The writing indeed is gone, (you would never guess why,) but I remember every syllable of it—as good reason I have—and this is what the lady wrote:

"Honneur à Napoléon!
La France le révère!"

And she signed her name to it.

"Well, gentlemen, you may laugh, but that little scratch of a penknife was as good for me as a bank-note for fifty Napoleons. Never had I such a run of visitors as that season. 'Twas Napoleon's tomb that bore the bell over all we had to show in the cavern; and when I told the story of the two ladies—as I have been telling it to your Excellencies—'twas an admiration to see how kind every one (especially the French) took it; and my little fees were sure to be doubled without the asking.

"My next season—that was last year—opened just as prosperously! 'Twas ever and always the first question: 'Where is the tomb of Napoleon?' And to be sure, people were never tired (especially the ladies) of reading the inscription, and copying it out in their albums. And I won't deny that my daughter and I were none the worse of it.

"So it went on, till one day, last July twelvemonth—can I ever forget it!—a traveling carriage stopped at the 'chalet' below. It contained only an old spare gentleman, attended by his valet. While the horses were feeding, he ordered me, in a harsh, cold way, I thought, by which I knew him to be a milor, to attend him to the cavern. It took him a long time to mount up to the entrance; and seeing that he was used to give trouble, I made my daughter follow us. He took very little notice of what I said to him; but

when I came to this place, and repeated the story of the two ladies, he was all attention, and I began to think him a dear, good man, to show such feeling; so I told him how they cried, and how they seemed to dote on the Emperor's memory; and to crown all, I described how the lady wrote the inscription, and I showed him the lines still quite fresh. With that he knit his brows, and frowned, I thought, in a strange way, or smiled—I don't rightly know which—and taking a large knife out of his pocket, he went forward, as I supposed, to write something more on the rock, when—only conceive, gentlemen, my horror and astonishment—instead of that he deliberately scratched out all that the lady had written, and in spite of all my tears and entreaties—for I could hold in no longer—he never stopped muttering and growling all the time, till he had made the place as bare and smooth as you see it this minute."

"And who on earth was this old ruffian?" exclaimed I, quite sympathizing with our guide's enthusiasm.

"Have patience, sir," she replied; "I am near the end of my story, and you will know all presently. So, as I was saying, the old gentleman finished his vile job; and a cruel job it was to boot, for that little scrap of writing was as good for me as an annuity in the rentes. Little did I then suspect who this horrid man could be; but the bon Dieu had his eye on him, and was at that very moment preparing the punishment he had so richly deserved. Being quite overcome by what had just occurred, I lingered behind a few paces, endeavoring to recover my composure, and left to my daughter the care of conducting the milor and his servant. I was roused from my stupor by a loud knocking at the entrance-door, and hurried back to admit the new-comers. These consisted of three fine young men, equipped as pedestrians, with their blouses, knapsacks, and walking-poles; but any woman with an eye in her head could see they were born gentlemen. They were as gay and frolicsome as mountain colts, but there was no more harm in them, bless their hearts, than in so many chamois yearlings. At first they were for dashing through the cave all in a run; but they soon hearkened to reason, and followed me like young lambs, cracking their jokes, and taking no heed of all I was repeating about the place off book and by rote from

them that went before us in the lease of the cavern. All of a sudden, one of them, cutting me short as I was telling about the great stalagmite that took the fancy of Mr. Saussure, said:

"Never mind all that, but conduct us straight to the tomb of Napoleon. Is not there here a spot so called?"

"Of course there is, gentlemen," said I; "not a doubt of it—as like as two peas. Haven't I the word for it of two ladies who lived to the last with the Emperor—Heaven rest his soul!—and who followed him to his grave on the rock? Maybe your honors haven't heard the story?"

"Oh! yes; we know all about it; take us there directly."

"In a few minutes they were standing in this very spot. Will you believe me, gentlemen, when I declare that these three young men, though they may not have shed a tear, cost me as many for company's sake as the two ladies. Their grief reminded me of that of my two brothers when they followed our father's coffin to the graveyard at the foot of the hill, and not a dry eye in the whole procession but their own. 'Tisn't the sobbing nor the crying that makes the grief, nor even that shows it most where it really is. True grief has a look and a language (though maybe a silent one) of its own, that there's no matching by sounds, nor no imitating by manner. Such was the grief of these poor gentlemen. My heart bled for them. Presently, however, they seemed to pluck up a spirit, and one of them in a calm voice said to me:

"Did not one of those ladies you were speaking of leave some writing on one of the rocks hereabouts?"

"My voice faltered as I answered 'Yes,' for my mind misgave me that something awful was going to happen.

"But," continued he, 'where is it?' I can see nothing. What mean these scratches of a knife, that seem to have been effacing some former writing? Could it have been here that the lady made the inscription? and if so, how comes it erased?"

"This question was put in so stern a voice, that my heart was in my mouth. Would that my head had been there instead! But in an evil moment resentment against the 'old ruffian'—as you, sir, have called him—still fresh in my mind, I blurted out all the facts as they had occurred. Direful indeed was the ef-

fect of my narrative! The faces of my hearers grew livid; their eyes bloodshot; their respiration a hot panting for revenge, as they drank in my maddening words. They whispered hurriedly to each other, as they gnashed their teeth, and clenched their hands, as though clutching daggers: 'It is he—it is he! But one wretch lives capable of such baseness! An all-just Providence, after allowing him to fill up the measure of his iniquities, has doomed him to an unprecedented fate. Here, in the dark bowels of the earth, aloof from man, and, as it were, on the confines of eternity, all conventional theories must vanish in the presence of those irresistible instincts, a thousand times more potent, ay, and more sacred than any human enactments. Justice, to be substantial, need not necessarily be formal: and as specially appointed ministers of heaven's vengeance in this exceptional case, it is our mission—our right—nay, our duty, to take the forfeited life of this most consummate miscreant!'

"So saying, with a yell that froze my blood, they rushed forward. At the same instant a glancing light on the opposite wall showed that the doomed man was approaching. The next moment he was confronted by his self-appointed executioners. They met at that point where the gallery widened, and at their very feet yawned the unfathomable gulf!"

Here our narrator became so impassioned in her language, and so demonstrative in her tones and gesticulation, that stenography alone would fail to do her justice, and at the period of the story, photography was not dreamed of. It only remains, therefore, for me to sum up, in a few words, the denouement of her tale.

It might be more melodramatically artistic to maintain to the very last the incognito of the *dramatis personæ*, and thus to secure for the finale a stunning effect. But remembering the delusion of the ostrich, in his fancied concealment, and having often smiled at the *naïveté* with which certain mysteries are kept up, though every body knows that every body sees through them, I think it more straightforward to come at once to a clear understanding with my readers, as to the "real name and address" of each of the individuals so ominously grouped in the cavern scene by torch-light just described. I shall, of course, get very little credit for my candor in admitting that the elderly

gentleman was no other than Sir Hudson Lowe! But who were the three vivacious gentlemen that were so anxious to make his acquaintance on the broad ground of first principles, and with such serious and well-reasoned foregone conclusions? They were—I quote the authority of the lady of the cave—first, Prince Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor; second, Monsieur Lascases, son of the historian of the Captivity; third, Monsieur Dupin, the eminent barrister!

That such a rencontre under such circumstances, and in such a place, should have occurred, well exemplifies the adage, "*Les extremes se touchent*," and warrants the title prefixed to this reminiscence.

To the imagination, in great measure, must be left the concluding scene. Allowing much for the exaggerations of the terrified witness, it would appear that in the first whirlwind of their passion, the three Frenchmen heaped upon their luckless victim all the reproaches, insults, and revilings, that the most unbridled fury could suggest. They taunted him with every grievance, real or supposed, connected with the fatal rock, and summed up all with the base and unmanly insult to a lady which he had just perpetrated. Having gone through all the counts of this fearful indictment, they made a show of deliberating, and solemnly announced their determination to put him to death. So thoroughly in earnest did they seem, that, for a time all chance of his life was utterly hopeless. In vain did the woman and her daughter fling themselves at the feet of the supposed assassins, cling to their knees, and fill the cavern with their cries of remonstrance, and finally with their shrieks of despair. In the midst of this terrific scene, the three Frenchmen seized Sir Hudson, and dragged him to the brink of the chasm. Again and again they swore that his doom was sealed, and went so far, my informant declared, as to raise their victim in the air, and to hold him for a space suspended bodily over the dread abyss.

At this crisis the women became frantic, and rushed forward with such desperate energy and such impassioned screams, that the executioners paused. It was the Prince who was the first to relent.

"'Tis enough," said he; "vengeance must be pushed no further!"

"Be it so," replied Lascases, "on one

condition: that he pass his honor—saugh—his pledge, to give me, within a week, the meeting so often demanded; and his eluding which—should he persist in doing so—will brand him *par excellence* as a perjured coward!!!”

Many an additional jeer, outrage, and indignity did they perpetrate on their helpless foe before they took their departure. He, it would appear, behaved all through with unresisting calmness, while his caiff servant fled at the first

show of danger. On reaching the grotto, however, his nervous system gave way, and his conductress, to convey her impression of his debility, assured me emphatically, that he was “physiquement mort!” She found it necessary to chafe his limbs with brandy. After reposing for an hour in the grotto, he was enabled to regain the *chalet*, whence, after a suitable gratuity to his benefactress, he returned, as fast as four horses could carry him, to Geneva.

From the North British Review.

THE RISE OF THE PAPAL POWER.*

It requires no ordinary ability, and no common attainments, to qualify a man for grappling effectively with the subject of Popery. The ramifications of the Romish system are so vast and intricate, its errors harmonize so closely with corrupt propensities, its perversions of Divine truth come so directly across the path of the most momentous doctrines of the Gospel, its history is so interwoven with records of the world and of human opinion for more than a thousand years, its polemical literature is so varied and extensive—in a word, it touches human life, and history, and literature, and philosophy, and politics, at so many points, that to take a clear and comprehensive survey of so vast a topic, demands an amount and versatility of powers and acquirements which but very few possess. It is rare, indeed, to meet with the requisite qualifications for embarking successfully in the Popish controversy, and expounding the principles

and procedure of the Church of Rome, so eminently combined as in the authors of the volumes before us. In perusing them, we have often felt how inadequately the importance and value of books may be represented by their size.

Oxford looked with good reason, on the late Professor Hussey as one of her ablest and most learned sons. As the editor of Socrates and Bede, he had gained the gratitude of ecclesiastical students. The little volume, whose title is given above, is the only original work which he published during his fourteen years' occupancy of the Church History Chair at Oxford. It is valuable as tracing, with much ability and general accuracy, the rise of the Papal power—the successive assumptions of the Roman See. Mr. Hussey assumes that Papal Infallibility is unquestionably a tenet of the Romish Church, and that she is to this day bound by all the persecuting edicts of the mediæval Pontiffs. Logically, we have no doubt she is so. Nor do those who while they repudiate the principle of the Pope's infallibility, claim it for the General Councils, escape from the dilemma, because the fact of the martyrdom of Huss and Jerome of Prague, by the Council of Constance pledges the concilianists to the doctrine

* *The Rise of the Papal Power.* By ROBERT HUSSEY, B.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford. Parkers. Pp. 209.

Modern Romanism, British and Continental. A Popular View of the Theology, Literature, and Practical Workings of Popery in our Time. By the Rev. JAMES A. HUIR, Wooler. Edinburgh.

that it is right to put "heretics" to death. In a Romanist controversial pamphlet, recently forwarded to us, we observe an attempt made to set the death of Huss in a new light. It is stated that the Church had no hand in the matter, but that it was demanded as a political necessity!

In point of style, Professor Hussey had not the graphic power which belongs to his successor in the Chair of Ecclesiastical History, the accomplished biographer of Arnold. All must, however, share the regret which, since his death, has so often been expressed by Oxonians, that he was taken away from his labors when not more than fifty years of age. In this little work he has left the proof that, had he been spared, he might have done much good service in the Popish controversy.

No one can peruse Mr. Huie's book without perceiving how extensive a course of reading its author must have gone through before he could write it, and how thoroughly he has the results of his reading at his command. But while he gives evidence of an uncommonly extensive and familiar acquaintance with patristic and mediæval literature, it is not from these sources alone, or chiefly, that he has taken his view of Romanism, as exhibited in this volume. It is from its movements in our own day, at home and abroad. And here Mr. Huie has looked with his own eyes, not with those of others—has collected his own facts, and made his own reflections, not borrowed them from previous writers on the Popish controversy. And to this we owe, in a great measure, the pleasant air of freshness which pervades the volume. The controversy with Rome is at once a wide and a well-wrought field, in which it is not easy to find a corner which has not been recently cropped. But Mr. Huie has produced a work in which even well-informed men will find much that is by no means familiar, and will discover a deep significance in many circumstances which they may possibly have hitherto dismissed from their minds as trifling or accidental. Obviously in these one hundred and fifty pages we have the elaborate result of long years of careful reading and keen observation—reading ranging over the literature of many centuries, and of various languages; and observation keeping a watchful eye upon the Church of Rome throughout all her borders, and in all her machinations.

VOL. XLVI.—NO. II.

After a rapid historical sketch of Popery from the Reformation to the close of the eighteenth century, Mr. Huie enters upon the consideration of Modern Romanism in Britain. He exhibits the reviving zeal and energy of the Romish priesthood about thirty years ago, and notices their anticipations of better days than they had seen for many generations; develops the character, and estimates the influence, of Tractarianism in promoting the cause of Popery; discusses the lack of "pulpit power" among the clergy of the Church of Rome, and points out the causes of the deficiency, and its bearing upon her attempts at proselytism; presents the statistics of Romanism in Britain in connection with chapels, schools, convents, etc.; explains her weakness, as acknowledged by the *Dublin Review*, "in that middle element which forms the sinewy strength and motive power of every social body—the mercantile, professional, manufacturing, and trading classes;" and unfolds, with the freedom and precision which only an intimate and extensive acquaintance with the subject can impart, the distinctive characteristics of the literature which modern Romanism has originated, and now wields in her service. It is here, as much as any where, that our author's strength lies; and it is here that some of the freshest glimpses of Popery, which his book affords, are to be found. He notices, in a brief but able and graphic manner, the Popish periodical literature of the time, and presents to us vivid sketches of the more prominent Romish writers, from Cardinal Wiseman down to Priest Keenan of Dundee, photographing, as it were, Dr. Newman, Archdeacons Wilberforce and Manning, and others. Passing to France, he displays the same familiarity with the movements and attitude of Romanism in that country, and especially with the modern French literature, both of Popery and Protestantism. Then turning to Germany, we have topics of equal interest handled with no less ample knowledge and vigor of touch.

We commend Mr. Huie's work to our readers. The general glance which we have given at its contents will indicate that there is no other volume, in the British literature of the Popish controversy, in which the same topics are dealt with.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A FUNERAL CROSSING A STREAM.

"WHEN thou walkest through the waters, I will be with thee."

On the hill a little cottage chamber,
With a coffin placed upon the bed—
In the glen, a wild stream in the autumn,
Rushing o'er the stones with angry tread.
The old woman, at last, has heard the music of heaven
'Neath the white curtain in the silent room,
Has heard the music of heaven come rolling grandly—
Come rolling grandly through the curtained gloom.
The old man has seen that smile of wonderful beauty
Fix on the face so fair, when pain is o'er—
That smile of wonderful beauty, as if the spirit
Had found the Some One it was waiting for.
Now o'er the death-sheet, old man, thy snowy hair be bowed,
And put thy white lips down a little unto the white, white shroud;
And mutter something for a moment, as low as low may be,
Of births, and deaths, and marriages, and what she was to thee—
And pray that the broken links of your forty years and seven
May be forged into a silver chain in the depths of yonder heaven,
That shall wind you round and round,
Ensainted and encrowned
So long as they fling their diadems
Where the great Thrice Holies pass,
So long as the music of harps is rolling
Across the sea of glass—
Then, go out and weep, old man!

Down the hill the solemn funeral passes,
And the old man paces on before;
And you hear the plunging of the waters
In the glen, the echo and the roar.
Through the lane the bearers are passing, and solemnly
Strikes on their ear the bell with many a pause;
And that sweet singer of central autumn, the robin—
The robin shakes his red breast o'er the haws.
Presently comes his little outbursting of music,
That at a funeral sounds more strange than sweet,
To think that the tiny bird should be singing, and singing,
With grander music frozen at his feet.
Now to the wild brook come they, swollen with October rain,
Cold with the breath of the north wind, dashed with a wine-dark stain.
The bearers pause one moment—then like a mystic dream
The funeral train sweeps blackly o'er the hoarse and whitened stream;
And on they pass in silence to where the little bell
Is tolling in the church below, like a spirit invisible,
Soon they walk among the limes,
And sweet eternal chimes
Of texts that are sweeter than anthems
In any cathedral chanted,
Go rolling along the deepest recesses
Of poor hearts sorrow-haunted,
And the old man findeth peace!

And as the robin sang up in the tree,
The ransomed spirit sings on forever—
Only a music of deeper meaning—
Only a music of purer rejoicing:
The music they sing, who once have been sinful—
The music they sing, who once have known sorrow;
But who now are both sinless and tearless forever!
And so the coffin crossed the waters—
So the spirit crossed the waves of death—
So it crossed the cold and gloomy water
With everlasting arms around it—
The everlasting arms of Christ.
And as the text from the Apocalypse
Fell sweeter than anthems among the limes,
So the things that the soul of the ransomed
Hath now to sing and to say,
Fell sweet on the ears of the blessed,
Go home, old man, from the lime-tree walk
And step back again o'er the driving flood,
And walk on in silence along the lane
Where the robin sings in the rubied haws;
And sit down again in the lonely room—
They will lead forth another funeral soon,
Down the lane, and over the stream,
And on to the grave in the lime-tree walk:
And is this a thing to weep for?

From Titan.

ART AND SCIENCE ABROAD.

FURTHER INVESTIGATIONS RELATING TO THE SILK-WORM.

THE ladies are beginning to think that the outcry about the disease of the silk-worm, and the deterioration of the mulberry, was one of those *raisons* which speculators will occasionally adopt in order to serve a temporary purpose. They tell us that they can get a superb silk dress, or a yard of satin ribbon, or any other article made of the same material, quite as good and quite as cheap at the present moment as they could before the silk failure was spoken or thought of. But dear ladies—dearest of all “dear readers”—a word with you! You must remember that silk is one of those articles of the slowly perishable kind, and is therefore

capable of accumulation year after year, so that the stock of raw and manufactured material existing at any given moment may possibly be the accumulated product of many annual crops, and that the success or failure of a single year, or even three or four years in succession, does not materially affect the quantity in actual existence—the quantity available for daily use. It is quite possible that the flowing robes which surround your graceful forms, and which you so greatly embellish and adorn, may have been the products of worms, of men, of looms, which have long ceased to exist. And it may be—we sincerely hope it will be—that long before

you are deprived of your silks and satins, your ribbons and your robes, by the highness of their price, the labors of naturalists and philosophers will have resulted in a complete revival and firm reestablishment of the art of silk production.

Although silk producers throughout the south of Europe are interested in this question, it is chiefly in France and Italy that researches are made and experiments conducted in a truly systematic and scientific manner. Two objects have shared the attention of investigators; one, the improvement and cure of the existing race of silk-worms; the other, the discovery and acclimation of new species of silk-worms adapted to European culture.

In reference to the first object we have two or three reports in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences which we must briefly condense into one. Of several gentlemen specially commissioned to inquire into the matter, MM. Quatrefages and Guérin Ménéville give us the most definite and detailed information; and as their opinions are at variance with, if not opposed to each other, we get from their reports as good an impression of the real state of the question as we are likely to obtain any where. M. Guérin Ménéville says, amongst other things: "I have already, several times, shown that the malady of the mulberry is one of the principal causes of the epidemic among silk-worms. I have studied it each year in the south of France and in Italy, and I have noticed that it shows itself always, and under various forms, in the localities where the silk-worm malady prevails. Since last year, I have remarked feeble traces of the disease upon the rare mulberries cultivated round about Paris; and I have shown again this year, that the disease *la gattine* has infected the silk-worms reared in the Jardin des Plantes at the request of the Société Impériale d'Acclimation. This fact, coinciding with the affection of the mulberries, goes to demonstrate the direct connection between the disease of the vegetable and that of the animal which it nourishes."

On the other hand, M. de Quatrefages having visited various parts of France, and conducted a great number of observations and experiments of a highly interesting character, comes to the conclusion that the malady of the silk-worm is not to be attributed to bad food; inasmuch as he found the mulberry trees

every where in good condition. This inference is scarcely satisfactory: for, from the first, it has been suspected that the very luxuriance of the trees—that is, the forced luxuriance—was the cause of the malady. The greater quantity of leaves on a given tree, and the increased juiciness of the leaves, were supposed to be dearly compensated for by the inferiority of the juice. The disease of the worm, called by M. de Quatrefages the *maladie de la tache*, (spot disease,) from the spots which appear on the worm affected by it, is that variety of the disorder from which the worms mostly suffer. These spots are too small to be seen with the naked eye, and can only be detected by the aid of a magnifying glass, which fact will perhaps explain why the malady escaped the notice of silk-growers till some days after the animal had shed its fourth skin. In all the stages of its existence, and in all parts of its substance the spots are to be found. When arrived at the moth state, the spots destroy the antennæ, the legs, and the wings. At first, the body of the worm appears to be completely covered with a yellowish matter, which gradually becomes darker and collects into tubercles, which are the spots from which the malady derives its name. Various methods have been tried for the cure of the worms infected. M. de Quatrefages names four, the operation of which he had had opportunities of observing. Twenty-seven trays were so infected that death reduced them to four; and each one of these trays was made the object of one particular mode of treatment. The first was fed in the ordinary way upon mulberry leaves; they received no particular care in their treatment, and spun a certain quantity of cocoons which yielded two hundred and ten grammes of silk. The second was fed with moistened leaves, and thrived very indifferently; they spun but few cocoons, and they were worthless. The third was fed on sugared leaves, and did well; they spun their cocoons sooner than the others, and in greater quantity, as well as of superior quality, yielding three hundred and ninety-two grammes of silk. The fourth was altogether deprived of food for a considerable time: at the expiration of twenty-four hours some of them spun several imperfect cocoons, and the others began to shrivel up and diminish in size; but on being afterwards fed on sugared leaves, they speedily re-

covered, and many of them spun their cocoons, which yielded one hundred and fifty-two grammes of silk. Other medicines besides sugar have been proposed and made use of with various degrees of success, such as Peruvian bark, valerian, mustard, etc.; for, unlike some other nurselings that we know of, silk-worms do not exhibit any very decided repugnance to physic. Scraped sugar however seems at present most in favor.

As to the introduction of new species of silk-worms, it will be remembered that we have already, in a former note, recorded the introduction of one from India, which fed on the leaves of the common oak. During the past year another has been introduced by M. Guérin Méneville, from China, and which feeds on the *vernis du Japon*, (*Aylanthus glandulosa*), a plant at the present time as common in France as it is in China. He tells us that this species was first introduced into Europe about twelve months since, through the care of a venerable missionary who brought the living cocoons to Turin. In the Annals of the French Entomological Society is an account of the experiments which he made with a view to multiply the species in Europe. He did not then succeed, for he had only three cocoons, and the moths came forth at periods so distant, that the only male had died before the appearance of the females his intended brides. Happily, however, MM. Griseri and Comba of Turin, had preserved a great number of cocoons; they have obtained through these a considerable number of fecundated eggs, and have made a second attempt this year with perfect success.

Through the kindness of these gentlemen, M. Guérin Méneville has been supplied with eggs, and he has been thus enabled to resume his experiments and investigations. On the occasion of showing some of his new silk-worms together with some of the cocoons he had already obtained, he says:

"The result of my labors is that the silk-worm of the *Aylanthus glandulosa* of Japan is the true Bombyx Cynthia described by Drury in 1773, and which has been cultivated for ages in China, where its silk forms the clothing of the whole population of some districts. Roxburgh, in 1804, expressed a belief that the *Eria* worm, which is cultivated in the East-Indies, belonged to the same species; and

the confusion, which it has been impossible to set right for want of materials, has continued up to present time, so that every one has called the Bombyx Cynthia the *Eria* worm, which is in fact a totally different species, and feeds principally on the castor-oil plant, producing as many as seven or eight generations in the year.

"From the experiments which I have made in the breeding of these worms, I am now able to point out differences in the caterpillars, in the cocoons, and in their habits, which enable me to distinguish them far better than can be done, from the slight difference found in the moths, which would only have led observers to imagine that they were simply local varieties of one and the same species. The products of these two worms are very nearly the same. The carded cocoons afforded an excellent material, from which in China and Bengal a very strong fabric is made." "In China," says Father d'Incarville, "these silk-worms are a source of riches. The silk which they produce is of the color of unbleached linen, lasts double the time of other silk, and does not easily spot." Another writer has said: "Clothes made of this silk are not injured by rain, dirt, or oil."

It is clear that the introduction of the true Bombyx Cynthia is now accomplished, and it only remains to develop the new industry which is simply a question of money. All that is required is to raise plantations of *Aylanthus glandulosa*, (a tree which is extremely easy of growth, in the very poorest soils,) to cover them in the spring with the caterpillars which have been hatched in the month of May, protecting them, as they eat the leaves, from the birds, by the employment of invalid workmen, as they do in China. At the end of June the first harvest will take place, followed by a second in August. The cocoons required for stock, will remain without hatching till the following May; this is not the case with the worm that feeds on the castor plant, since that continues breeding all the winter, requiring either the castor plant to be grown in a conservatory, or the teasel.

M. Guérin Méneville concludes his interesting paper by observing that he shall feel himself amply repaid for his exertions, if his labors should result in the establishment of a new industry which would render the use of silk as common in Europe as it is in China.

NEW STEREOSCOPIC APPARATUS BY M.
D'ALMEIDA.

Various indeed have been the forms which stereoscopic apparatus has assumed since the experiments of Wheatstone have shown the possibility of obtaining, by means of plane images, the sensations produced by objects in relief. To the reflecting stereoscope of Wheatstone, succeeded the lenticular apparatus of Brewster. More lately M. Faye discovered a mode of producing stereoscopic effects without any apparatus whatever, a mode which, in a slightly modified form, is very generally known and practiced. More recently still, M. Claudet has discovered a means of increasing the size of objects, so that they may be seen by *two or three* at a time.

All these apparatus are capable of rendering objects visible to at best a very small number of spectators at the same moment of time. In the ordinary stereoscope each separate individual takes his turn. M. d'Almeida proposes such an arrangement that his images shall be so increased as to render them visible to large numbers simultaneously.

For this purpose he uses two different kinds of apparatus. In the first, he projects upon a screen the images of two stereoscopic pictures of the ordinary kind. The images projected are brought to superpose, not line for line, for that would be impossible, since they are not identical—but as near as possible in that position which they would present, if the object which they reproduce were before the eye. Thus far, the images form upon the screen, a mere mass of confusion.

It is necessary that *each eye* should see *one image only*. To effect this, he places in the path of the luminous rays, two colored glasses, one red, the other green—the former well known to physicists, the latter being the common green glass of commerce. By means of these colored glasses, one of the images projected on the screen is rendered red, and the other green. If then the spectator places before his eyes glasses similar to the preceding, that is, a red glass to one eye, and a green one to the other, the green image shows itself to that eye which is covered with green, and the red image to the eye covered with red. The relief then immediately appears.

This is ingenious, but then every one

who goes to an exhibition of the kind, must provide himself with a very curiously constructed pair of spectacles. The second piece of apparatus contrived by M. d'Almeida, is intended to remedy this inconvenience.

In this the two images are retained uncolored; and the stereoscopic effect is produced by rendering each image alternately intermittent; which is effected by intercepting the rays, first of one image and then the other, by means of a revolving card. This card is perforated with holes at its circumference, sufficiently large to allow the rays to pass for the formation of each image separately and successively. Causing the card to rotate with great velocity, each image is seen in rapid alternation, and thus the effects of relief are produced.

We are not informed whether this latter contrivance renders the projected picture less distinct, but we fancy it must. Otherwise it would be an admirable invention for such institutions as the Polytechnic and the quondam Panopticon, as well as a highly important one in an educational point of view. The statues of Greece and of Rome, the man-headed bulls of Nineveh, and the Sphynxes of Egypt, might by its agency be reproduced in all our provincial towns, and become so familiar to their populations as very materially to enlarge their minds and improve their tastes.

ABOUT THE TELEGRAPH, BUT NOT BY IT.

We have all probably heard curious stories concerning the acts of petty or flagrant mischief perpetrated by the Electric Telegraph—how birds have been found dead beneath the wires, of course killed by the electric shock—how lightning has been conducted whither it would never otherwise have found its way, and this, not because the wire was *metallie*, but because it was electric—and so forth. These stories have engendered an ill-defined fear in the minds of people by no means unintelligent; and now that our towns and cities are likely before long to be completely reticulated by wires running from office to office, and from workshop to workshop, can not fail to produce some uneasiness.

The following extracts from an official report appear to us to compress the matter into a nutshell. The dangers such as

they are, whether real or imaginary, together with the means of guarding against them, are here lucidly set forth, and must have the effect, we think, of removing all unnecessary apprehension. The report originated in a wish expressed by the French Minister of War, to know whether the passage of the telegraph wires through or near a powder-magazine, could be a cause of danger; and the commission charged to prepare the report, first presented it for the approbation of the Academy of Sciences. They say:

"It may be regarded as certain that the electric current developed in the wire in the ordinary service of dispatches, could never produce any accidents; for supposing even that the wire broke during the transmission of a message, whether by the wind or from any other cause, the small sparks thus formed at the points of rupture would be insufficient to ignite any powder floating in the atmosphere, or deposited on their supports."

But it is quite otherwise with atmospheric electricity; its action becomes often formidable, and might be a cause of great danger to magazines of gunpowder. Should it happen, for example, that the wire were struck by lightning, it is probable that at the point struck, there would be a considerable length melted, ignited, and dispersed; and that the incandescent globules thrown to a distance by the fact of the explosion itself, might be transported still further by the action of the wind; but besides this, the extremities of the wire suddenly set at liberty while in a state of combustion from the same cause, would fly about and describe curves of greater or less extent about the points of support, and carry the flames to great distances.

This probability, were it only a possibility, would render it an indispensable precaution, to place magazines of gunpowder beyond the reach of such danger. After passing in review the various precautions to which we may have recourse, the commission recommends the following contrivances: *First*, to substitute subterranean for aerial wires in that portion of the line which would be less than a hundred yards from a powder magazine; *Secondly*, to divert the wire from a direct course, even when in subterranean conduits, rather than come into too close proximity with a magazine, or it would be dangerous to the workmen engaged in

constructing, examining, or repairing them; and, *Thirdly*, to erect lightning conductors, fifteen or twenty yards in height, at the posts near the subterranean conduits, so as to protect them from the possibility of a lightning-stroke.

These recommendations, as they appeared to provide sufficiently for the safety of a magazine, without undue expense to telegraph companies, were ultimately adopted.

In connection with the telegraph, we may mention that a very curious and ingenious Telegraphic Map of Europe has been printed and published at Berlin. The invention is due to Mr. A. Mahlan of that city. The most remarkable feature about it is, that it is printed from blocks of common printing type, combined with a number of brass rules for describing the telegraphic lines, and this so compactly and neatly that not a trace of the juncture between the blocks is visible. As, however, the cost of maps produced by this process, is generally believed to be higher than that of others, it is not easy to see in what respect they are to be preferred to those produced by plates.

Some weeks ago the British public were startled by the discovery that Russia was enabled to receive and transmit messages from China to England in a shorter time by nearly a month, than England could obtain them by any other means. As may be supposed, every one began to inquire, How is it? and Mr. Augustus Petermann, the famous German geographer, furnishes the following satisfactory answer: Russian couriers travel from Pekin to St. Petersburg, and *vice versa*, not only in fifty days, but in about one half that time, in twenty-six or twenty-seven days. For several years back, the Russians have established regular and constant communication, by courier, between Pekin, and Kiakhta, and Maimachin, the Russo-Chinese frontier towns to the south of Lake Baikal, not far from Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia. The courier post is exclusively used for the dispatches of the Russian Government, and for no other purposes whatever. An account of a late journey will show how it is accomplished. The couriers, starting from Pekin, reached Irkutsk in eight or nine days. From Irkutsk to Moscow, the great road keeps mostly between the latitudes of thirty-five degrees and fifty-five degrees north. Leaving

Irkutsk on the twenty-fifth of December, 1857, they performed about four thousand English miles within twenty-three days, (or between one hundred and seventy and one hundred and eighty miles a day,) and arrived in Moscow on the seventeenth of January, thence reaching St. Petersburg in one day by rail.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL LITERATURE.

A most extraordinary story has reached us from the far west; it being nothing less than that of the *petrification* (and consequent death) of a miner. Were it not that the account bears to be communicated by a physician of undoubted ability, we should be disposed to regard the whole affair as a Yankee fabrication.

Most people have seen a kind of rounded boulder, which is often found among our chalk and limestone rocks, and which, on being broken in two, exhibits an internal surface covered with crystals. Frequently, this internal space contains water, or what appears to be such, although it is more properly a solution of silica in water. The quantity of this liquid is usually too small to attract attention, but in the present instance, the unfortunate miner found a stone which, on being broken, contained nearly half a pint, which he swallowed at a draught. In fifteen minutes he was a dead man. It was not, however, till an attempt was made to lay the corpse out, that any thing extraordinary was observed; but in doing this, the limbs were found to be so rigid as to render the process difficult. In the course of two hours and a half, the whole body became as hard and inflexible as a board. The muscles, on being pressed, caused a crackling sensation, as though the minute capillaries were in a state of ossification. A *post mortem* examination presented the following results: The smaller blood-vessels were solid, and apparently ossified, (? petrified.) In the stomach and duodenum several hard masses, of the size of a hazel nut, were found, evidently composed of biliary matter, but as hard as quartz. Evidences of food also existed, and a large mass, containing fibers of muscle and lumps of undigested potatoes, moulded to the form of the *antrum pylori*, were taken out, of like solidity. The solidification of the contents of the stomach, of the food, and of the bile—their conversion, in fact, into

stone—was complete; but the coats of the stomach appeared nearly normal. The heart was as hard as a piece of red jasper, and exhibited here and there those varied tints which give such beauty to that mineral. By means of a small hatchet, it was separated from its connection with the aorta, pulmonary artery, and vena cava, and with some difficulty was broken to pieces. The larger blood-vessels were as rigid as the stems of a tobacco-pipe, and in some cases the petrified blood could be cracked out from the veins. The lungs were not collapsed at all: but the brain exhibited nothing extraordinary.

Such is the substance of the account of this remarkable phenomenon, as related by Dr. Lichterberger in the *Alta California*: as he has sent specimens of the petrified blood and muscle to some eminent American physicians, with a view to elicit their opinion, we shall probably hear something more about it before long.

From America we also learn that a case of *vivisection*, an experiment more revolting than interesting, has occurred. It was that of a criminal, who, having hung the usual time, was cut down, and found to be in a state of suspended animation. Half an hour later, a Dr. Ellis commenced the autopsy, and he describes, in a manner most chillingly scientific, how he proceeded to dissect the body, and count the pulsations of the still beating heart: how he separated the spinal cord, and noticed the changes that thereon ensued. It is the opinion of Dr. Clark, that had artificial respiration been applied, the man might have been restored to life. The whole affair has been strongly condemned on this side of the water. Assuredly it is very much at variance with the elevated spirit of humanity, the almost tenderness which characterizes the medical profession in England, and especially the language of medical writers, whether in this country, in Germany, or in France.

From a Turkish periodical, we catch a glimpse of the difficulties which science has to encounter in that country. If other sciences fare no better there than the medical, and there is ample ground for fearing that they do not, Turkey may be bolstered up for a while by Anglo-French alliances, and what not, but her doom is sealed. It seems that Dr. Zaloni, a physician, resident in Constantinople, although an Austrian, was called in to prescribe for the favorite wife of a

great Turkish personage, and on interrogating her in the harem, he was led to infer that she was suffering from an inflammation of the bowels. According to the custom of physicians in such a case, he gently touched the part affected with his finger: when the eunuch in attendance, misunderstanding the act, rushed on the doctor, and beat him till he was half-dead. The woman's husband hearing the noise, entered the room, and on learning from the eunuch what had happened, he stabbed the doctor, and turned him into the street, bathed in blood, to find his way home as best he could. Dr. Zalloni died a few days after of the injuries he had received. Verily this accursed system of polygamy and eunuchs renders all science, physical and social, utterly powerless in Turkey.

An extraordinary offer has lately been made to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Verdier. This gentleman is the grand-nephew of one of the surgeons who embalmed Voltaire. The brain of this illustrious philosopher having been carefully preserved, it fell by inheritance into the hands of M. Verdier, who wished to make it a present to the Academy, doubtless imagining that the brain from which, in the last century, emanated a complete philosophical revolution, could not but be acceptable to the august assembly. As, however, the Academy possessed no *reliquaire* in which to deposit the precious bequest, it was compelled to decline M. Verdier's considerate offer.

A NEW WAY OF CROSSING THE ALPS.

The passage of the Alps has ever been an undertaking rather formidable to travelers of all kinds from Hannibal downwards. But Hannibal got *over* the difficulty, as a good many have since. We moderns, however, think the other side of the difficulty may be reached more easily by going *under* it.

The work of tunneling the Alps has been commenced some months. The spot chosen for this undertaking is beneath Mount Cenis, the part of the Alpine chain which separates France from Piedmont. Although the ridge here is high, it is one of the narrowest portions of the chain any where hereabouts. The tunnel is to begin at Modane on the north side, and terminate at Bardonnèche on the south; these two points being, within a little, on

the same level. The convenience of this position for a tunnel, was pointed out by M. Medoil, more than twenty years ago, and has often attracted the attention of engineers. The tunnel will be very nearly eight miles in length, and is designed in the same vertical plane; but to facilitate drainage, is rather higher in the middle than at the ends, so as to form a slope on each side. The crest of the mountain is fully seventeen hundred yards (about a mile) higher than the highest point of the tunnel; hence the sinking of shafts was practically impossible, and the tunnel can only be worked at its extremities. By the ordinary method of tunneling, the work would occupy thirty-six years: but by an ingenious mechanical contrivance to be applied, this time will be greatly shortened. The difficulty of ventilation is also found to be very great. The mountain having been examined by MM. Elie de Beaumont and Angelo Sismonda, was found to contain micaceous sandstone, micaceous schists, quartz, gypsum, and limestone: of these the quartz alone would offer any serious obstacle to engineering operations. The method of overcoming these difficulties was suggested by three Sardinian engineers, M.M. Sommeiller, Grattone, and Grandis, who propose to turn to account the great abundance of the water for which this locality is noted, by applying it to a peculiar and novel system of perforation and ventilation. The apparatus used for this purpose consists of a hydraulic air-condenser, which is nothing more than a monster siphon with its orifices turned upwards, and communicating by one of them with a large air-chamber. The water passes through the first branch, and entering the second, condenses the air therein contained, which is pressed into the air-chamber. When the compression of the air has reached a certain point, a valve lets out the water from the siphon, and the operation recommences; valves being used to resist the expansion of the compressed air in the chamber. The perforating apparatus, set in motion by the compressed air, is so compact and powerful, that in a space barely sufficient for three couples of miners to work, eighteen perforators may be employed, so that it will be possible to complete the work in six years instead of thirty-six. The inventors calculate upon being able to advance three meters per day at each

end, or six meters per day altogether. The air after working the perforators, is still available for ventilation. When this work is completed and connected with the Victor Emanuel Railway, it will form one of the finest, if not the finest road on the continent of Europe; and the journey from Paris to Turin will occupy only twenty-two hours, and from Paris to Milan only twenty-seven hours.

CALCIUM.

Of the sixty-two elementary substances known by chemists to exist, fifty are metals; and of these fifty several are so rare, and have been produced in such minute quantities, that many of our eminent writers on chemistry have never seen them, and only know what they know, by mere hearsay. In this category has been till very lately the metal *calcium*, the base of common lime. Sir Humphry Davy tried to reduce it by means of the intense heat of the galvanic arc. Other chemists also, relying on a high temperature, have made similar attempts, but have very imperfectly succeeded. The more gentle, and at the same time more powerful agency of chemical attraction, promises better results. The reduction of calcium may now be considered as accomplished: and every tyro with moderate address, having been shown the way may produce a specimen for himself. The authors of the new method, the principal feature in which is the substitution of iodide of calcium for the chloride, are MM. Bodart and Bodin. The operation is effected in the following way:

Iodide of calcium is prepared by treating white marble with hydriodic acid: the fluid is rapidly evaporated, and the residue fused without access of air. The iodide has the appearance of anhydrous chloride of magnesium. Equal equivalents of this, and of sodium, are put into an iron crucible: the crucible employed by the authors was a cylinder of fifteen centimeters in length, and three centimeters in diameter, closed by a screw. It was put into the furnace, and the temperature raised to a bright redness, without reaching a white heat: it was exposed to this temperature for an hour, and then taken out and left to cool.

On the surface of the fused mass, there was an ingot of calcium, weighing three grammes: the quantity of sodium em-

ployed was four grammes: the ingot was dull, covered with a very thin stratum of blackish substance, which is probably a suboxide of calcium. This is easily removed, when the metal appears of a pale yellow, with a reddish tinge. It decomposes water, but only burns in the air when heated to redness, and then it throws off sparks in the manner of magnesium, with a yellow flame.

VARIORUM.

Two or three important improvements in the art of copying and color-printing have been lately made. One of these is calculated to revive a hope often indulged in by literary antiquarians, namely, that of seeing fac-similes of Wickliffe's Bible multiplied and made public. The invention to which we refer is by M. Friedlander of Berlin, who, after ten years of careful experiment has devised a method of copying and multiplying old books and manuscripts, in such a manner as neither to destroy nor even injure the original, a copy of which is transferred to a stone, by a peculiar manipulation, and then reproduced after the manner of lithography.

Another invention no less interesting to artistic eyes, is one by M. Chevalier, a journeyman printer, who has hit upon a mode of color-printing, by which all the colors of a picture are laid on at one operation. M. Chevalier's preliminary labors have extended over six years, and it is only within the last few weeks that his method has been so far perfected, as to be of practical utility. The figures to be printed are drawn upon a woven stuff which may be penetrated by a liquid, and the ink used is composed of matters easily soluble. The side of the cloth on which the figures have been drawn is then covered with a thin coating of gutta-percha, and when this has solidified, the ink is dissolved, and the gutta-percha which covered it rubbed off, while it adheres firmly to that part of the cloth not covered with ink. The cloth is now penetrable therefore only in those places where the figures were drawn. To take impressions from this stuff, the ink or coloring matter is laid on one side, and the sheet to be printed is placed on the other, when, on being subjected to the action of the press, the colors permeate the stuff and adhere to the paper, producing it is said, a clear impression. Instead of applying the ink

and colors at each separate impression, it has been found advantageous to place a kind of cushion charged with colors, underneath the stuff, so as to enable the pressman to work off several copies without renewing them.

From printing on paper to printing on calico is an easy transition, at least to those who only read and write about it. Dr. H. Sacc informs us that he has been making a long series of experiments with a view to increase the variety of tints available for the printing of calico. The number of colors employed in this art is so small, that there is sufficient inducement to seek for new ones, as fashion daily requires patterns of more varied colors, and of more effect in their coloration. Hydrated oxide of iron, manganese bistre, oxide of chrome, and some others, about ten in number altogether, are probably the only mineral dyes employed in calico printing. The use of these, however, is very limited, because some of them are difficult of fixation, and others furnish unattractive tints; for the reddish yellow, the sea-green of the oxide of chrome, and those colors which can be fixed by the white of egg, are the only ones of the above ten employed to any extent. From the circumstance that these colors were fixed with difficulty, Dr. Sacc made a number of experiments with a view to determine a method of fixing metallic colors upon calicos by means of steam. He was for a long time unsuccessful, but by a happy modification of the chemical coloring matter used, he at length succeeded, and the following colors may now be added to the list of those available for calico-printing: 1. Cadmium yellow, a beautiful, solid, but rather expensive yellow, and very durable; 2. Copper green, very fine and permanent, if printed in cold weather; but if printed in warm weather, it fades; 3. Nickel gray; 4. Lead gray; 5. Mercury gray, all three very fine.

What an effective and important instrument of education is the pick-axe! Month after month this elegant implement reveals to us treasures of knowledge, for which we might ransack libraries in vain. The peat-bog near Güder-Brarup in Anglia (Schleswig, Denmark) continues to furnish objects of intense interest to antiquarians, and to English antiquarians particularly. For the inhabitants of this district, the real old Angle-land, were more emphatically the ancestors of Eng-

lishmen than any other people; and it is here that historians must look for information respecting the dress, equipments, weapons, and habits of the race from which they sprang. The mine of antiquities which is just now being so diligently worked, owes its importance to an event which must have occurred some two thousand years ago. It is presumed that a small army was passing over the ice, and perished by breaking in. The *Flensburger Zeitung* says: In no place have organic substances, as cloth, wood, leather, been more perfectly preserved than here. The arrows, lances, bows, bucklers, and other things buried in this spot, are as perfect and undamaged as if they had been buried less than a year. As it is doubtful whether they will stand exposure to the atmosphere, they are kept provisionally in spirits of wine, and are exhibited in the town-hall at Flensburg.

Among the first fruits of Dr. Livingstone's second expedition, has been a valuable collection of seeds, which have arrived at Kew Gardens. He also forwards intelligence which shows what facilities exist for the culture of cotton, although he regards with some dismay the proceedings of the French Government in regard to the slave-trade, which he thinks will seriously retard the efforts now being made towards the civilization of Africa.

In conformity with a request made to her Majesty by Baron von Humboldt, that she would cause some inquiry to be made into the circumstances of the death of Dr. Vogel—if he be really dead—her Majesty's consul at Tripoli has been ordered to institute inquiries into the matter.

Another renowned explorer and naturalist has lately lost his life while engaged in the duties of his office. There have been for some time past, three brothers of the name of Schlagentweit, engaged in scientific researches under the auspices of the East-India Company, among the mountains of India, and especially among the Himalayas. One of these, Adolphe Schlagentweit, owing to some misunderstanding between him and the inhabitants of the Yarkand territory, was suspected of being a friend to the Chinese, with whom the people of that district were at war; in consequence of this suspicion, they surrounded his dwelling at night, and murdered him. The chief of the

tribe has shown unfeigned marks of regret at this outrage on the part of his people, and has saved some of the traveler's papers and instruments.

Many papers of great interest upon the magnificent comet of Donati have appeared in the continental scientific journals, but as nearly every thing of a popular nature to be found in them, has been repeatedly reproduced in the English journals, we shall make no further allusion to them here, beyond noticing two things which have rather amused us. On looking over a bundle of notes and extracts which we have made, none of which are probably more than a month old, we find minute instructions given where to look for the comet, with manifold intimations that it will most likely be visible through a tolerably good achromatic telescope, or even an opera-glass, as it approaches its perihelion. This sounds somewhat droll, when at the very moment that we are writing this paragraph, the refulgent visitor is blazing through the heavens with an apparent diameter of fourteen or fifteen degrees, not only visible to the naked eye,

but constituting perhaps the largest celestial object on which any one now living has ever gazed. The other point which has struck our attention, is the delicacy and caution with which continental writers allude to the coincidence of the comet's visit with the hot, dry summer, the abundant wine crop, and other meteorological phenomena; and the similarity between these phenomena and those which occurred on the occasion of former cometic visitations. None of the high class journals venture an opinion that the comet has any thing to do with these meteorological phenomena; they only note the coincidence. No doubt, they are wise in so acting; nevertheless, it would be equally precipitate to conclude that the one is not a consequence of the other. After what has been demonstrated respecting the connection of a few spots on the sun's disc, and the magnetic condition of our globe, every strong judgment can hold itself in suspense for a while before it pronounces on a matter so imperfectly understood as comets and their influences or uses.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CHRONICLES OF CASTLE CORNET.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

CHAPTER I.

It was a cold November night. The good town of Guernsey was asleep. The only sounds to be heard were the creaking of the cables where the ships rode at anchor, the heavy boom of the sea, and the measured tread of the sentinel as he paced to and fro on the pier. In the distance, about half-way up the hill, the lighted windows of a tall mansion threw a strong glare upon the black masses of

building by which it was surrounded. This was the hospital, and among its inmates were many convicts broken down by hard and continuous labor. There sat in one of the windows a man in the prime of life. His head leaned heavily on one hand, and he appeared absorbed in reverie. "What is life," he thought, "without pleasure? And how can pleasure be obtained without money? Now, as to the means of acquiring money, it is only when a man fails that they are

ever called in question. Perpetrate a base action, if it makes you rich who will blame you! A crime even; ay, there is remorse, very true; but which of the two makes life most bitter—desire that is unsatisfied, or repentance? I have no possible conception of the amount of pain which proceeds from a guilty conscience! but the bitterness of poverty I know from a long and sad experience. The poor man is nobody. He has no enjoyment of life. He is free! Yes; free to die of hunger! that is all. Shall my life pass always without enjoyment? I am young; I love mirth, pleasure; and my existence is spent between a garret and an hospital. What can I have done to deserve so hard a fate? why should I support it? If a favorable opportunity presented itself, I do not think I would hesitate at even a crime to better my condition; but even the opportunity of a crime is rare. It requires a special interposition in one's favor to bring it about. What is the boasted honesty of mankind? Little more than the difficulty of becoming the rogue with impunity."

To the metaphysician, here was a curious study. A man in the very flower of life speculating on the impotence of poverty to commit sin with advantage, and wondering why Providence had surrounded crime with obstacles apparently insurmountable. The accurate observer might have detected in this morbid condition more the vague speculation of a turbulent and unsettled mind than actual perversion of moral feeling. The thirst of ambition and the desire of opulence are maladies common to the springtime of youth, and proceed as frequently from its feverish restlessness as from actual vice.

The young physician was one of that class of men who prefer selecting their own place in the world rather than endeavoring to do their duty in the position where they find themselves. In railing at fortune they spend the time which they ought to pass in endeavoring to win her smiles. To every man born in an humble position, there are two courses open—either to resign himself to the poverty of his lot, or to apply his energies towards its improvement. Dr. Epernon would do neither: he preferred railing against social irregularities; life appeared to him in false colors. Absorbed by a thirst for pleasure, he had never learned the philosophy of Solomon; and even the sense of

duty became lost in the idea which, once entertained, led him rapidly to the conclusion that any means were justifiable which would achieve success. In his meditations vice was becoming a familiar image, although he might still have shrunk from its practice. The power to will was growing gradually weaker in proportion as the senses acquired a stronger dominion over the intellect. His whole moral nature was in imminent danger of shipwreck.

The physician's train of thought was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of an attendant, who came to announce the death of one of the inmates. It was number fifty, the man said, for in an hospital no one has a name. He arose and walked listlessly to the dormitory. Passing along a double row of beds, he reached the spot, and, drawing down the coarse sheet which had been hastily thrown over the dead man, he looked at the corpse with that species of interest science feels in the presence of a power which has baffled all its skill.

A sudden idea seemed to strike him, for he ordered the attendant to remove the body into the dissecting-room.

The dead man was no unworthy subject for a disciple of Lavater. Convicted of burglary, he had been sentenced to penal servitude for life. During his many years of hard labor his mind had been occupied with one single idea—that of escape. His attempts had amounted to upwards of thirty, and thirty times had he been caught, tied up, and severely flogged. These repeated punishments had gradually impaired his energy, without causing him to abandon his idea of flight. The desire of liberty seemed to increase in proportion to its difficulty of accomplishment, until it had become a sort of monomania. A weighty bat of iron was riveted to one of his legs. Deprived thus of any further hope, he drooped gradually; his spirits began to languish; he lost his strength; his appetite failed; a deep melancholy settled upon him; and he became, at last, a permanent tenant of the infirmary.

The physician prepared his instruments, approached the table, and uncovered the body.

The attenuated form was like that of an old man. The limbs were covered with scars, and an iron ring still surrounded the left leg, where it had left a deep

mark. Having looked curiously at one who had endured so many years of suffering in the attempt to break a chain which clung to him in death, the physician laid his lamp down and took up a dissecting-knife. But when he seized the arm of the convict, he experienced a slight sensation of resistance. Surprised and almost frightened, he raised the head towards his lamp. The eyelids seemed to tremble: he placed the light nearer. The dead man opened both his eyes, and stared hard at the doctor.

Epernon drew back in terror as the body slowly arose, and, gaining a sitting posture, looked at him with an air of solicitude. He scarcely knew what to think, until he saw his patient glide gently to the ground, and creep towards the window. That movement enlightened him; for convicts had more than once feigned death in order to effect their escape. Recovering from his trepidation, he seized his subject by the waist, just as he had succeeded in throwing up the sash.

The convict struggled, and a hand-to-hand fight took place. It was soon ended by the fall of the man, who, weak and naked, was no match for his antagonist.

"You see you can not escape," said Epernon.

The convict, convulsed with rage, made one or two more violent efforts, but finding them in vain, surrendered.

"Let me escape in the name of heaven," he said, in a suppliant tone. "What can it matter to you? it is not your duty to guard me."

"Yes, while you are sick. What would they say of a doctor who let a dead man run away?"

"The will never know it, and if they did, what matter. Let me only save myself. I would be free in a moment. I have not breathed a breath of air since my last attempt."

"It is simply impossible."

The convict made a new effort to disengage himself, but he could not get rid of the doctor's grasp of iron. "You shall not stir without my permission. It shall never be said you succeeded in making a dupe of me."

"I only wish to be free—it is necessary," said the man. "O God! to have suffered so long in vain. I who have made no attempt for six months; who have remained days without food to qualify myself for the infirmary; I was able to feign

even death—and all for nothing. To touch the goal and then to fail, oh! it is too much, it is too much!" and the convict dashed his head furiously against the stone floor. The practiced nerves of the surgeon were touched by the depth of his despair.

"Why," he said, "do you so earnestly desire your liberty?"

"Why!—ah, why! You have never been a prisoner. Why do I ask to be free?—because I can not remain here. I wish to die in my own land, to warm myself in a southern sun; only think, it is twenty years since I have seen an olive tree."

"But you can not resume your former employments; you have not health, you would die of hunger."

The man smiled. "I am richer," he said, "than you."

"You are a happy man, then?"

Although the last words had been spoken ironically, there was something in their tone which seemed to inspire the poor felon with a ray of hope.

"Hearken," said he, "would you wish to be rich? I have enough for both of us."

"You take me for an idiot?"

"I tell you I can make your fortune; help me to escape and I will do it."

"Keep your stories for some one else," said the doctor, ashamed of having lent his ear to the ravings of a maniac.

"You do not believe me," groaned the convict. "Doctor, I have told you the truth—how can I persuade you?"

"Show me your treasures?"

"Ah! how is that possible in such a place as this? If I tell you where they are, will you believe I do not lie?"

"We shall see that."

"Will you promise then to set me free?"

"What; if you tell me?"

"Yes, if I tell you. You will promise me, then."

"I do not risk much if I do."

"Swear it."

"Be it so, I swear."

"Well then, on the strand near St. Samfrons, close to the northern extremity of the rock, if you dig six feet below the surface you will find an iron box; it has been buried there for many years, and it contains beside jewels, bank notes to the amount of thirty thousand pounds."

There is a slight discrepancy in your

story, my friend; you have been a prisoner for ten years at the least."

"It is exactly ten years since that box was buried by myself and a friend. We were both taken, the very next day; he died at the galleys, I am the only living man who knows the place of that deposit."

Notwithstanding the doctor's efforts to preserve composure, it was evident that he was greatly struck by this story. He remained lost in thought, as if balancing its probabilities; then he looked up, and observing the convict's eyes fastened eagerly upon him, the doctor blushed.

"Your romance," he said, "my friend, is ingenious, but the story is an old one. Nowadays one scarcely believes in concealed treasures, even in comic operas. Tell me another story."

The convict shuddered.

"You do not believe me," he said.

"I believe you to be a clever fellow, who likes to exercise his imagination at the expense of such simple folks as I am."

"Doctor, I will give you two thirds, believe me."

"Enough," said the doctor, sternly; "not another word: rise, and follow me."

The convict uttered a yell of mingled rage and despair, and threw himself on the floor.

"It is every word of it true," he screamed. "The box is there—there. Ah! how can I prove I do not lie. Oh! to think there are but five miles between me and that box—between wealth and misery. Doctor, you will repent of this. Ah! he does not wish to believe it."

The story of this man had excited in the surgeon's breast all that crowd of turbulent emotions which had such strong dominion over him. On the one hand, he felt a powerful inclination to believe it—on the other, the apprehension of being held up to scorn as the dupe of a rogue. Between these two conflicting feelings one course appeared to him the safest. He attempted to raise the convict in his arms and carry him back to the hospital, but his efforts were in vain; and he determined to go for assistance. Having carefully closed the door, he ran to the guard-room, and ordered two attendants to follow him immediately.

As they drew near the dissecting-room, the report of a carbine rang forth; and almost at the same moment, a man, naked

and streaming with blood, staggered to the farther extremity of the yard. It was the unfortunate prisoner, who had contrived, in the temporary absence of the doctor, to let himself down by the window. The sentinel on duty had fired—and he was dead!

CHAPTER II.

Bruchsal is a pretty little watering-place, at the foot of a range of mountains near the Black Forest. The situation is charming, and quite worthy the attention of a poet who wished for a model of a terrestrial paradise; encompassed with mountains and forests—a valley stretches away from the village, enamelled with flowers, like a piece of spangled velvet. Bruchsal is famous for its wine, its dark-eyed frauleins, and its baths. Thither, in the season, resort invalids of many different nations. The table d'hôte at the "Schwan" is excellent. The waiters are alert and active, the dishes of infinite variety, and the guests most interesting. The chances are, if you take your place at that festive board, you will have a liver complaint on one side, a chronic rheumatism on the other, and perhaps a disease of the heart or a pulmonary consumption opposite, and so on through the calendar of grisly ills which flesh is heir to: yet they all seem jolly, and partake with avidity of the delicacies provided for their entertainment. In point of fact, I believe there is an understanding between the hotel-keeper and the faculty. Eat as much as you please, says the doctor to his patient. The landlord displays a tempting profusion. The patient obeys such pleasant advice, and as a natural result comes back again on the hands of the doctor.

The inmates of the Schwan are assembled under an alley of acacia trees, to enjoy the sultry afternoon. They are joined by Madame Goritz and her charming daughter. The elder lady, wife of a rich citizen at Frankfurt, was one of those uncomfortable dames, the object of whose existence is advantageously to dispose of their female offspring, daughters to marry" was written in the good woman's face. She had hitherto been tolerably successful, having "planted" three charming creatures in rapid succession. But when the turn of the

fourth came, difficulties arose. Her house had got a bad name among the young people. It was looked upon by them as a sort of lion's den. Three victims had gone in there, who had never returned; and the threshold of the stout lady was seldom passed; her æsthetic teas, once the fashion, were quite deserted. Like a wise woman, therefore, recognizing the impossibility of procuring for Clarence, her fourth darling, an eligible establishment in her native town, she made up her mind to emigrate to the baths, where she had now been residing for several weeks.

Having saluted all the visitors by name, and asked each of them the latest news of their complaints, Madame Goritz took a chair, and seated herself comfortably in the sunshine, by the side of her daughter, while the conversation resumed its monotonous course.

"I observe," said a lady, whose comfortable proportions seemed to occupy three chairs, "something very strange in the conduct of Miss de Vismes. She is here alone—odd; is it not?"

"The little Englander is a coquette," observed Madame Goritz. "she has contrived to turn the head of Monsieur Eperton—a perfect gentleman; much too good for her."

"Hush!" said the stout lady, "here he comes."

As she spoke, a gentleman was seen advancing slowly. He saluted the party, and seated himself. Madame Goritz placed a chair between herself and her daughter, and motioned him to occupy it, but he politely declined, and the match-maker, piqued, grew spiteful without delay.

"Your presence, Monsieur, is quite an unexpected pleasure, at this hour," she said; "when you are accustomed to walk with Miss de Vismes. May I venture to inquire what has interrupted you?"

"Miss de Vismes informed me yesterday she did not intend walking out to-day."

"Indeed!" said the lady, viciously. "I see, at this moment, some one very like your friend, with her inseparable companion, Monsieur Quinton."

Monsieur Eperton looked in the direction indicated. The English lady was at the door of the hotel, seated on a donkey, evidently just returned from an excursion. As her eye fell upon the group, she

blushed, leaped to the ground, and entered the hotel without waiting for her companion.

Mr. Quinton, astonished, looked round for some cause to explain this sudden movement; but as he saw the young Frenchman approach, he seemed to understand matters at a glance. As he turned to enter the hotel, Eperton laid his hand on his arm.

"Sir," he said, "may I beg the favor of a few moments' conversation with you?"

Mr. Quinton drew himself up. "Certainly, if you wish it."

They walked together towards the park. When they were alone, "I believe," said M. Eperton, "you are aware of the motive which has impelled me to seek this interview."

"Possibly I may."

"You can not be ignorant either of my affection for Miss de Vismes, or of the hope I have been rash enough to entertain. Without being aware of the precise relation in which you stand to her, I know that she looks up to you as her best friend. Since your return, I am pained to observe an alteration in her manner towards me; she has become constrained and distant. I wish, therefore, to know why this is—why she has avoided walking with me this morning; and, in short, the reason of this total change."

"You ask me many questions almost in a breath," replied Mr. Quinton, gravely. "As to our walk, I had occasion to speak with her on a matter of business, and it was proposed by herself."

"Then she has deceived me."

"Say, rather, she wished to soften the pain of a direct refusal. You complain of a change in her manner, since my arrival. You do not reflect that much of her future happiness must depend upon the nature of the connection she may form. Such an affair must always be a matter of grave and serious deliberation."

"I may not understand you aright; but if you require information as to my position and circumstances, I am quite ready to afford it."

"I am all attention."

"I am of good family. My father was a captain in the navy. I was educated as a physician; but a change occurred in consequence of a legacy which made me independent of my profession. My fortune amounts to about thirty thousand pounds."

"These particulars may prove interesting to Miss de Vismes. They do not suffice for me."

"Sir, this is an insult."

"Say it is prudence."

"Then by what title do you require these details? In what relationship do you stand to the young lady?"

"A friend, who is interested in her welfare," replied Mr. Quinton coldly.

"Then I can only reply that this information is not enough for me."

"Sir," said the Englishman, with dignity, "it is you who have sought an interview with me. I have neither asked for your confidence, nor do I feel it necessary to give you mine in return. Our respective positions do not appear to suit your views; it is not therefore likely our interview can have any satisfactory result."

Having said this, Mr. Quinton bowed with an air of distant politeness, and made his way back to the hotel.

As he entered, the young lady, who had watched the interview from a window, looked anxiously in his face as if to ascertain the result. It is to be inferred she saw nothing that could be construed as favorable to her views; for she clasped her pretty hands together, and sighed. Mr. Quinton looked at her with an air of grave compassion.

"Courage, my love, perhaps every thing will turn out well after all."

CHAPTER III.

THE first impulse of Epernon was to follow his late companion, in order to call him to account for his last words. But a moment's reflection, and the thought of Clara, were enough to restrain him. What had taken place, although by no means agreeable, scarcely amounted to an insult. The language and demeanor of Quinton were that of a proud rather than of an angry man, and on the whole he thought it better to submit.

Epernon had for many years been a wanderer. He had traversed almost all the European countries, and chance led him to Bruchsal just about the period of the arrival of several English tourists. Availing himself of that amount of privilege which living in the same house, and dining daily at the same table afforded, he had contrived to effect an introduc-

tion; and his knowledge of the English language, which was sufficient to enable him to converse with ease, made him so agreeable an acquaintance among the crowd of foreigners by which they were surrounded, that an intimacy was soon established between him and Clara. The young lady was pleased with an opportunity of conversing in her native tongue; and the gentleman was not sorry to improve his knowledge of English, by a few lessons from the lips of so charming a promptress. In such conversations there is not uncommonly a rather dangerous charm, when a beautiful girl undertakes to correct a man's pronunciation. He must be strangely insensible if he fail to recognize her charms; and in short, matters were so far gone, that by the time Mr. Quinton had arrived, these two young persons had contrived to fall seriously in love with each other. The current of their tranquil happiness his appearance had served to interrupt. Clara had mentioned him to her lover as a friend of the family, whom she loved and respected like a father; but without throwing any further light on the relation which existed between them. It was, therefore, not without a certain feeling of jealous discontent that Epernon recognized the influence of the new arrival; and the daily proofs of their mutual esteem and affection were by no means regarded by him with equanimity. He coldly responded at first to the friendly advances of Mr. Quinton; and he, in his turn, gradually enveloped himself in an air of dignity, which became more and more repelling. Under these circumstances the reluctance to speak of any particulars of his past life, on the part of Epernon, became more marked. The slightest reference to this subject would often cause him to stop short in the very middle of an animated conversation; and it soon became evident, even to a common observer, that there were some of the chords in his heart which could not be touched without pain. The English gentleman, observing this, carefully abstained from any further intercourse. The young lady grew gradually more reserved, and her lover more distracted at the alteration, until matters had come to the point which brought about the conversation contained in the previous chapter. In the evening Epernon found Clara in the saloon where the visitors were wont to assemble. He acknow-

Judged her presence by a distant salutation, and seated himself at the further extremity of a work-table, between Madame Goritz and her charming daughter. He could scarcely bring himself to forgive the young lady for her tacit submission to the will of Mr. Quinton. It was quite in vain that he conjectured what could be the possible reason of a submission as evident as it was complete. There appeared in it too much that was passive to have any foundation in mere friendship, and it was too tender to be based on fear. Meanwhile, the good Madame Goritz was quite enchanted by her neighbor, and omitted no means she thought calculated to make a favorable impression. She talked incessantly of the gayeties of Frankfurt; spoke of her rich uncle the burgo-master; from that worthy personage, by an easy transition, she passed to the beauties of Switzerland, and enlarged on the advantages of foreign travel in general. Notwithstanding her efforts, however, the conversation appeared to languish, and her auditor at length became so restless that he took up his album and began to draw. But his eyes passed unconsciously from the book to that distant corner of the room where Miss de Vismes was seated. Finding all attempts to fix his attention ineffectual, he threw the portfolio aside, and began to traverse the room with uncertain and hasty strides. Madame Goritz, hoping to lure him back, took the album into her hands, and began to expatiate on the beauty of his drawing. Failing, however, to attract the attention of the object of her solicitude, she passed it to the hands of her next neighbor, who in turn gave it to another, until at last, the work traveling round the room, reached the spot where Mr. Quinton and his party were seated.

Although Miss de Vismes recognized an old companion in the volume, she mechanically turned over the leaves, glad, perhaps, to have in her hands something which had belonged to her lover. She paused at a study of rocks; and Mr. Quinton, who was close beside her, as he looked, exclaimed: "Ha! there is St. Samfrons."

Epernon, who had heard the exclamation, immediately changed color, and trembled from head to foot.

"Who told you that name?" he exclaimed, brusquely.

"It is written at the foot," said Clara, gently.

"It is a mistake, then; it is not St. Samfrons; I never was there." And as he spoke, Epernon took the book, and looked at the drawing which had excited so much attention. "A sketch which I made in Switzerland," he added, as he felt Mr. Quinton's eyes fixed upon his countenance.

Several days passed by without producing any change in the situation of the respective parties to this little drama. Epernon, wounded in his pride, awaited an advance on the part of his mistress, while she, although apparently not unwilling the intimacy should continue, seemed to submit almost in spite of herself to some species of restraining influence. It was clear there was a mystery somewhere, which time only could develop. One morning, as Epernon returned from a long and solitary ramble among the mountains, he entered the salon, and gazed from the window on the summits of the Black Forest, which were bathed with the golden splendor of a lovely sunset. His reverie was interrupted by a voice, and turning rapidly, he perceived he was not alone. Clara had entered, and was seated in an embrasure of a distant window; an open letter was in her hand, on which she gazed with an air of deep interest. This sudden appearance of the young lady banished all her lover's scruples, and in an instant he would have been by her side, had not a sudden look from Mr. Quinton arrested his progress. Clara, however, had seen and comprehended the sudden movement, and she extended her hand to him. Epernon, transported with delight, took it in both his own; then recalling the presence of the odious Englishman, he bowed courteously, and said:

"Forgive me, Miss de Vismes; but, observing your emotion, I feared that something serious might have taken place."

"Oh! no," she replied, in an unsteady voice, "nothing more serious than a little good news."

There was a moment's silence, during which the lovers gazed intently at each other. The Englishman seemed to feel himself rather *de trop*, and with a look full of kindness, obligingly took his departure.

As soon as they were alone, Epernon said: "Ah! what a long time it seems since I have had you near me?"

"A single gesture would have intimated to me that it would have given you pleasure."

"Could you ever have doubted it?"

"You seemed so distant and cold."

"Something, then, has happened; pray tell me?"

"Oh! do not ask; inquire nothing; leave me to-day alone with my happiness. Is it not enough for you to know that I am happy?"

"And yet you weep?"

"But my tears are not those of sorrow. The only fear I have is that my joy may pass away along with them."

"Clara, you know how I love you; would you wish always to leave your hand in mine as it is now?"

The lady blushed and trembled; then she raised her eyes, moist with emotion, and hid her face on her lover's shoulder.

"Why, then, should our happiness be retarded?" he said.

"How do you know if I am free? If those on whom my destiny depends may not seek to influence me—may not have other and more ambitious views?"

"There is, then, an obstacle: your family may be rich, noble, and perhaps disapprove of a plebeian alliance?"

"No; it is not that; I must say nothing, only leave me for a little while; I am not quite myself."

"Be it so," said the young man with abandon; "let us only continue to love one another: I shall ask for nothing more now. Do not drive me away from you; think how sad I have been all this long while!"

"You will be friends then with Mr. Quinton," said the young girl timidly. "It is necessary for both our sakes; ah! you do not know how much depends upon him."

"I will try my very best," said her lover fondly.

"As for me, I will pray that our project may succeed," said Clara, radiant with joy.

Epernon clasped her in his arms, and kissing her forehead—"Pray for me also, Clara," he said.

CHAPTER IV.

THE explanation which Epernon had obtained with the gentle Clara, had caused a complete revolution in all his feelings. The sight of her tears, the sound of her voice, had recalled all his most ardent aspirations, and with them came a sense of deep regret for the past. There is a time

in the lives of all of us, when the errors we have committed rise in array against us, and we learn, perhaps when it is too late, that duty and happiness are different names for the same things. Filled with these reflections, Epernon wandered into the valley, and gathered, as he went, a bouquet of flowers. As he returned, he saw Madame de Goritz near the door of the hotel. The stout lady was by her side. They were apparently in deep conference on some subject of important interest. Unable to avoid them, he endeavored to pass them as rapidly as he could; but this was not to be; for no sooner had his foot touched the first step, than the lady laid her fat hand on his arm.

"We were just speaking of you," she said.

"You are very good, madam."

"I have been relating your history."

"Indeed?"

"I am quite *au fait* in your past life."

"Madam, this is a joke: let me pass."

"It is no joke. I know you were a surgeon—that you suddenly became rich, and abandoned your profession."

"Now, pray, where have you learned all this?" said Epernon, in an angry tone.

"*Mon dieu*," said the stout lady; "I don't want to put you in such a passion. I have not inquired anything about you; but there are people here who have. A letter found by accident has told me what I have just repeated."

"Where is the letter?"

"Here it is;" and the stout lady drew forth from her capacious pocket the identical letter which Epernon had seen in the hands of Clara.

He glanced at it, and found it was a reply to several minute inquiries respecting himself.

The discovery of this letter made him extremely angry. To suppose that the history of his life, which he wished to be kept such a secret, should thus be ransacked, was far from agreeable. He mastered his indignation as well as he could, put the letter into his pocket, and went into the hotel. Clara who was waiting for him, smiled, as he entered; but she was struck in an instant by the stern expression of his face.

"What has happened?" she said, full of alarm.

He handed her the letter.

She blushed as she recognized it, and her eyes fell before Epernon's angry gaze.

"There are prudent people," he said, "who only open their hearts, as bankers do their credits, after ample inquiries."

"Epernon!" said Clara, half rising. But he heard her not.

"To distrust," he continued, "is to despise. You prefer believing the stranger, of whom you have inquired, rather than the man whose whole soul was yours. Suspicion makes a poor foundation for alliance; and the affection which is given only upon solid grounds, can never be genuine."

Clara heard him to the end; when he had finished, she laid her hand lightly on his arm.

"If you had reflected a moment," she said, "you would have seen that this letter is not even addressed to me. I have not asked any questions. When I read it, I wept for joy, because it was full of your praises, and removed all obstacles which had interposed. I could not have prevented this proceeding which has offended you so much; indeed I could not—and you know it."

These words were pronounced with so much genuine feeling and sincerity, that the only reply Epernon could make, was to take both the hands of Clara within his own, and press her to his heart.

"It is true," he said, at length, "I am a madman, and you are an angel; but the idea of distrust from you put me almost beside myself. I have been too quick; it is not you who are to blame, and the next time I feel inclined to be angry, I shall remember to whom I am indebted for this insult."

"Do not be too harsh in your judgment on him; wait, at least, until you know him a little better."

"Whoever he is, ought I not to thank him for the injury he has done me?"

"Perhaps you ought."

"I do not understand you."

"I have not asked you to understand me—only believe me; I require nothing more."

Epernon felt enraptured.

"Ah! I feel how wrong I am to torment you in this way. I am, in truth, so little accustomed to happiness, that I do not know how to deal with it when it comes. I shall try and learn how to deserve my good fortune."

"Go," said the girl, putting both her hands upon the mouth of her lover, "go—I forgive you, but do not be naughty any more."

"Ah!" said Epernon, "how could I be otherwise; I am so jealous. You grant Mr. Quinton favors which you would refuse to me."

"What new pleasantry is this?"

"For example, that brooch you wear—he gave it you. Would you wear one of mine?"

"Why not, may I ask?"

"Indeed I do not see why not. Let me give you a bracelet for this harp, Clara; each time that I see it, I will know that I am, at least, on a footing of equality with Mr. Quinton."

"Wait a little," said the young lady, rising, at the same time, to accede to his request.

"I will send it to you this evening," said Epernon.

He kept his word. Clara received, the same day, a magnificent bracelet, set with diamonds of the rarest brilliancy, but of a curious and old-fashioned setting. With the bracelet was a note: "This ornament belonged to my mother; it is she who offers it to her daughter."

As Epernon had foreseen, these two lines overcome the young lady's scruples; and when he came down in the evening to the salon, where the visitors were wont to assemble, he saw Miss de Vismes so surrounded, that, for some time, he was unable to speak to her; but the bracelet glittered on her arm, and he thanked her with a look full of gratitude and love.

Just at this moment, Mr. Quinton entered, and, having saluted the guests, made his way to where Clara was seated. All at once he stopped short, and, as his eye fell on the bracelet, he said sharply:

"Gracious heavens! what is this?"

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"I do not recollect having seen this ornament among your jewels," said he, looking at the bracelet. "How long has it been in your possession?"

"Scarcely a day."

"Where did you purchase it?"

"I have not bought it."

"It has been given to you, then?"

No reply.

A gesture almost of anger escaped him.

"We will speak of this," he said, "another time. Just let me examine it for a moment?"

Clara, trembling, unfastened the bracelet, and handed it to him. He looked at it with serious attention—turned it care-

fully round—counted the stones which covered the broad, round clasp—then pressing his finger upon a certain place, the circular piece of gold which formed the back of the rosette of diamonds opened, and a lock of hair, covered with glass, was exposed to view.

Clara, who followed all his movements, could not restrain an exclamation of surprise. He turned suddenly towards her.

"M. Epernon has given you this."

"It was left to him by his mother."

"He told you so."

"Yes, he did."

A dark cloud gathered on the Englishman's brow. He went away with the bracelet in his hand, and as he traversed the apartment he came upon a circle where M. Epernon was seated.

Just at that moment a Frenchman was holding forth about the African expedition and its dangers.

"The dangers of civilization are quite as great—travelers risk their lives in Europe as well as in Africa."

"Travelers in *England* perhaps do so," said the Frenchman, displeased at the interruption.

"I was not speaking of England, but of France. Twelve years ago, I was nearly killed there."

The ladies uttered an exclamation of affright and mingled curiosity.

"You! you! How was that?"

"It is a very simple story. I was traveling in a chaise, with a large sum of money, about thirty thousand pounds; and just as I had reached—the night was very dark. We traversed a thick wood. The road was soft and sandy, so that the noise of the horses and wheels could scarcely be heard. The carriage passed, at length, a tall rock which rose abruptly at one side. The name of that rock was St. Samfrons. The postillion pointed it out with his whip as he passed, and I have good reason to remember it. The carriage suddenly stopped. The postillion fell dead by a pistol-bullet; and when I came to my senses, I heard that the carriage had been rifled. I was three weeks recovering from my wound. All inquiries were vain. This is the more strange, for among the stolen articles were some jewels not difficult to recognize: for example, a bracelet just like this."

Mr. Quinton showed the bracelet he had in his hand, and the party were all

eagerly examining it, when Clara uttered an exclamation.

Epernon was leaning against the wall, almost senseless.

"What is the matter?" every one cried.

Mr. Quinton rose.

"I can tell you," he said.

"My father!" cried Clara.

The Englishman stopped, and received her, almost fainting, in his arms.

Exclamations of dismay and wonder arose from the startled group.

Meanwhile, the consciousness of Epernon slowly returned, and he perceived Mr. Quinton holding the almost lifeless form of his daughter.

"Her father!" repeated he wildly.

"Her father!"

He looked round him for a moment with a startled gaze, and gliding towards the door, disappeared from the scene.

CHAPTER V.

THE attention which the situation of his daughter demanded, for some time banished every other consideration from the mind of Mr. Quinton. When her agitation had in some degree subsided, he left her to the care of her maid, and was pacing to and fro in the adjoining chamber, when the door opened, and Epernon stood before him. Mr. Quinton started almost with surprise.

"You scarcely expected a visit from me," said Epernon, in a low voice.

"It is true; people of your class are generally more prudent."

"I would undeceive you, if it were possible."

Mr. Quinton bowed.

"The proof that I have not committed this crime, is fortunately easy. At the time it took place, I was on service in the Black Sea. This certificate is genuine."

The Englishman glanced at the paper which was laid before him.

"Then whence comes this bracelet, wherefore your manifest agitation on hearing my story? It is plain you knew of this crime even if you had no share in it."

"I did know of it."

"You gave this bracelet to Miss de Vismas as a family heir-loom. Is it your family whom I am to accuse?"

"No," said he, "my family has always been respectable, and deserves to be so."

"What part, then, have you had in this crime, unhappy man?"

"I have accepted an inheritance. Listen for a few moments. My time is precious." Mr. Quinton made a sign of attention. Then Epernon related every incident which had taken place. The story of Chiad—his death, the search he had made for the buried treasures, his success. When he had finished this long tale, he handed the Englishman a portfolio and a jewel-case.

"Your thirty thousand pounds have been placed in the funds," he said. "You will find the receipts in due form. This casket contains the remainder of your jewels."

"Sir," said Mr. Quinton, "the story you have told me is so strange, and this recovery of my property so entirely unexpected, that I am really in doubt whether to thank or to reproach you: you have certainly committed a serious error."

"Say a crime; I seek not to disguise the truth. After the convict's story, for a long time I struggled against the temptation. I could think of nothing but the hidden treasure. When a great man in a uniform covered with gold scarcely returned my salute, or an elegantly dressed woman passed by without taking any notice of me at all, I heard a voice which cried, 'St. Samfrons.' To become rich, it only required me to say, as in the fairy tales, 'I wish it.' I had, like Moses, but to strike the rock and there would flow forth a river of gold. I yielded to the temptation, but with my poverty I lost my repose. Each moment a voice seemed to be saying: 'Give back what you have stolen.' I carried poison with me, resolved not to survive should I ever be discovered. It was in vain I reasoned with myself. I feared like a child the arrival of night, scarcely knowing why." Epernon stopped suddenly; but, after a moment, resumed:

"We shall never see each other again; the farewell I utter may be considered that of a dying man. I had wished, I had hoped to be allowed to say farewell to another, and to hear her voice for the last time."

He stopped and looked towards Mr. Quinton, but the Englishman shaded his eyes with his hand. "I understand," said Epernon, "you think me unworthy of this

last favor—so be it—farewell." He turned to depart, when suddenly, silent as a figure from the land of light, on the threshold appeared another form, in white raiment, with disheveled hair, and eyes glittering with the fire of fever! Epernon uttered a fierce cry; another moment, and the two lovers were locked in one another's arms; Mr. Quinton sprang towards his daughter. "This is no place for you; return, Clara, I entreat, I implore you."

"Do not envy me this last mournful pleasure," said Epernon, in a tone so heart-broken, that the girl burst into tears. "I have heard all," she sobbed.

"You despise me, then."

Clara replied by throwing herself into her lover's arms; he pressed her to his heart, and covered her hand with kisses. Mr. Quinton, dumb with anger, seized at last the arm of his daughter, and endeavored forcibly to separate them, but without avail.

"Leave me, my father," she said; "I have promised to be his."

"Clara, are you mad?"

"I have promised to be his, I will never leave him."

"Sir," said the Englishman, trembling with rage, "I warn you—leave this lady to my care."

"Hear me," said Clara, throwing herself on her knees, "leave me, and let me follow him. I can bring no reproach on your name, for I have never been permitted to bear it; I have only been to you a source of remorse and embarrassment. I would relieve you from it. Ah! my father, farewell. I am no longer your daughter, but his wife."

Speaking thus, Clara flung her arms round her lover, and pressed his drooping head against her breast. Mr. Quinton, unable to endure the sight, seized his daughter with one hand, and raised the other as if to strike.

"No violence, sir," exclaimed Epernon; "fear nothing. I do not accept the sacrifice of this angel, I can not accept it; I have not wished to return to poverty again; I prefer dying an honest man. Take away your daughter. The poison begins its work—I am a dead man."

Clara uttered a cry; she seized Epernon, who began to totter, and held him in her arms. He smiled, laid his head gently on her breast, and ceased to exist.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

The January number of the *ECLECTIC* was embellished with the portraits of fourteen of the cotemporaries of Shakspeare. Men of literary renown in those days of whom our readers may very naturally desire to learn somewhat. Biographical sketches of these personages are placed on the pages of this number for want of room in our last, and being found in the same volume with their portraits, will not be materially inconvenient to the readers.

The biographical sketch of Shakspeare the chief personage in the group upon the plate, was placed in the previous number. In adding others, we begin with the personage in the print most prominent next to Shakspeare, Sir Walter Raleigh, a very interesting sketch of whose personal history and death will be found in one of the volumes of last year, to which the reader is referred.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

This celebrated nobleman was born in 1552. He was the most remarkable man of that remarkable period, which is commonly called the Elizabethan age. He was of an ancient Devonshire family, and was educated at Oxford and the Temple. He then served for some years as a volunteer under Coligni and Condé, in France, and afterwards under the Prince of Orange in the Netherlands. In 1579 he first displayed that zeal for maritime discovery and colonization, which is the most brilliant feature in his character. He joined an expedition to America, which was designed to form a colony in Newfoundland, but was beaten back by a superior Spanish force. He then served in Ireland, and highly distinguished himself against the Irish rebels and their Spanish auxiliaries. In 1582 he appeared at Elizabeth's court, and was very graciously received. His reputation for soldiership, his learning, which was varied and profound, his eloquence and ready wit, and the personal advantages and accomplishments, in which he was pre-eminent, all combined in raising him high

in his sovereign's favor. Raleigh was very active in schemes for extending England's dominions beyond the Atlantic, and in 1585 he sent out an expedition, which discovered Virginia. He was one of the most trustworthy of the naval heroes of England, who defended her in 1588 against the Spanish Armada. In 1589 he served in the expedition against Portugal under Drake and Norris. The young Earl of Essex was also with the troops employed on this occasion, and it was in a quarrel between him and Raleigh as to the operations of the forces, that the unhappy jealousy between these two originated. A short time afterwards Raleigh fell under Queen Elizabeth's displeasure on account of certain love-passages between him and Miss Throgmorton, whom he subsequently married. He was imprisoned for a time, but was soon released, and gradually recovered the Queen's favor. In 1595 he organized and led an expedition to Central and South-America, in the hope of discovering Eldorado, the golden-land in the existence of which all of that age firmly believed; nor can we who have witnessed the discoveries of gold in California, deride that belief as visionary and wholly unfounded. Raleigh sailed to Guiana and the neighboring districts; he explored the river Orinoco for four hundred miles from its mouth; and he wrote an account of his voyage and the new countries explored by him, which is remarkable for the eloquence and graphic beauty of style which it displays. During the latter years of Elizabeth's life Raleigh joined Cecil in intriguing against Essex; and he had the evil gratification of witnessing his rival's ruin and death, little thinking that he was himself to experience the retribution of a similar fate. James I. on his ascension, at first treated Raleigh with favor; but Cecil, who had in the late Queen's reign overthrown Essex by Raleigh's aid, was now determined to put down Raleigh; and the King's mind was soon poisoned against Sir Walter. Deprived of his dignities and lucrative appointments, Raleigh seems to have lis-

tened to the schemes of other disaffected men for altering the line of succession to the crown; but the charge on which he was tried and convicted in 1603 of being a traitor in the pay of Spain, was unproved and unfounded. He was sentenced to death, and his property was confiscated; but James kept him close prisoner in the Tower for twelve years, during which time he wrote his great work, the *History of the World*. In 1615 James released him, and permitted him to sail on an expedition to Guiana. This enterprise proved disastrous, and on Raleigh's return home he was arrested, and James resolved to put him to death under the old sentence of treason that had been passed on him in 1603. There can be no doubt that James was mainly led to commit this disgraceful act by his desire to win the favor of the Spanish court, which never had forgotten the services that Raleigh had done for England against Spain, and now clamored loudly for the blood of the English hero. Sir Walter was beheaded on the twenty-eighth October, 1618, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. The versatility of the genius of this great man is almost unparalleled. He was an excellent classical scholar, and well read in metaphysics and divinity, besides being generally conversant with the literature of his own and other modern countries. His prose writings are eloquent and vigorous; and he was the author of several poems, small in length, but great in beauty. He was eminent in the mechanical arts; and was the originator of many important improvements in ship-building. He was a daring navigator and explorer of new countries; and he was unwearied in his zeal for extending the commerce, and for creating the colonial power of England. He was a sage, as well as a bold captain by sea and by land; he was a skillful (though not always a successful) politician; and he was pre-eminent in all personal accomplishments and courtly graces. He was also a liberal promoter of intellectual energy and eminence in others; and he was the patron and personal friend of many of the most distinguished writers who adorned that bright epoch of English literature.

P.S.—Our Raleigh, N. C., and Virginia friends will look on the face and form of this renowned man with peculiar interest, interwoven with their history as his name is and his deeds.

SIR ROBERT BRUCE COTTON, whom we find sitting sideways in his chair, seems in the group to be talking with Shakspeare, was an eminent English antiquary, descended from an ancient family—was born January 22, 1570. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1585. His taste for antiquarian studies induced him to repair to London, where he became a member of a society of learned men attached to similar pursuits. He soon distinguished himself as a diligent collector of records, charters, and instruments of all kinds relating to the history of his country. The dissolution of monasteries, half a century before, had thrown so many manuscripts of every description into private hands, that Mr. Cotton enjoyed peculiar advantages in forming his collection. In 1600 he accompanied Camden, the historian, to Carlisle, who acknowledges himself not a little obliged to him for the assistance he received from him in carrying on and completing his *Britannia*. The same year Cotton wrote *A Brief Abstract of the Question of Precedency between England and Spain*. This was occasioned by Queen Elizabeth desiring the thoughts of the Society of Antiquaries already mentioned upon that point, and is still extant in the Cottonian library. He was afterwards employed by King James to vindicate the conduct of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the supposed misrepresentations of Buchanan and Thuanus. What he drew up on this subject is thought to be interwoven in Camden's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, or else printed at the end of Camden's *Epistles*. In 1616 the King ordered him to examine whether the Papists, whose numbers then made the nation uneasy, ought by the laws of the land to be put to death, or to be imprisoned. This task he performed with great learning, and produced upon that occasion twenty-four arguments, which were published afterwards, in 1672. He was also employed by the House of Commons when the match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain was in agitation, to show, by a short examination of the treaties between England and the House of Austria, the unfaithfulness and insincerity of the latter, and to prove that in all their transactions they aimed at nothing but universal monarchy. As early as 1615 Sir Robert Cotton's inti-

macy with Carr, Earl of Somerset, laid him under suspicion with the court of having some knowledge of the circumstances of Sir Thomas Overbury's death. He was even committed to the custody of an alderman of London; nor although nothing could be proved against him, was he released from this confinement till the end of five months. Being a member of the first Parliament of Charles I., Sir Robert Cotton joined in complaining of the grievance which the nation was said in 1628 to groan under; but he was always for mild remedies, and zealous for the honor and safety of the king. In the next year an occurrence took place, the consequences of which shortened his days. He died at his house in Westminster, May 6, 1631. A short time before his death he requested Sir Henry Spelman to signify to the Lord Privy Seal, and the rest of the Lords of the Council, that their so long detaining of his books from him, without rendering any reason for the same, had been the cause of his mortal malady. From this, as well as other circumstances, it appears that his library was never restored to his possession. He was buried on the south side of the church of Conington, where a suitable monument was erected to his memory.

REV. JOHN DONNE

was an English poet and theologian of his time. He was born in 1573, and died in 1631.

SAMUEL DANIEL,

whose face is indistinctly seen behind the chair of Shakspeare, was the poet-laureate to Queen Elizabeth. He was also the author of a history of England down to the reign of Edward III. He was born in 1562, and died in 1617.

BENJAMIN JONSON.

BEN JONSON who appears sitting near to Shakspeare, was nearest to him in talent of any man of that age. He was born at Westminster in 1573. His father, a Scotsman by descent, dying in his boyhood, the widow married a bricklayer; and Ben Jonson is said to have been taken from Westminster school and obliged to work at his step-father's trade. We read also of his having enlisted as a soldier, and served in the Low Countries. On the other hand, the obscure accounts we

have of his youth represent him as having studied both at Oxford and Cambridge; and it is certain that, in one way or another, he had obtained a good education, and was especially a ripe and exact Latin scholar. He can not have been much older than twenty, when, like so many men of genius in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, he attached himself to the theaters. He became an actor, but was a bad one; and his life was chiefly spent in play-writing, amidst the fluctuations of success incident to that pursuit, and the alternations of poverty with something little better, which made up the history of almost every one of our old dramatists. But his fame stood very high in his own time. In the most brilliant period of Shakspeare's career, Ben Jonson was the only man who contested the palm with him; and in the whole history of the old English drama none but Beaumont and Fletcher come nearer, or so near, to the excellence of the great master. He is vigorous, not graceful, a skillful and reflective artist, rather than an impulsive or imaginative poet; but there is great force in his comic pictures of character, and striking pomp of eloquence in his tragic dialogue. In 1598 he exhibited his first successful piece, the prose comedy of *Every Man in his Humor*; after several other plays, his dignified tragedy of *Sejanus* appeared in 1603; *Volpone*, a comedy in blank verse, abounding both in eloquence and poetry, was played in 1605; in 1609 came *The Silent Woman*, a comedy constructed with great regularity and admirable skill; and the roll of his good plays was closed in 1610, by the lively and energetic comedy *The Alchemist*. In 1619 he was appointed poet-laureate. But his later years were spent in poverty; and his natural gloominess of temper was aggravated both by the failure of his popularity and by ill-health. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His uncompleted *Sad Shepherd*, a pastoral drama, and many of his lyrics, show a delicacy both of poetical feeling and of diction, beyond anything that appears in his other works; and his learning, especially in philology, is proved by several prose dissertations.

LORD FRANCIS BACON.

This eminent nobleman and renowned philosopher appears in the print sitting at

the head of the table, with pen and ink and hour-glass before him, as if it were his office to record what was said and done, and keep an account of Time's movements. His quaint costume and portrait are supposed to be accurate copies from ancient and original portraits faithfully preserved, as are those also of all the others of the group. This adds interest to the preserved lineaments of each countenance, which we hope will impart gratification to our readers.

Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, was Lord Chancellor of England under James I., and author of *Instauratio Magna*. The attempt to describe or surround a mind like that of the immortal Englishman, is akin to the effort to survey some grand Power in Nature, whose manifestations are almost infinite in form, and the sphere of whose efficiency is wide as the universe. The industry of all vast minds is unwearied: nor is it ever safe to say of such, that any one department of labor, or species of activity, belongs to them peculiarly. From early manhood Bacon was immersed in public affairs, intrusted with very onerous functions; in the first rank as juriconsult, he moved in the work of reforming and arranging the laws of England; as statesman he labored effectively in promotion of the treaty of Union—that foundation-stone of modern British greatness; in the capacity of historian he produced the first work in English literature meriting the name of History, namely, his work on the reign of Henry VII.; as orator and writer he had no equal in his age—joining to energy and *weight* of expression, a splendor of diction which sometimes may dazzle too much; and *besides* he renovated Philosophy. There are two features only, in a character so various and illustrious, to which we can refer in our brief sketch, namely—Bacon's achievements and value in philosophy, and his deserts as a *Man*.

I. The enterprise undertaken by this wonderful intellect, indicates by its very elevation and comprehensiveness, the capacity of the genius that conceived it. Bacon resolved to rescue science from the deplorable uncertainties and obstructions which then surrounded it—to reconstruct the edifice of human knowledge from its very foundations. Of his projected *Instauratio Magna*, the works he has left are only fragments; nor could they be

otherwise, for the execution of the gigantic plan is one of the leading tasks delegated to humanity, which can not be completed so long as the condition of humanity remains a progressive one. The *Instauratio Magna* has six main parts:

First, Bacon felt it needful to challenge anew for inquiry the respect and dignity that belong to it, to detect the vices of the philosophy prevailing at his time, and to point out the deficiencies requiring to be filled up. Such is the aim of the treatise *De Augmentis*. *Secondly*, the remedy had to be discovered; the only certain cure for the evil signalized. This cure is the use of the *true Method*, in the adoption of *observation* and *experiment* instead of *hypothesis*, as instruments for the discovery of fact, and in the substitution in such inquiries, of *induction* for *deduction* or syllogistic reasoning. The principles and processes of the new *method* are elaborately exposed in the *Novum Organum*. The *third* and *fourth* part of the *Instauratio* were planned as an exemplification or instruction in the use of the new Organon; the former, namely, the *Historia Naturalis et Experimentalis*, being dedicated to the collecting, by aid of observation and experiment, of the greatest possible mass of *facts*; and the latter, the *Scala Intellectus*, to exemplification of discovery by *induction*, of general laws from these facts, and of the application of these general laws by the inverse process of *deduction*, to particular cases comprehended within them. To finish this memorable undertaking, it yet remained that the results of the method, or the truths of philosophy be collected and arranged: but rightly seeing that the discovery of these was not a task he had to accomplish, but a legacy he had to bequeath, Bacon was satisfied with drawing up other two books, the first, or the *fifth* of his plan, named by him *Anticipations*, and the second or *sixth*, *Philosophia Secunda Sive Activa*, having reference to applications—to action or practice. Such the grandeur of the intellectual globe which the mind of this Englishman endeavored to span! It is in the second division of his great work that Bacon's more positive achievements are unfolded. And it must not be conceived that he is here satisfied with a set of general precepts, or with general statements concerning the value and superiority of the Organon. The new

Method of Inquiry, on the other hand, is examined under every light, and its right practice exposed in detail. In the first place, Bacon passes under review all the procedures of observation and every kind of experiment, showing with what special precaution facts must be sought for, and how we may estimate the value of the various sorts of facts bearing on any inquiry. With corresponding pains, and still greater success, he unfolds in the second book of the *Organon* in what way Induction enables one to detect from the collected facts, the true cause, or the true law of a phenomenon. Having collected by observation all the facts which precede or follow the phenomenon, it is necessary to *exclude* those in whose absence the phenomenon *can* be produced—to notice and separate those others in whose presence it always is produced; and lastly, to select from among the latter class, such facts as vary in intensity when the phenomenon varies, that is, which increase or diminish in proportion to an increase or decrease of intensity in the phenomenon. In this way, according to Lord Bacon, the true cause is found; and an application to this cause of a similar process, will evolve *its* cause, until in the end we reach supreme causes and universal laws. In appreciation of these important and memorable labors, we have room for only three brief remarks.

First, it can not well be denied that in certain respects Lord Bacon too much decried, or perhaps too little understood the syllogism; and that its peculiar meaning and value, as the only legitimate instrument in Deduction, ought to have preserved it and Aristotle, its immortal author, from the unjust disparagement which one regrets to find upheld by the authority of so great a name. Nevertheless this injustice to the Greeks, arising partly from defect of critical acquaintance with them, but more from his well-grounded revolt against the deplorable methods sustained in physical inquiry under shelter of their authority, in nowise impairs the edifice Bacon himself reared, or attaches to it any incompleteness.

Secondly, it is not pretended, with some exclusive and enthusiastic partisans, that previous to the writings of Bacon no philosopher had sought truths by Induction, or based his inquiries on observation and experiment. It is certainly far from being true that Galileo, for instance, in

conducting his immortal researches, pursued an erroneous course, or that although he had studied the *Novum Organum* his career of discovery would have been materially different; what is true is this—no one before Bacon had seen the full importance of the experimental and inductive method, had discovered the extent of the sphere of which it is the only legitimate occupant, had explored its principles, and from principles deduced rules for it as an Art. And it is equally true, that every inquiry of value, undertaken since the publication of his inductive code, has been conducted, with or without the consciousness of the inquirer, according to laws laid down in that code.

Lastly, since the publication of the inductive code, its laws have been enlarged and greatly particularized, so that—be it said, with perfect respect to the *Organon*—it is not to Bacon's writings alone that we would point now for full instruction in his own philosophy. The exigencies of the modern sciences, as well of observation as of experiment, have obliged us to refine his processes and multiply his precautions. The doctrine of probabilities enables us to discern the relative values of different classes of facts, with a precision Bacon never dreamt of; and in the writings of modern authors—let us say of *Mr. Mill*—the methods of induction are unfolded with a superior comprehensiveness and effect. But although the advance of the *physical* sciences, caused by the impulse Lord Bacon communicated, has exacted for *them* processes more complete and perfect than his; when, as to the *moral* sciences—as to inquiry, political, ethical, and religious—shall the time arrive in which inquirers shall practically recognize the validity even of the most general precepts in the *Organon*? The ultimate application of these precepts is sure; but humanity has not yet acquired the strength to accomplish it.

II. The length to which our analysis of Bacon's philosophy has extended, prevents our dwelling much on the character of the Man. Nevertheless, one earnest though brief word, in deprecation of the harshest treatment which, with one exception, has ever been applied to a mind so great. It is a canon we think which may be observed absolutely with far greater safety than it ever can be broken—that highest intellect and virtue are most closely allied; nay, notwithstanding appear-

ances, their severance is impossible; certainly no mind like Bacon's, living through its duration amid great ideas, ought to be suspected of voluntary descent to utter meanness, unless on evidence which, concerning transactions of the kind charged against him, has not come down assuredly from that age. Dissimulation, indeed—corruption, treachery to friendship, it matters not what the mind may be that is guilty of them; the acts are mean, and the mind foul. But the error in the popular judgment lies here—dissimulation and corruption are inferred on the strength of obscure circumstances, and without the necessary inquiry whether, *taking the character of the mind into consideration*—the said acts could possibly signify to it, either dissimulation or corruption? At an *Old Bailey* indeed, or in *Banco Regis*, judgment must be summary; but the Muse of History holds in her hands scales of another order—her question is, *do I rightly understand this Man?* It is passing strange to find Lord Bacon in the guise of an ordinary criminal, and treated with no more than the ordinary courtesy, before Lord Campbell's judgment-seat! The errors of Bacon, in so far as they are distinctly established, were mainly those of *compliance*; and it will probably be found that they must be classed among those *involuntary acts*, which connect the best and wisest, through sheer force of circumstances, with the times in which they live; *involuntary*, inasmuch as they are done because they are usually done, and without rigid examination. Sad it were if through cause of conventional compliances, every eminent personage of our own day might justly be branded as unvaracious, and a hypocrite! Such as he was—since Bacon's time England has seen no greater and seldom a better man.

"And be it said he had this excellence,
That undesirous of a false renown,
He ever wished to pass for what he was;
One that swerved much and oft, but being
—still—
Deliberately bent upon the right,
Had kept it in the main; one that much
—loved—
Whatever in man is worthy high respect,
And in his soul devoutly did aspire
To be it all, yet felt from time to time
The littleness that clings to what is human,
And suffered from the shame of having felt
—it."

—Lord Bacon was born in London on twenty-second of January, 1560; died 1626. There have been various editions of his work—the last by *Basil Montague*; but an unexceptionable edition is still a desideratum.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

These two portraits of two friends—two partnership authors—two poets—two dramatists—two dwellers together in the same house in London, appear together in the print, looking enough alike to be two twin-brothers, one sitting at the table and the other standing behind his chair ready for counsel or aid.

John Fletcher and Francis Beaumont formed one of those partnerships which, though rare in all sections of literature except the drama, have in it been very common, both in England and elsewhere. Beaumont, the younger son of a judge, was born at his father's seat of Gracedieu, in Leicestershire, about the year 1585. By him poetry seems to have been prosecuted for its own sake. Fletcher, whose father died Bishop of London, had been born in 1579 at Rye, where his father was then clergyman; and, left an orphan and penniless when he was a mere youth, he had to fight his way for himself, and earned his bread by writing. Both of the poets were academically educated, Beaumont at Oxford, Fletcher at Cambridge. Sir John Beaumont, author of the poem of *Bonworth Field*, was the elder brother of the one; the religious poets, Giles and Phineas Fletcher, were cousins of the other. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, the drama was by far the most flourishing department in the literature which then adorned England. All the poetical minds of the nation turned to play-writing; not a few men of genius, who are now remembered only for their works of other kinds, Drayton and Daniel being instances, owed their contemporary fame in a great degree to their plays; and several, such as Ford, whom we know only as dramatists, would probably have gained higher success had they cultivated other walks of poetry. The names of Beaumont and Fletcher appear together for the first time in 1607, when the latter was in his twenty-eighth year, and the former in his twenty-second. Beaumont had already published some miscellaneous poems; Fletcher's previous

training in authorship can not be traced. The English drama, which soon after 1590 had risen to its greatest glory under Shakspeare, was now not far from the end of its brightest period. The labors of its most illustrious master were about to close; and most of those which were afterwards performed by Ben Jonson were fallings off from the vigor of his prime. The two new poets stood, both in time and in spirit, between the era which was made glorious by Shakspeare, and that which terminated, in the middle of the century, the history of the old English Drama. The two are said to have lived in the same house in London till 1613, when Beaumont married. They continued to write, sometimes separately but oftener together, till 1616, when Beaumont died, in his thirty-first year or earlier. Fletcher survived him for nine years, writing actively the whole time; and he died in London, of the plague, in 1625. Fifty-three plays are included in the collection of works which we possess as the fruits of those nineteen years. The beautiful pastoral of *The Faithful Shepherdess* is known to have been Fletcher's; and seventeen other plays of the series were written after Beaumont's death; other writers, however, such as Massinger and Middleton, having perhaps assisted Fletcher in some of them. As to no one of the other thirty-five plays can we assert at all positively, that it was written by Beaumont alone, by Fletcher alone, or by both together. We possess no authentic information in regard to the circumstances in which any of these were produced; nor can we trace any where internal dissimilarities, sufficient to prove even plausible conjectures as to the several shares of the two dramatists. We discover, it is true, in the later works of Fletcher, evidence both of careless taste and of increasing moral depravation; but the ethical faults had begun to show themselves in the very earliest pieces of the joint series. In virtue of the works thus uncertainly apportioned, Beaumont and Fletcher are acknowledged, all but universally, to stand among our old dramatists, second to none but Shakspeare. If their title to this honor is at all disputed, it can be in favor of Ben Jonson only. Their dramas are more truly and finely poetical than any others which their brilliant age produced, except only the noblest masterpiece of the great master; in the pathetic

and romantic they often vie with almost every thing that even he imagined; and they abound in scattered passages of the most beautiful and touching poetry. They wanted, however, not only Shakspeare's unrivaled success in conceiving a drama as a whole, but also such skill and care in construction as that which is so admirable in Jonson. Those who would easily apprehend both the strength and the weakness of these exquisite poets, may learn both from a very few of the dramas which belong to the earliest years of their career. Such are Fletcher's pastoral already named; the romantically beautiful play of *Philaster*; the harrowing but deeply moving *Maid's Tragedy*; the spirited though repulsive *King and No King*; and the lively burlesque, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, which parodies at once the chivalrous romances, and the popular plays founded on them by Heywood and others. More poetical, perhaps, than any of these, is *The Two Noble Kinsmen* the authorship of which is the most desperate of the unsolved riddles arising out of these works: Fletcher is allowed to have written part of it, and many are convinced that Shakspeare wrote the rest. Among the later plays, belonging to Fletcher alone, were several Comedies of Intrigue, which, partly by reason of their theatrical liveliness, partly, no doubt, because of their moral grossness, were the greatest favorites on the corrupt stage after the Restoration. One of these, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, still keeps its place with a few necessary mutilations.

JOHN SELDEN.

The placid face of this eminent man, mild and amiable in its expression, appears looking out from partly behind a splendid head of long waving hair resting on his neck and shoulders; almost a lady's face in its quiet beauty in comparison with the others. He reminds the observer of John the Evangelist, as much as John Selden.

John Selden was an English antiquary — was a law-writer — was a historian — was a man of most extensive acquirements. He was a native of Sussex, and was born in 1584. After receiving his education at Chichester, and Hart Hall, Oxford, he studied the law in the Temple, and was called to the bar. He practiced chiefly as a chamber counsel, and devoted much of his time to studying the history and

antiquities of his country. So early as 1607 he drew up a work, entitled *Analectum Anglo-Britannicum*, which was quickly succeeded by several others; and in 1614 appeared his *Titles of Honor*. Next followed his *De Diis Syriis* and *Mare Clausum*, in which latter he endeavors to historically establish the British right of dominion over the circumjacent seas. He now entered the field of politics, and in 1640 was elected member of Parliament for Oxford; at which time he was so well affected to the existing constitution of church and state, that when the King withdrew to York, he had some notion of appointing him chancellor. At the commencement of the disputes between Charles and the Parliament he acted with great moderation, and uniformly endeavored to prevent an ultimate appeal to the sword. In 1643, the House of Commons appointed him keeper of the records of the Tower, and, the following year, one of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, voting him £5000 as a reward for his services. He employed all his influence for the protection of learning, and was universally esteemed for his urbanity of manners and goodness of heart. He died 1654.

THOMAS SACKVILLE,

Earl of Dorset, who appears in the group, with lifted finger, engaged in earnest conversation with Camden, was born in 1536 in Sussex. He was the only son of Sir Richard Sackville, the representative of a very ancient family, who had been high in office under Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. After studying some time both at Oxford and Cambridge, and taking the degree of M.A. in the latter University, he removed to the Inner Temple, and was called to the bar. Shortly afterwards he was elected a member of the House of Commons. His youth, though passed in dissipation and extravagance, was not wholly misspent, as is shown by his poems, which were written at an early period of life, and were the first-fruits of his vigorous and fertile mind. At the time of his father's death, in 1566, he returned from the Continent, which he had visited after his marriage. In the same year he was created Lord Buckhurst by Elizabeth, and having on a sudden reformed his habits of profuseness, received from that time various marks of royal favor. In 1570 he was sent on an embassy to France,

to treat of the marriage then proposed between the Queen and the Duke of Anjou; and in 1587 was employed as ambassador extraordinary to the United States of the Netherlands, to adjust the differences between them and the Earl of Leicester, whose anger he drew upon himself in the discharge of this duty. He was in consequence imprisoned till the death of his formidable enemy in 1588, after which event he was at once restored to Elizabeth's confidence, and filled a variety of state offices. In 1598, on the death of Burghley, he was made lord-treasurer, which situation he held during the next reign till his death, April 19, 1608, having, with rare good fortune, had his great services fully appreciated by two royal personages of very different character. His letters, many of which are preserved in the Cotton Collection in the British Museum, show that he was distinguished by the qualities which befit a statesman, and they confirm the judgment of his contemporaries.

WILLIAM CAMDEN,

who appears sitting at the end of the table on the extreme left, with folded hands, was one of the most illustrious names in the whole catalogue of learned Englishmen. His father was a paper-stainer, living in the Old Bailey, where Camden was born on the second of May, 1551. It is supposed that his father died when he was but a child, leaving little provision for him. It is certain that he was admitted into Christ's Hospital within a very few years after its establishment. He was afterwards in St. Paul's School, and finally removed to Oxford, where he appears to have studied in more than one college. He left the University in 1571, and became an under-master of Westminster School, the duties of which situation he discharged at the time when he composed the works which have made his name so eminent.

The most celebrated of these is that entitled *Britannia*, a survey of the British Isles, written in elegant Latin. The first edition of this work was published in 1586. Many others appeared in his lifetime with enlargements. A singular fate has attended this book. A long succession of writers have made additions to it, till Camden's *Britannia*, which as it came forth from him was but a single

volume of no large dimensions, has been swelled out in the successive English editions till at length it has become four folio volumes, though the work is still called by his name. One effect of this has been to throw the original work into the shade, and to occasion a wrong apprehension to prevail concerning it, as if it had been composed for the use of the inhabitants of Britain rather than for the information of learned foreigners, and as if it were not that succinct and admirable composition which does so much honor to the taste and judgment as well as to the learning of the author.

From the appearance of his *Britannia*, Camden began to be looked upon as one of the most distinguished scholars of his age. He carried on an extensive correspondence with the learned both at home and abroad, much of which has been preserved and published. The prebend of Ilfracombe in the cathedral of Salisbury was given to him, though a layman. He was made head-master of Westminster School in 1592, and Clarencieux King-at-Arms in 1597. The remainder of his history is to be found in a catalogue of his writings. We shall touch upon them briefly. His *Annals of the Reign of Elizabeth* is the next in celebrity to his *Britannia*, an admirable digest of the events of that reign, delivered in pure and elegant Latinity. He intended a similar one to the reign of James, but of this only the heads were prepared. His folio volume of the works of some of our old Latin chroniclers was printed at Frankfurt in 1603. It belongs to the set of Latin chroniclers on English affairs, and contains Asser, Walsingham, Giraldu Cambrensis, and others. Among his minor works two only need be mentioned, his *Remains concerning Britain*, published in 1604, a very amusing and instructive volume; and a small Greek grammar for the use of Westminster School, which was first published in 1597.

Camden reached the age of seventy-two. He died on the ninth of November, 1623, at Chiselhurst in Kent, and was interred in Westminster Abbey, a great assemblage of the learned and illustrious doing him honor at his funeral. A monument was erected to his memory, which still remains. It has his bust, with the left hand resting on the *Britannia*. He never married, and at his death left a good estate, the greater part of which

he devoted, a little before his death, to founding an historical lecture in the University of Oxford, now called the Camden Professorship of History. Camden has always been regarded with peculiar respect by English historical inquirers and antiquaries; and when in 1838 they founded a "Society for the Publication of early Historical and Literary Remains," it was felt that the most appropriate title which could be given to it would be that of their most distinguished predecessor. The "Camden Society" has since continued annually to place within the reach of historical students a mass of singularly varied and valuable "remains concerning Britain," and has thus become a worthy monument to the memory of Camden.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER,

who appears standing on the extreme left of the group with his back to the spiral column, was born in 1563. He was a merchant and a poet. He was a member of a merchant company at Stade, and was recommended to its secretaryship by the Earl of Essex in 1597. In the latter part of his life he emigrated to Holland, and died at Middelburg in 1618. Both in his opinions and in his choice of friends he was strongly puritanical; and those numerous versified works, chiefly translations from the French, to which he owed his literary reputation, show a warmly devotional and serious tone of feeling. He was not however remiss in courting the patronage of the great. To King James VI. he addressed many adulatory dedications; and it was probably in compliment to him that he selected the topic of one of his original poems, which is thus entitled: "Tobacco battered, and the Pipes shattered (about their Ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a Weed, or at leastwise overlove so loathsome a Vanitie) by a Volley of holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon." He is chiefly known now on account of the obligations said to have been incurred by Milton to his principal translation, that of the *Divine Weeks and Works of Du Bartas*. There are two collected editions of Sylvester's works, both in folio, and commencing with the translation of Du Bartas. Their dates are 1633 and 1641. The second of them contains a supplement of posthumous poems; among which is the alteration of the *Soul's Errand*, which caused this fine poem to be erroneously attributed to Sylvester.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

DESIROUS of gratifying the patrons of the ECLECTIC with a choice variety of the gems of art so beautifully done by Mr. Sartain, we trust they will all be more than pleased with the embellishment of the present number, which is the *Illustration of Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. The picture of this subject engraved for the February number of the ECLECTIC, is one of the most charming productions of its eminent author, and as original in conception as it is splendid in its effect of chiaro-scuro. It is the most remarkable presentment of this quaint and beautiful scene since the two famous pictures by Fuseli, which were scarcely more original or piquant than this of Landseer. We see in it the utmost contrast and force of light and shade in vigorous opposition, united with the most gentle gradation of blending sweetness. We see too that the mastery of this artist in his treatment of the human form, is scarcely below his powers as a painter of animals, and in this latter department he has long stood preëminent and alone, the claims of Rosa Bonheur to the contrary notwithstanding.

The scene is in Act IV. Scene I., of the drama, and is thus described by Oberon. Speaking of the Fairy Queen Titania, he says:

"For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometimes on the
buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient
pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace be-
wail."

Bottom the weaver with his transformed head calls on the attendant Fairies successively, and we see them in the picture making prompt response to his call:

Bottom. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas-blossom. Ready.

Bottom. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.
Where's Monsieur Cobweb?

Cobweb. Ready.

Bottom. Monsieur Cobweb; good Monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.
... *Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?*

Mustard-seed. Ready.

Bottom. Give me your neif, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good Monsieur.

Mustard-seed. What's your will?

Bottom. Nothing, good Monsieur, but to help Cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, Monsieur; for methinks, I am marvelous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

REPENTANCE.—Repentance hath a purifying power, and every tear is of a cleansing virtue: but these penitential clouds must be still kept dropping; one shower will not suffice, for repentance is not one single action, but a course.

JUDGE JEFFRIES, of notorious memory, pointing with his cane to a man who was about to be tried, said: "There is a rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, asked: "At which end, my lord?"

A WEATHER ITEM.—The court was called. There was a cloud upon the brow of the judge. Silence reigned. William Mulligan was hailed, but William was mist. The judge thundered. Counsel stormed. The jury's labors lightened; but William Mulligan had gone.

A BURGLAR was caught with twenty-three watches in his possession. He was the greatest "thief of time" we ever heard of—except "procrastination."

BRAZIL AND THE BRAZILIANS: PORTRAYED IN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES. By Rev. D. P. KIDDER, D.D., and Rev. J. C. FLETCHER. Illustrated by one hundred and fifty engravings. Pages 630, with an Appendix. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson, 602 Arch street. New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co., 1857.

WE have received from Mr. Fletcher, one of the authors, a personal friend, a copy of the admirable work on Brazil which is their joint production. It comprises twenty-seven chapters. It is the fruit of much research, patient investigation, a long residence in the country, personal experience, travel, and observation, and familiar acquaintance with the language, manners, laws, and customs of the country, and an intimate knowledge of its inhabitants. Of Mr. Fletcher's ability and fidelity in the production of such a work, no one will doubt who is acquainted with his talents.

THE NOON PRAYER-MEETING OF THE NORTH DUTCH CHURCH, Fulton Street, New-York: Its origin, Character, and Progress, with some of its Results. By TALBOT W. CHAMBERS, one of the Pastors of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church. Pages 308. New-York: Board of Publication of the Reformed Dutch Church. 1858.

THE events and religious phenomena recorded in this volume form a most interesting chapter of current history. Not a history of battles or of political events and revolutions, but of those great moral changes in the life and character of individuals which outlive and outlast the events of time, which have their origin and inception under divine influence and guidance, and to be recognized and acknowledged indisputably as such by every serious and intelligent observer of them. The record of these events in this permanent form was assigned to very wise and judicious hands in the person and talents of Dr. Chambers. It is a record of events which ought to be committed to no careless or incompetent pen. The book itself will be read with interest and profit from its touching narratives and incidents of personal history, by all candid minds who are desirous of understanding the true character of the religious movement which has more or less arrested the attention of all Protestant Christendom.

POWER OF THE MOON IN INDIA.—We returned home by moonlight. In India the nights are always beautiful, but when the moon is at the full they are particularly so. She seems nearer the earth in the tropics than in Europe, and certainly has more power and influence—especially in fevers—the invalid generally suffering more at certain seasons of the moon's phases. I have heard persons affirm that sitting bare-headed, by moonlight, in the open air, they have felt the heat of the moon on their heads. But, be this as it may, she is glorious here; by her light the flowers seem to be of silver, and those parts of the shining foliage of trees which catch her rays appear dotted with pearls.—*Lady Falkland's "Chow-Chow."*

THE FATAL OPERATION OF COLD.—A person frozen to death dies of apoplexy. The heart is arrested and paralyzed, and no longer supplies the brain with arterial blood. Nor is the blood thrown with sufficient force to the extremities. It accumulates, therefore, in the large vessels proceeding immediately from the main spring, and there is no ingress for the blood returning from the brain. The

large sinews, therefore, become overgorged, and apoplexy then follows. When the cold has not been severe enough to destroy life entirely, it mutilates the extremities, and mortification ensues from a want of circulation. The Lascars, who arrive in England from India in the winter season, are very prone to this effect of a climate so much colder than their native one—as the records of the London hospitals abundantly prove.

ROMAN AND SAXON ANTIQUITIES CAST UP BY THE SEA.—At a meeting of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, held in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, the Rev. H. Higgins, presiding, Mr. H. Keroyd Smith exhibited a considerable number of articles from the seashore at Cheshire, chiefly found during the past year, including some valuable specimens of the bow, or lyre-shaped fibulae of the Romans, several of which still retain their brightly colored enamel pastes through the preserving action of the vegetable soil of the old Wirral forest in which they have lain till washed out by the advancing tides. Among other curiosities was a circular brooch, quite recently found about half-tide. It is of silver filigree work, and contains cup-formed receptacles for colored enamels. The scrolled design is elegant, and the whole forms a very interesting specimen of the fourth century workmanship. The coins comprised a silver denarius of the Emperor Hadrianus, A.D. 117-138; a silver penny of Ethelred II. (the Unready,) having on its reverse the Hand (of Providence) between the Greek letters Alpha and Omega; and silver pennies of Canute the Great, all being in an excellent state of preservation.

SILVERING MIRRORS.—Of all the various trades inimical to health, those which involve the inhaling or manipulation of mercury are notoriously the most deleterious. The fabrication of looking-glasses is attended with serious inconvenience to the workmen, and any substitute for quicksilver would be a boon to the mechanic. A patent has been taken out at Paris, by which nitrate of silver in a vaporized form is made to do duty effectually and more permanently. 100 grammes of that substance are dissolved in 500 grammes of distilled water, and a metal bath of suitable expanse, an inch deep, is made to receive the mirror; heat being applied beneath, the exhaled particles coat the glass, and silver it uniformly and durably.

RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—The range of the human voice is quite astounding, there being about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds: thus fourteen direct muscles, alone, or together, produce 16,383; thirty indirect muscles, ditto, 73,741,823, and all in coöperation produce the number we have named; and these independently of different degrees of intensity. A man's voice ranges from base to tenor, the medium being what is called a baritone. The female voice ranges from contralto to soprano, the medium being termed a mezzo-soprano—whereas a boy's voice is alto, or between a tenor and a treble.

THE PRUSSIANS.—Every province in Prussia has its peculiarity, or property, as they call it. Thus, for example, Pomerania is renowned for stubbornness; East-Prussia for wit; the Rhineland for uprightness; Posen for mixed humor; the Saxon for softness; the Westphalian for hams and pumpernickel; and Silesia for good nature.—*Waller White's "July Holiday."*

MELROSE ABBEY.—A correspondent of the *Builder* draws attention to the extraordinary degree of preservation in which some of the most delicate details of Melrose Abbey still exist. "The abbey was founded by King David in 1136, and, after suffering severely, seems to have been greatly rebuilt by Robert Bruce in 1324, he having given £2000 towards its restoration, which was a great sum in that time and country. Taking the latter of these two dates as the period of the execution of a principal portion of the architecture, it yet affords a duration of more than five hundred years up the present time. Various of the traceries of the windows, as also the groinings of the arches of the roof, remain almost intact, as well as the varied and beautiful foliages that enrich the work throughout; but what most attracted my attention and admiration on the score of preservation were various of the little highly wrought and elaborately pierced canopies to niches, that seem nearly as perfect as when left by the workman's chisel. These exist in all directions on the outside as well as the inside of the building, so situated as that at any rate the major portion of them could be in no way protected. The stone came from the neighboring village of Dryburgh, also close to the Tweed, at least so they say here, and the character of the material appears similar, although what is wrought now does not seem to stand so well. In conversation with an intelligent builder here, he gave it as his opinion, that as regards the surface of the work, 'they must have putten something over it,' in the first instance; a preparation which has had the effect of preserving it to a degree which I fancy is almost unparalleled in this island. Is there any record of such a kind of preparation having been applied to old buildings in our islands? If so—

'The monks of Melrose,' who 'made fat kail
On Fridays when they fasted,
Nor wanted ever good beef and ale,
As lang's their neighbors lasted,'

made better preparation for the welfare of their abbey than even of themselves or their order; and if so, in case the preparation, of late tried over portions of the New Houses of Parliament, is half as efficient as that which may have been thus used at Melrose, it will be all that can be desired."

SNAKES IN ABYSSINIA.—What was the spiral thing that rolled and unrolled itself at the end of a branch, some inches from my face? A slender serpent, some two feet in length, yellow as a dead leaf, with a black ribbon on the spine. Let it bite the most robust man, and he is dead in a few hours. I bounded back. But how shall I describe my terror on seeing the ground at my feet, the branches over my head, the trunks at my side, alive with hundreds upon hundreds of these reptiles, some motionless as a corpse, others slowly wavering in the sunbeams that filtered through the leaves? I felt the fascination of Medusa; overcome with fear, I would have given the world for a free passage and power to fly. Yet I seemed rooted to this perilous ground, not daring to make a step for fear of contact with some of these horrible animals. My legs, feet, chest, and arms were bare, which made my position yet more dangerous. Nevertheless, something must be done. Making myself as small as possible, that the least twig might not be touched; gathering the folds of my mantle around me, and shuddering lest they might inclose a serpent; measuring every space

with my eye; now on all fours, now striking down an erected head with the butt of my rifle; now bounding over fallen trunks, whose cavities seemed alive with snakes, I struggled on for some five minutes, which seemed an age. At length, the ground becoming clearer, I began running like a madman through the brakes in which I had just found it so difficult to walk. A few bounds brought me on the dry bed of the torrent, ten steps from our tent. I had had hunting enough for one day.—*Travels in Abyssinia.*

PROJECT FOR TUNNELING DESERTS.—A French gentleman has a proposition for turning the sands of the desert to good use—in short, of burning them into lumps for the construction of a tunnel. He says that all governments that have existed in Algeria have tried to create a communication between the north and the center of Africa, and none of them have succeeded. Algeria, provided with railways, might become the entrepôt of the commerce of the Mediterranean with all the people of the south, and rise to the grandeur of Carthage. The sands of the desert, says the author, consist, during nearly their whole length, of soda, lime, and certain salts. At the heat of ordinary furnaces these sands do not fuse, but when subjected to from two thousand to four thousand degrees of heat they form, not glass, but agglomerations sufficiently strong for the formation of durable works. This result is proposed to be arrived at by concentrating the rays of the sun by means of an Archimedean mirror. Thus arched blocks are to be cast, which, placed one against another, will form a tunnel as far as the desert extends. This tunnel, it is said, might easily be protected against the simoon and the columns of sand; and supplied with water from artesian wells, would be the grand central artery of Africa, through which would be brought, with Christianity, all the products of Europe in exchange for the raw materials, of which the richness and variety are incalculable.—*Building News.*

GOOD NEWS.—The speeches delivered in Westminster Hall by prosecutors and the counsel for the defense, on the occasion of the impeachment of Warren Hastings for high crimes and misdemeanors in his government of India, had a world-wide fame, from the impression they made at the time. No full report, however, has ever been printed of these elaborate harangues of our greatest orators, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan, and of their antagonists, such men as Law, Plumer, and Dallas. "This want," says the *Athenæum*, "is in course of being supplied by the publication, under Government, proposed and sanctioned by Sir G. C. Lewis, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, of the whole of these speeches. They will be printed from the Gurney manuscript reports, copies of which are extant; and the first volume of the work will, we believe, be shortly announced."

ANTIQUITIES FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—A vessel has just arrived, bearing for the British Museum one hundred cases of antiquities from Halicarnassus and Cnidus, further result of the excavation at those places by Mr. Charles Newton, the British Vice-Consul at Mytilene. Also about fifty cases filled with similar treasures from Carthage. Among those from Cnidus is a gigantic lion of Parian marble, in a crouching attitude, measuring ten feet in length by six in height, and weighing eight tons.

A THREE-CYLINDER MARINE STEAM-ENGINE.—The steam-yacht built in England, for Il Hami Pacha, is fitted with engines of a perfectly new construction, known as "Scott Russell's Patent Three-cylinder Engine," the success of which improvement is most marked. The perfect ease with which all parts of the machinery worked was admired by the engineers connected with the marine steam-engines who were on board, when the trial-trip was lately made. Though small, and of a nominal one hundred and fifty horse power, they work up to nine hundred horse power, with a consumption of twenty-one hundred weight of coal per hour, or rather two and a half pounds of fuel per horse power per hour. The advantage of three cylinders is the much greater uniformity of force and motion given out than where one or two cylinders only are employed. The disadvantage hitherto has been the multiplication of parts by three separate engines. This has been entirely removed by the present arrangement, in which a single crank and eccentric do all the work of three separate engines, and so combine with uniformity and economy of power simplicity and compactness.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND APOLLYON.—Some years since, the Duke was sitting at his library table, when the door opened, and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen. "Who are you?" asked the Duke in his short dry manner, looking up without the least change of countenance upon the intruder. "I am Apollyon." "What do you want?" "I am sent to kill you." "Kill me—very odd." "I am Apollyon, and I must put you to death." "Bliged to do it to-day?" "I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission." "Very inconvenient—very busy—great many letters to write—call again and write me word—I'll be ready for you." And the Duke went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old man, backed out of the room, and in half an hour was safe in Bedlam.

POPPING THE QUESTION CANDIDLY.—Simioni Wangkavou, wishing to bring the object of his affection to decision, addressed these homely remarks to her, in the hearing of several other persons: "I do not wish to have you because you are a good-looking woman; that you are not. But a woman is like a necklace of flowers—pleasant to the eye and grateful to the smell; but such a necklace does not long continue attractive; beautiful as it is one day, the next it fades and loses its scent. Yet a pretty necklace tempts one to ask for it, but, if refused, no one will often repeat his request. If you love me, I love you; but if not, neither do I love you: only let it be a settled thing."—*Williams's Feejee Islands.*

MEMORIAL FROM THE TIMBERS OF THE VICTORY.—A table has been made of the original timbers of the old Victory, by the joiners of Portsmouth Dockyard. No wood has been employed but that which was in the ship at the battle of Trafalgar. The table is eighteen feet long, ten feet wide, and three feet one inch high, supported on six massive, handsomely-turned legs. It is destined as a present to the Junior United Service Club, Pall-mall. All the models of the ships engaged in the ever-memorable action are to be placed upon the table.

PAPER CONSUMPTION.—Books have multiplied to such an extent in our country that it now takes seven hundred and fifty paper-mills with two thousand engines in constant operation, to supply the printers, who work day and night, endeavoring to keep their engagements with publishers. These tireless mills produced two hundred and seventy million pounds of paper the past year, which immense supply has sold for about \$27,000,000. A pound and a quarter of rags are required for a pound of paper, and three hundred and forty million pounds were therefore consumed in this way last year. The cost of manufacturing a twelvemonth's supply of paper for the United States, aside from labor and rags, is computed at \$4,000,000.

THE BED-CHAMBER OF MARIE DE MEDICIS.—The splendid apartment in the Palace of the Luxembourg, at Paris, known as the *Chambre à Coucher de Marie de Medicis*, is about to be restored. The superb wood-carving of the frames, panels, etc., has become worm-eaten, and the restoration will require great care and nicety. The decay of the wood-work would of course involve the loss eventually of the beautiful arabesques and decorative paintings of the period which cover the walls and ceilings of this sumptuous so-called bed-chamber. Our readers will remember that these paintings were executed by no less celebrated artists than Rubens, Philip de Champaigne, and Nicholas Poussin.

ORIGIN OF THE TITLES OF PEERS.—Duke is derived from the Latin word *dux*, a leader. Marquis is this title was conferred upon those who held the command of the *marches*, as the boundaries between England and Wales, and England and Scotland, were called, when those countries were hostile to this nation. Earl is a title derived from the Saxon word *eorl*, noble. The earl formerly had the government of a *shire*. After the Conquest, earls were called counts, and from their shires have taken the name of *counties*. Viscount, or *Vice comes*, was the deputy of the earl. Baron: the title of baron is the oldest in point of antiquity, although the lowest in point of rank, of any order of nobility.—*How We are Governed: by Albany Fonblanque.*

FRESCOS AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., has completed his third panel in fresco of the eight in the Commons' corridor to be occupied by some historic subject. The first panel on the left-hand side after entering the door is occupied by the fresco of "Alice Lealie conceding the Fugitives after the Battle of Sedgemoor." The second subject represents "The Execution of Montrose;" the third, just finished, represents "The Last Sleep of Argyll previous to his Execution." The subject is probably familiar to many, the oil study for the fresco having been a favorite picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy for 1854, and an engraving of it having appeared in the *London Illustrated News*.

"TAKE CARE OF THY MONEY."—Paley, whose mind was so remarkably expert, was particularly clumsy in body. "I was never a good horseman," he used to say of himself, "and when I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, I fell off seven times. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half-aside, and say, 'Take care of thy money, lad, take care of thy money,' as if I myself were of no consequence!"

THE EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.—A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away, is a sore trial. The purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a poisonous miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any one of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect, so if all the members of a family do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

POETRY.—About one book only in a hundred is a success. When Campbell, at a literary festival, toasted Bonaparte as a friend of literature, because he once had a bookseller shot, he was a trifle too rough on the trade. It is impossible always for a publisher to decide rightly. All publishers are naturally shy of a new MS. of poetry, for instance, for they know by experience that the deadest of all dead books is a dead volume of verse. The sepulchre of deceased poetry in Mr. Burnham's churchyard of old books, in Cornhill, is the largest bin in his establishment.

THE *Literary Gazette* says: "Sir William à Beckett, late Chief-Justice of Victoria, has favored us with the following interesting extract from a letter just received from Melbourne:

"What think you of our library? the attendance has reached eight thousand persons a month, actually a larger number than that last year at the British Museum—ninety-three thousand to ninety-six thousand. This year, also, we are fortunate enough to have a grant of £20,000 to expend, and a wing is being added, which gives an additional reading room ninety feet long."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON is advertising in the Irish papers for a portion of the Correspondence of the late Duke, September, 1805, to April, 1807, said to be missing, and necessary to the completion of the Supplemental Dispatches. His Grace believed that the papers were deposited somewhere in Dublin during his secretaryship in 1807.

YANKEE ENERGY.—The fabulous edifice proposed by a Yankee from Vermont no longer seems an impossibility. "Build the establishment according to my plan," said he: "Drive a sheep in at one end, and he shall immediately come out at the other, four quarters of lamb, a felt hat, a leather apron, and a quarto Bible."

ANCIENT PRICES.—Four hundred years ago, a single book of gossiping fiction was sold before the palace-gate in the French capital for fifteen hundred dollars. The same amount of matter contained in this expensive volume, Mr. Harper now supplies for twenty-five cents.

WHEN twenty-five thousand copies of Mr. Macaulay's two recent volumes went flying all abroad from Paternoster Row, no less than five thousand reams of paper, six tons of pasteboard, and seven thousand yards of calico were swallowed up.

THE time and labor are worse than useless that have been occupied in laying up treasures of false knowledge which it will be necessary to unlearn, and in storing up mistaken ideas which we must hereafter remember to forget. An ancient teacher of rhetoric always demanded a double fee from those pupils who had been instructed by others, for in that case he had not only to plant in, but to root out.

DR. BARTH, the great African traveler, has been appointed by the Queen, a Commander of the Bath. It seems that the "belief" of the *Lancet* is not well founded, that Sir Benjamin Brodie would be raised to the peerage for his eminent services, by the title of Baron Betchworth.

A COPY of the First Edition of Burns' Poems, printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, was recently sold at a sale in Edinburgh for £3 10s.: it is in the original binding, and was bought by Mr. Stevenson, of Edinburgh, the antiquarian bookseller.

IN announcing a fête to be held on the occasion of the Burns Centenary, at the Crystal Palace, on January 25th, 1859, the Directors of that institution offer a prize of Fifty Guineas for the best poem on the subject, the copy-right to remain in the hands of the Company.

CHRISTIAN DUTIES.—The Christian has, when alone, his thoughts to watch; in the family, his temper; in company, his tongue. It will be his endeavor to illustrate his devotions in the morning by his actions during the day.

ACTIONS AND WORDS.—Actions speak more forcibly than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon the tree, they show the nature of the man; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

DURING a recent trial there was a large number of ladies present, who caused a gentle murmuring all the while. The usher called out repeatedly, "Silence!" when the Judge mildly said: "Mr. Usher, don't you know better than to call silence when ladies are in court!"

DEATHLESSNESS OF WHAT IS GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL.—There is nothing innocent or good that dies, and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it.

FROM the small hollow of the dice-box arise fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies—as many evils as ever flew from the box of Pandora; and not even hope remains behind.

IT is a constant inquiry: "When does Mr. Thackeray intend to publish his Lectures on the Georges?"

WHAT does a young lady resemble whose acquaintances pass her in silence and without notice?—A cut-lace.

A YOUNG carpenter having been told that "the course of true love never did run smooth," took his plane under his arm when he went courting.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.



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